

RADIO-TV MIRROR

JULY

ON McNEILL'S
BREAKFAST
CLUB



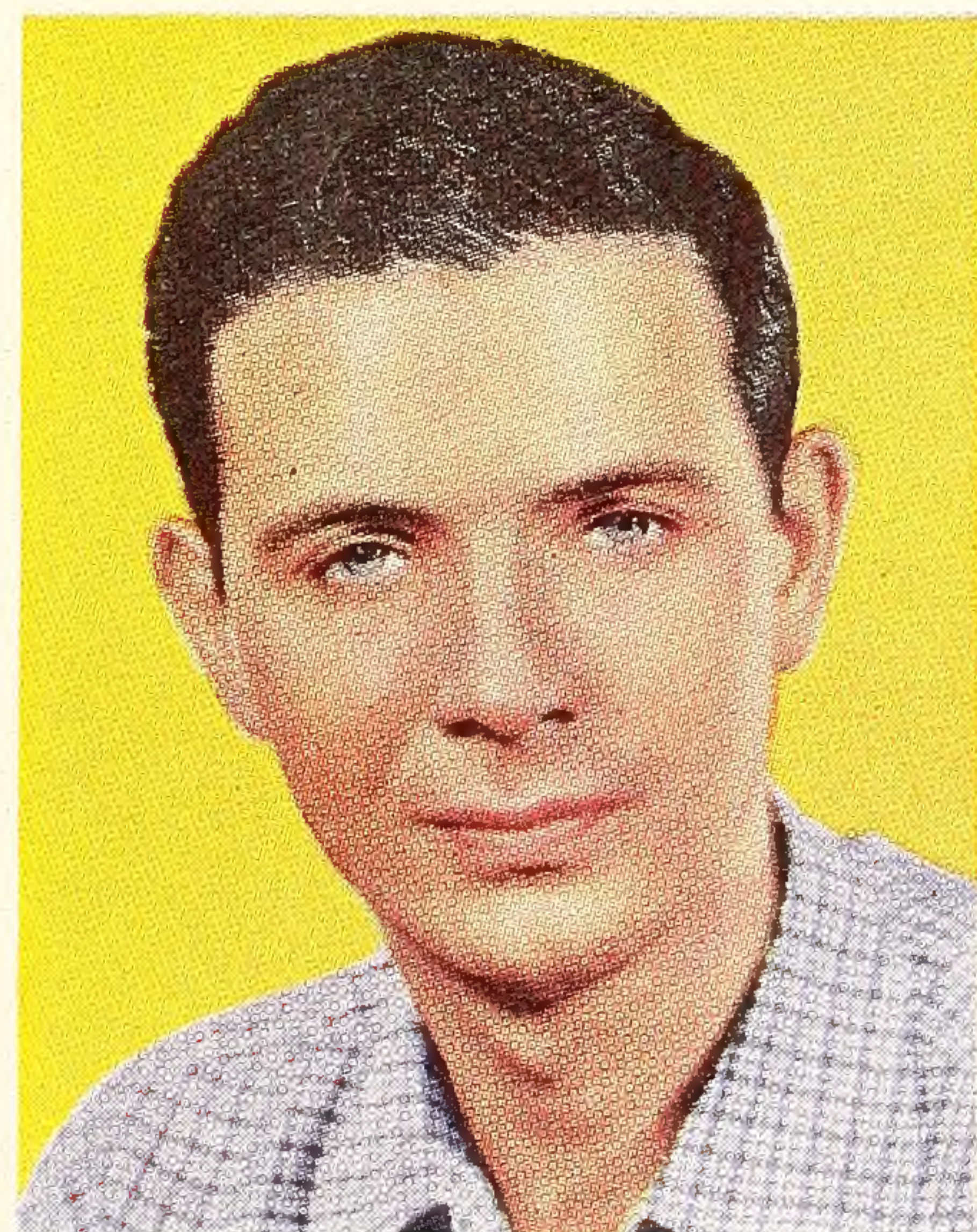
LIBERACE
GARRY MOORE



EDDIE FISHER
Guy on the Level



JANE FROMAN
"I Believe..."

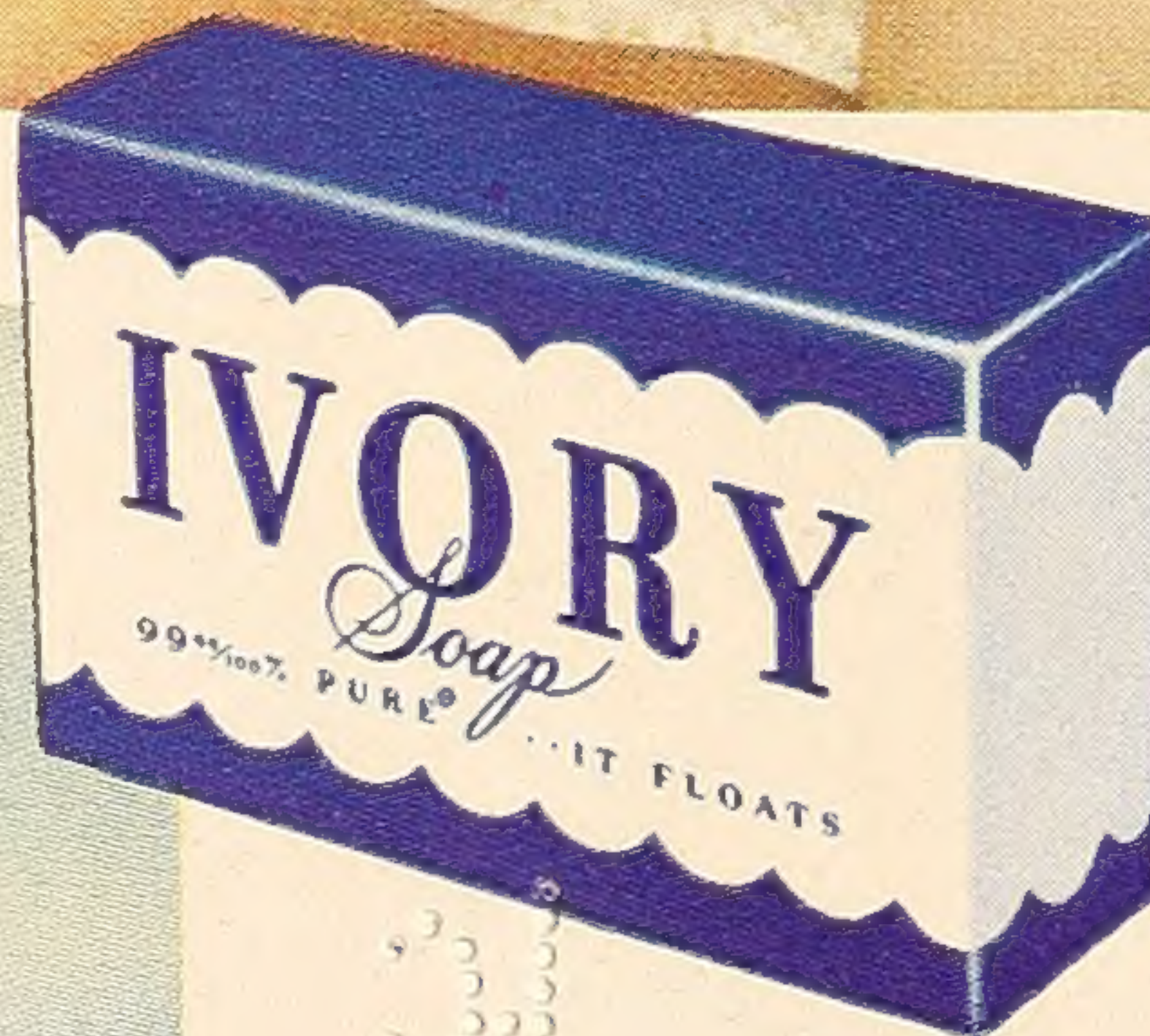
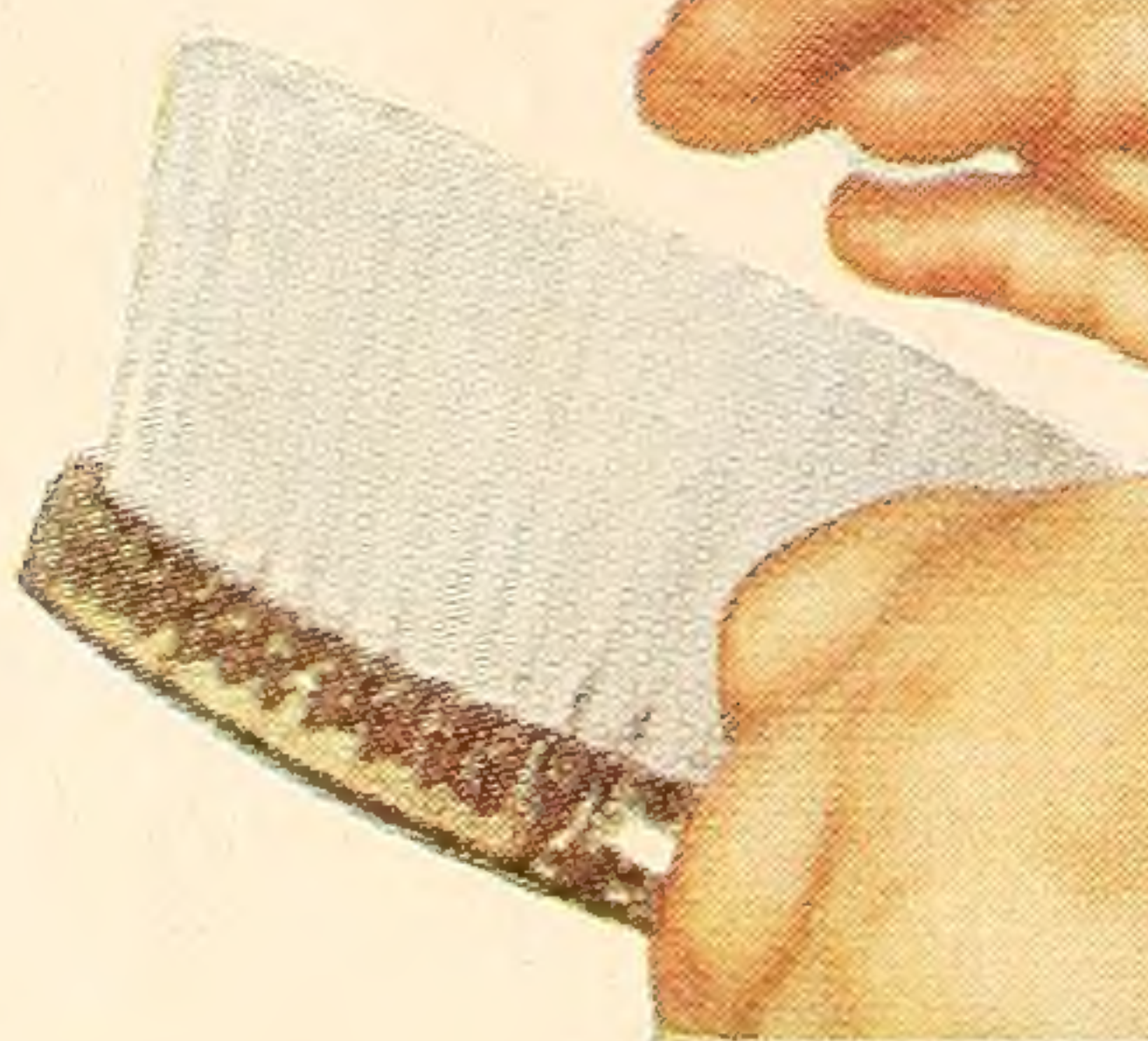


JIMMY KIRKWOOD
His Love Story

That Ivory Look

*Young America has it...
You can have it in 7 days!*

Babies have That Ivory Look... Why shouldn't you? Mildness—that's the secret of Ivory's beauty care. Reassuring, reliable mildness. So gentle on a baby's skin—so right for yours. You know more doctors advise Ivory for your complexion than any other soap!



99⁴⁴/₁₀₀% pure...it floats

You can have That Ivory Look in just one week!
You'll like it, too! Start cleansing your skin regularly, using pure, mild Ivory Soap. In 7 days, what a change! Your skin will look prettier, fresher, younger... you'll have That Ivory Look!

More doctors advise Ivory than any other soap

Now...enjoy sweet treats and protect your teeth from cavities

New white Ipana with WD-9 inhibits tooth-decay acids*



Now you can eat the sweet things you like—and need for quick energy, a balanced diet—and stop worrying about unnecessary cavities.

Many foods, including sweets, form tooth-decay acids. But now, with new white Ipana containing acid-inhibitor WD-9, you can guard your teeth against these acids.

For WD-9 in Ipana's exclusive new formula is one of the most effective ingredients known to prevent the formation of tooth-decay acids. Acid-inhibitor WD-9 is an active anti-enzyme and bacteria destroyer.

***To get the best results** from new Ipana with acid-inhibitor WD-9, use it regularly after eating. Thus it acts before tooth-decay acids can do their damage.

Brushing with new Ipana after eating really works. A 2-year clinical test with hundreds who ate all the sweet things they wanted proved that brushing this way can prevent most tooth decay.

So remember, while no dentifrice can stop all cavities—you can protect teeth from sweet foods by brushing with new Ipana containing WD-9.

Don't cut down sweets ... do cut down cavities with new Ipana®



New minty flavor encourages children to brush teeth. No strong, medicinal taste in new Ipana with WD-9. And it makes your mouth so fresh and clean that even *one* brushing can stop most unpleasant mouth odor all day long.



PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

**New white IPANA
with Acid-Inhibitor WD-9**

Buy one jar—get another

Free



To introduce you
to the doctor's deodorant
discovery* that safely

**STOPS ODOR
ALL DAY LONG**

New Mum with M-3 won't irritate
normal skin or damage fabrics

We want you to try wonderful new Mum, the *exclusive deodorant based originally on a doctor's discovery, and now containing long-lasting M-3. That's why we offer you, absolutely free, a bonus jar of new Mum when you buy the regular 39¢ jar.

New Mum stops odor all day long because invisible M-3 *clings* to your skin—*keeps on* destroying odor bacteria a full 24 hours—far longer than the ordinary deodorant tested.

Non-irritating to normal skin. Won't rot fabrics—certified by American Institute of Laundering. Creamier, delicately fragrant, won't dry out in the jar. Today, take advantage of new Mum's Special Offer. Get a free bonus jar while supplies last.

NEW MUM®

cream deodorant with
long-lasting M-3



A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

JULY, 1954

**RADIO-TV
MIRROR**

VOL. 42, NO. 2

North Atlantic Edition

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Cover portrait of Don McNeill by Frederick D. Countiss

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*So nice
to come home to!*



Marriages may be made in heaven but they must be lived on earth. And Mrs. J—finds it more livable if she lets nothing mar her charm. Like unpleasant breath, for example. Not for her, make-shifts that deodorize temporarily! She lets Listerine Antiseptic, with its lasting effect, look after her breath . . . lets it accent her sweetness, heighten her appeal, day in, day out. Why don't you make this a must in daily grooming? It certainly pays off in added attractiveness.

Lasting Effect

You see, Listerine instantly stops bad breath, and keeps it stopped usually for hours on end . . . four times better than tooth paste. It's the extra-careful precaution against offending that countless fastidious people rely on.

Listerine Antiseptic does for you

what no tooth paste does. Listerine Antiseptic instantly kills bacteria . . . by millions—stops bad breath instantly, and usually for hours on end.

No Tooth Paste Kills Odor Germs Like This...Instantly

You see, far and away the most common cause of offensive breath is the bacterial fermentation of proteins which are always present in the mouth. *And research shows that your breath stays sweeter longer, depending upon the degree to which you reduce germs in the mouth.*

No tooth paste, of course, is antiseptic. Chlorophyll does not kill germs but Listerine kills bacteria by mil-

lions, gives you lasting antiseptic protection against bad breath.

Listerine Clinically Proved Four Times Better Than Tooth Paste

Is it any wonder Listerine Antiseptic in recent clinical tests averaged at least four times more effective in stopping bad breath odors than the chlorophyll products or tooth pastes it was tested against? With proof like this, it's easy to see why Listerine belongs in your home. Every morning . . . every night . . . before every date, make it a habit to always gargle Listerine, the most widely used antiseptic in the world.

Every week
2 different shows, radio & television—
"THE ADVENTURES OF OZZIE & HARRIET"



LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC STOPS BAD BREATH

4 times better than any tooth paste

WHAT'S SPINNING

By CHUCK NORMAN

New sure way to
**LOVELIER
HANDS
IN ONLY 9 DAYS**

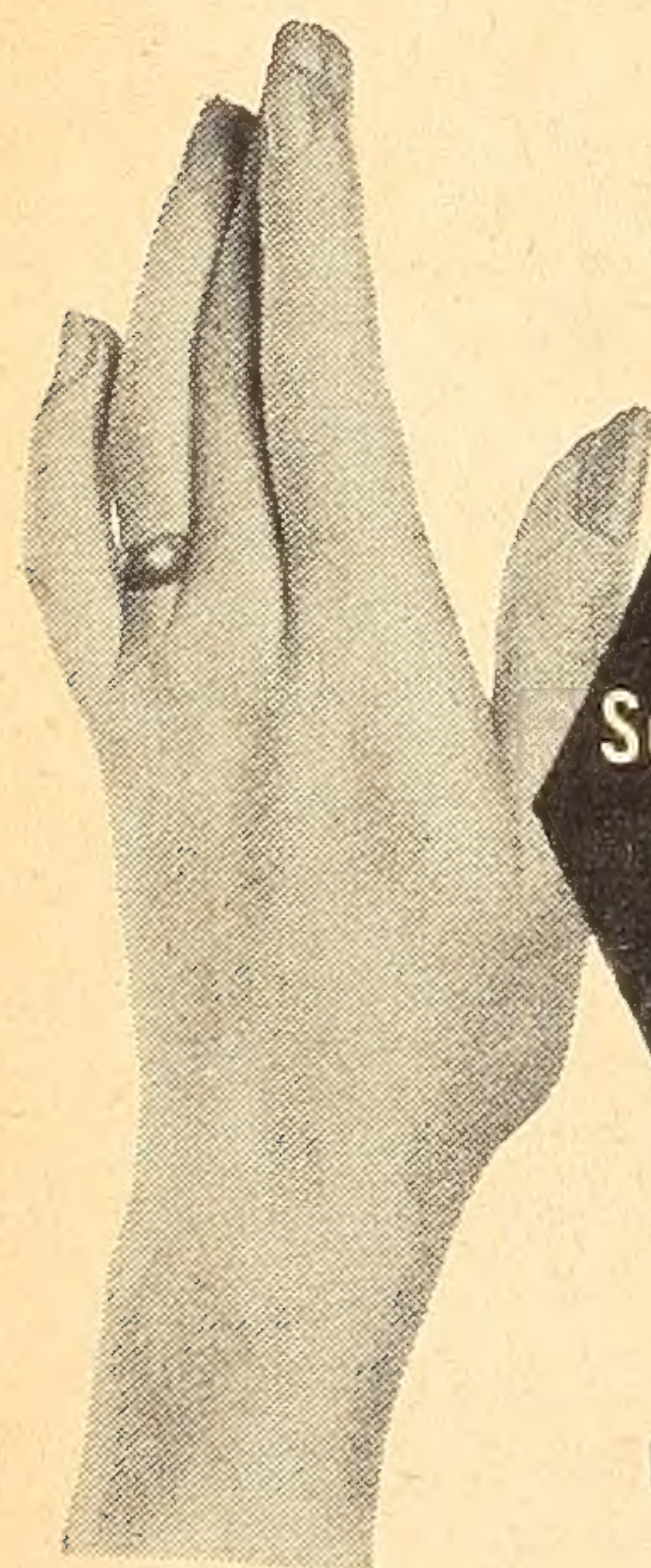
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1. BEFORE.
Skin dried out from
**SOAPS AND
DETERGENTS!**

**2. Protect with
PLAYTEX
GLAMOROUS
HOUSEWORK
GLOVES**

(unretouched
photo)



3. AFTER.
Softer, smoother skin
**IN ONLY
9 DAYS!**

The best protection is
prevention. And: The first
manicure you save can
pay for your gloves.

PLAYTEX® \$139
LIVING GLOVES
FABRIC-LINED LATEX
Prices slightly
higher
outside U.S.A.

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GAME of chance—A recent letter from Bob Manning pretty well sums up the worth-thinking-about situation of the recording artist and his attitude toward his work. Says Bob: "It seems like every record you make buys you another sweepstakes ticket in the biggest legal lottery in the country—which is what the record business is today. I keep making records—and I hope they are good ones—and every one of my new releases gives me a chance to arrive in the winner's circle with what I hope is a 'hit record.'" Well, good luck Bob, with your latest two—"That's A-Me 'n' My Love" and "Goodbye." I personally feel "Goodbye" has an especially good chance of breaking through on several counts: 1) Bob's fine rendition; 2) the tune was written by Gordon Jenkins, and he has a way, you know; and 3) it's had acceptance before—it was Benny Goodman's theme.

There are quite a few others trying for the brass ring, among them The Gaylords with "Isle of Capri" (Mercury 70350). Even without Ronnie, they do an awfully good job. Better than most vocal groups, I might add, because they're all musicians in their own right. Tremendous teen-age support is also a big factor in their favor.

Frank Sinatra's "Don't Worry about Me" (Capitol 2787) is reminiscent of Don Cherry's and Artie Shaw's recording of this tune a few years ago. Frankie does it just about as well—which, in our book, means he sounds real great. Two factors are in Frankie's favor with this new effort: 1) He's just had a big one with "Young at Heart" and, in this business, one big hit usually deserves another; and 2) the fans are with him—his Oscar award was one of the most popular ever.

The Smith Brothers' rendition of "The Things I Love" is a happy revival of that beautifully sentimental piece. This group is new, as is the label they're working for, which may handicap them somewhat. But, considering the popularity of vocal groups—The Ames Brothers, Hilltoppers, Four Aces, Gaylords—it could happen.

Percy Faith's "Dream, Dream, Dream" is a beautiful blending of orchestra and chorus. It's one of the prettiest new ballads to come along for quite a spell. Jimmy McHugh wrote the music, and Mitch Parris contributed the words. Mitch is the same lyricist (yes, a man who writes lyrics is a lyricist—not a lyricist) who collaborated with Hoagy Carmichael on "Star Dust."

George Barnes and Dorothy Collins team up on "Crazy Rhythm," which is a grand combination of Dorothy's exceptional voice—using the multi-recording gimmick—and the fine work of one of the best guitarists in the business. Objection? Some will say it's too obvious an imitation of the Les Paul—Mary Ford technique. This is on the new Audivox label started, incidentally, by Dorothy's husband, Raymond Scott.

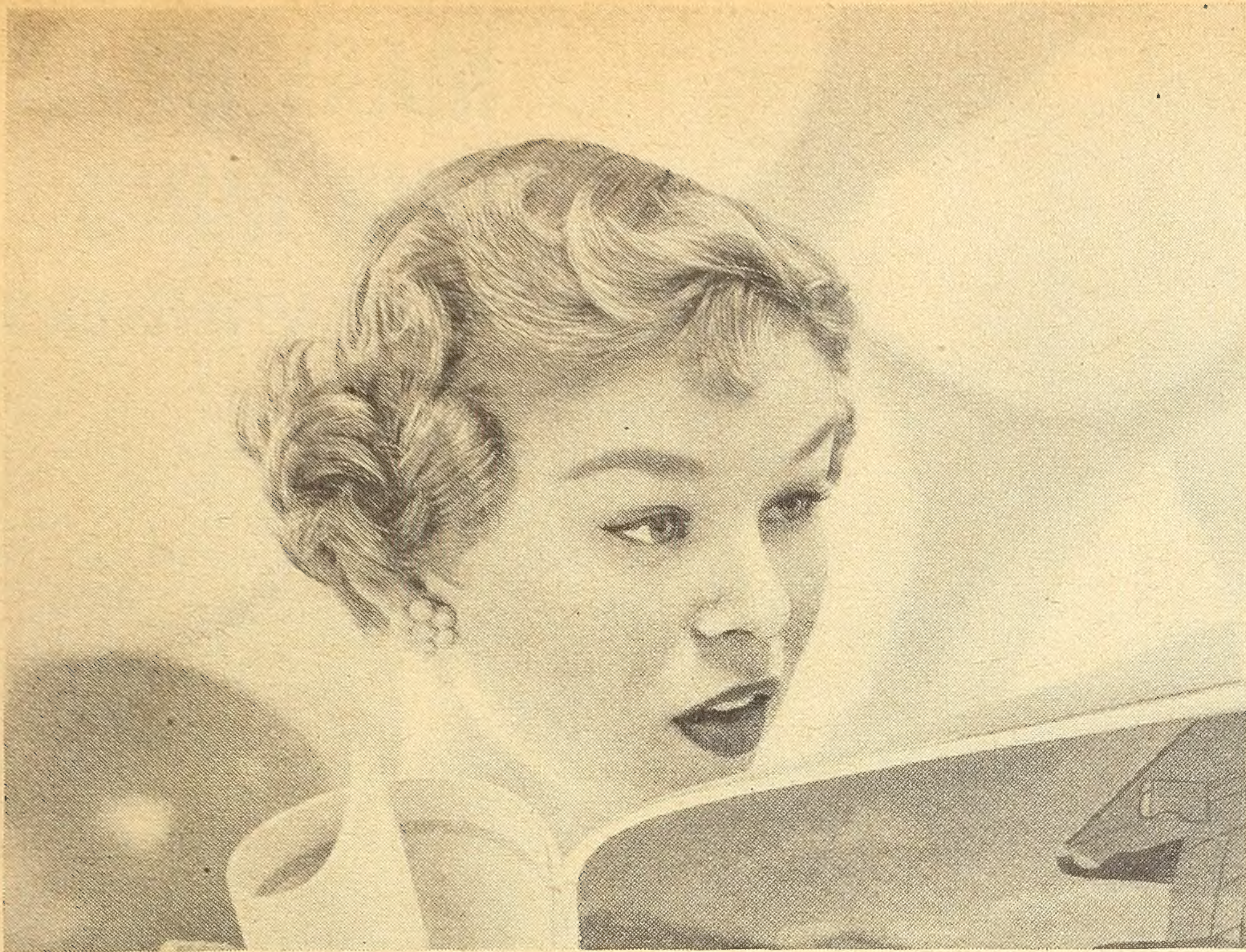
Others that bear watching—or should we say, hearing?—Dean Martin's "Hey, Brother, Pour the Wine" (Capitol 2749), written by Ross Bagdasarian, author of "Come On-A My House." . . . Buddy Morrow's "All Night Long," which is much like "Night Train"; in fact, the same guy—Jimmy Forrest—wrote both. . . . Judy Tremain's "Chain Lightning" (Coral 61150). You might remember Judy from some of the Henry Aldrich films. This is

her first big-label release. . . . Georgia Gibbs' "My Sin." Many versions of this have been done, but this is the first, to the best of my knowledge, with a real bouncy beat. . . . Frankie Laine's "The Kid's Last Fight." Ironically, it was partner Carl Fischer's last date with Frankie. The entire record world counted Carl's untimely death a real loss.

With the classics—Arthur Fiedler's "Porgy and Bess," in two parts, is well worth everyone's attention. Fiedler does his usual excellent job with this cleverly orchestrated arrangement by Robert Russell Bennett, who is known as Gershwin's Boswell. . . . Tchaikovsky's "Quartet in E Flat Minor" isn't one of the composer's better known works, but it has the master's imprint on it, nonetheless. The quartet is made up of soloists from the Boston Symphony.

Pop albums—Phil Harris' new offering, "You're Blasé" (RCA Victor LPM 3203), isn't done in the style most of you have been used to, and possibly you'll think he sounds a little out of character on "Stars Fell on Alabama," "Black and Blue," and "I Guess I'll Have to Change My Plan," as well as the title song. However, he sounds more like his old ebullient self on "Take Your Girlie to the Movies" and "The Choo Buy Song." . . . "The Girl in the Pink Tights" (Columbia LP ML 4890) is an original-cast album. They're all here—Jeanmaire, Charles Goldner, David Atkinson, Brenda Lewis. It's the last work of Sigmund Romberg—he died in the midst of preparation for this. The loveliest tune from it, and the one with the biggest chance for commercial success, is "Lost in Loveliness." . . . "Dizzy Gillespie with Strings" (Longplay Clef MG C-136) was recorded by Dizzy in France two years ago. The great bop star is ably supported by a cast of French musicians. The tunes are our best standards—"I Don't Stand a Ghost of a Chance," "Sweet and Lovely," "My Old Flame," "I Waited for You," "The Man I Love," and "Night and Day."

Miscellany—Though he's been dead for over a year, Hank Williams is still very much with us via his music. Two of his own records—"How Can You Refuse Him?" and "There'll Be No Teardrops Tonight"—are among the five top sellers at M-G-M. . . . Piano sales for 1953 approached 200,000, the highest since the Twenties, when around 350,000 were sold annually. Naturally, publishers are happy—they feel this return of "music to the home" will increase sheet-music sales. . . . Eddie Fisher has his own publishing firm and has co-authored some of the numbers he's recorded—"Until You Said Goodbye" and "May I Sing to You?" . . . Benny Goodman will make a concert tour next fall with the accent on classical chamber music. . . . The song, "The Man Upstairs," was written by Carl Nutter for his granddaughter, Holly Ann, who was stricken with polio in 1949. . . . When Mindy Carson opened a recent engagement at the Cocoanut Grove in Los Angeles, Southern California was rocked by a slight earthquake. Red Skelton, who had come backstage to congratulate her on her smash performance, quipped: "Mindy, even the hills are applauding you."



Casual, carefree—that's the "Signet"—thanks to Bobbi. Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanents always give you soft, carefree curls and waves right from the start.

NO TIGHT, FUSSY CURLS ON THIS PAGE!

These hairdos were made with Bobbi ... the special home permanent for casual hair styles

Yes, Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent is *designed* to give you lovelier, softer curls . . . the kind you need for today's casual hairdos. *Never* the tight, fussy curls you get with ordinary home or beauty shop permanents. Immediately after you use Bobbi your hair has the beauty, the body, the soft, lovely look of naturally wavy hair. And *your hair stays* that way—your wave lasts week after week.

Bobbi's so easy to use, too. *You just put your hair in pin curls.* Then apply Bobbi Creme Oil Lotion. A little later rinse hair with water, let dry, brush out—and *that's all.* No clumsy curlers to use. No help needed.

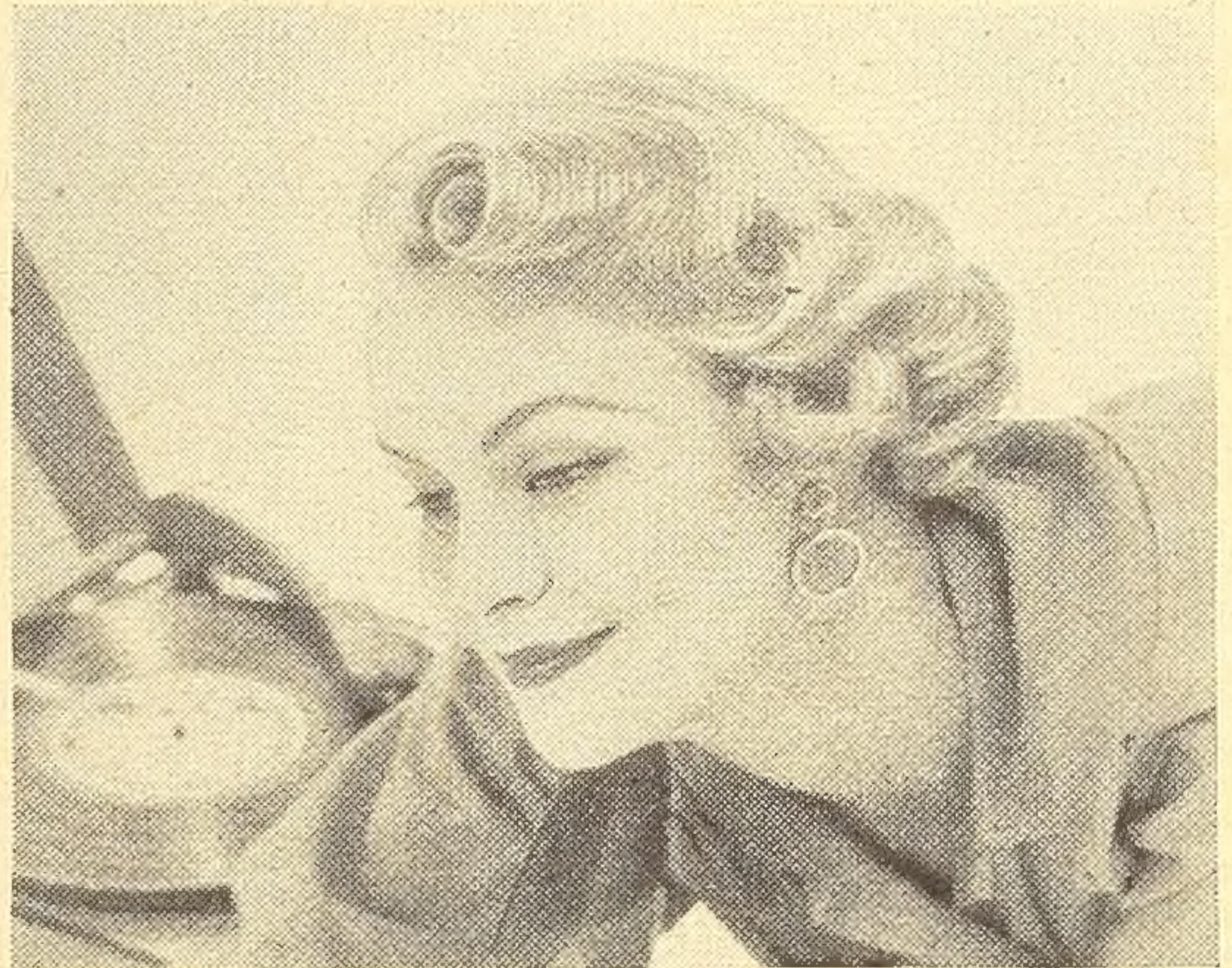
Ask for Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent. If you like to be in fashion—if you can make a simple pin curl—you'll love Bobbi.



Just simple pin-curls and Bobbi give this far easier home permanent. When hair is dry, brush out. Neutralizing is automatic. No curlers, no resetting.



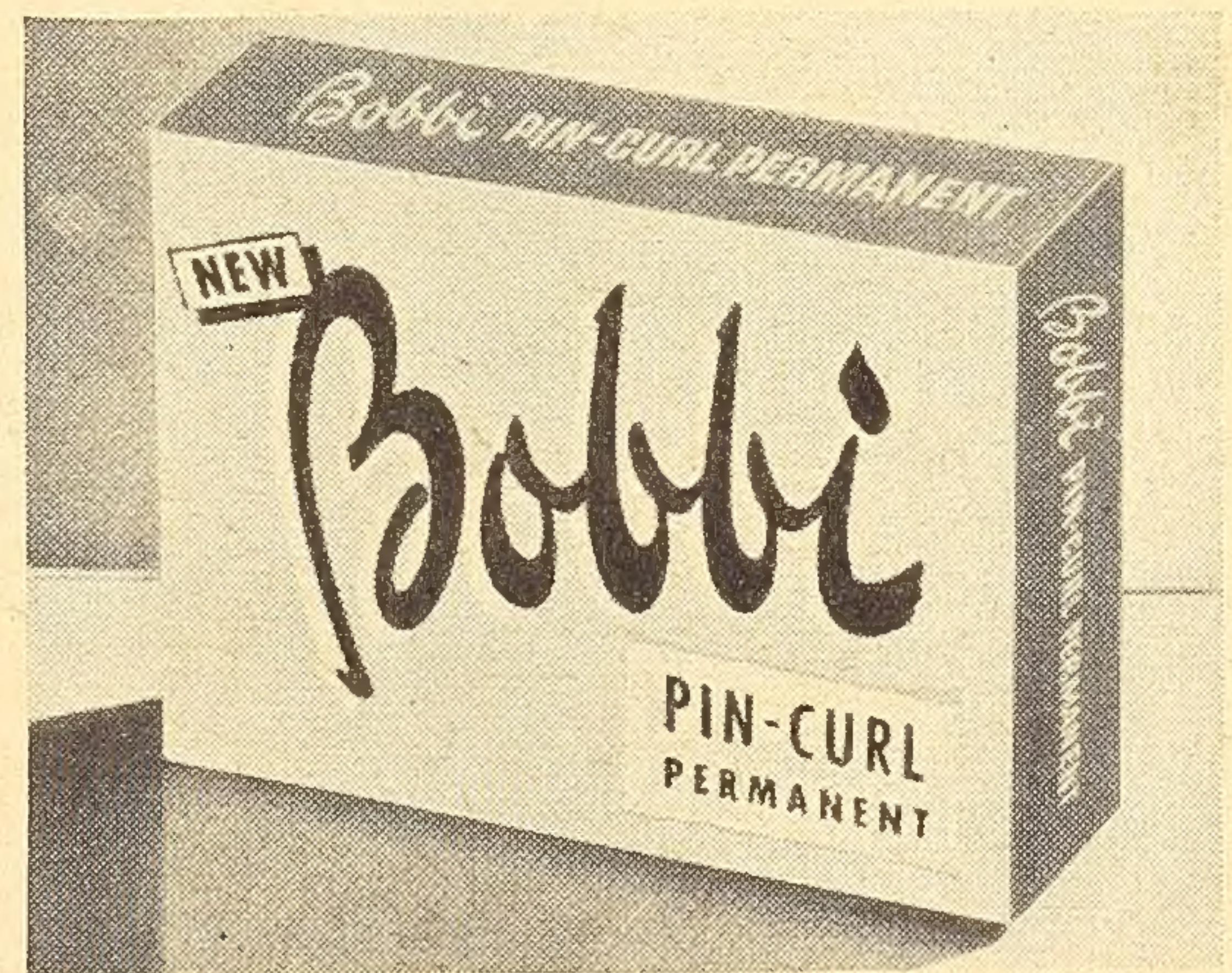
Bobbi is perfect for this gay "Miss Liberty" hairdo. Bobbi is the permanent designed to give soft, casual looking curls. No nightly settings necessary.



Only Bobbi is designed to give the soft waves needed for this "Aloha" hairdo. With Bobbi you get curls and waves *exactly* where you want them.



Bobbi's soft curls make a casual wave like this possible. Notice the soft, natural look of the new "Jasmine" hair style. So simple! No help is needed.



Everything you need! New Creme Oil Lotion, special bobby pins, complete instructions for use. \$1.50 plus tax.

MAKE UP YOUR MIND CONTEST WINNERS

RADIO-TV MIRROR readers can certainly make up their minds! That's the considered opinion of the *Make Up Your Mind* contest judges who sifted through thousands of entries received since the original announcement in the March issue of RADIO-TV MIRROR. They were unanimous in their decision that contestants showed a detailed understanding and enjoyment of the "situation" contest, the CBS Radio program and the magazine. Winners and prizes have been awarded as follows:

FIRST PRIZE (\$100 BOND)



Mrs. Robert Russell,
914 East Front St.,
Monroe, Michigan

SECOND PRIZE (\$50 BOND)

Mrs. Anna Cizmar,
12 Brookline Avenue,
Youngstown, Ohio

THIRD PRIZE (\$25 BOND)

Mrs. Edith M. Estabrooks,
1461 Torrey Pines Road,
La Jolla, California

All prizes are in addition to the \$25 U.S. Savings Bonds which are regularly awarded by *Make Up Your Mind* for use of situations on the air. In announcing plans to use the three winning questions on the Monday-through-Friday morning program during the week of June 7, producer-director Arthur Henley indicated he was so impressed by the high caliber of the entries that other RADIO-TV MIRROR reader-participants shouldn't be too surprised to receive the regular *Make Up Your Mind* award for use of their questions on subsequent broadcasts.

Make Up Your Mind is heard on CBS Radio, M-F, 11:30 A.M. EDT, for Wonder Bread and Hostess Cup Cakes. (For an exciting new story of emcee Jack Sterling, see pages 50-51.)



She stuck in her thumb,
And pulled out **PINK PLUM**
And cried, "What a smart girl am I!"

Smart girl, indeed! For what could be more tempting to the lips than the sun-ripe, sun-sweet color of fresh plums? And what more effective accent to the whole new range of Paris blues, off-pinks, charcoal and black? (Nice, too, to know that Cashmere Bouquet's Pink Plum stays pink, stays on—for hours—without re-touching!)

7 Cover-Girl Colors **49¢**

cashmere bouquet

INDELIBLE-TYPE LIPSTICK

Super-Creamed to Keep Your Lips Like Velvet



Conover girls pick Cashmere Bouquet



"We teach our Conover School students how to use Cashmere Bouquet Indelible-Type lipstick. They apply, splash cold water on their lips, then blot. The color clings for hours!"

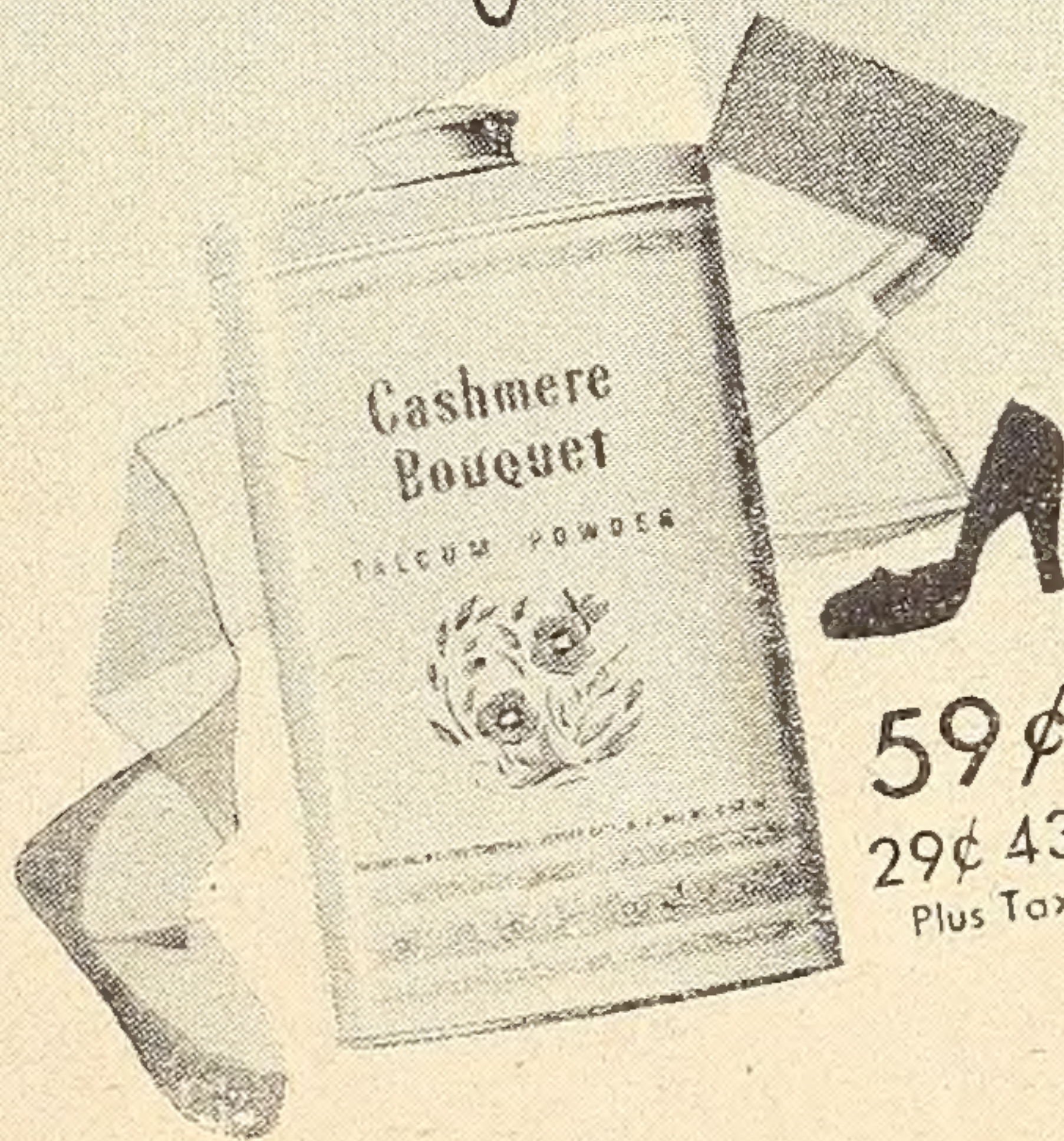
Candy Jones (Mrs. Harry Conover)

Director Conover School

this is how you feel...

*All over... all day
— wrapped in the flower
freshness of*

**cashmere
bouquet**
TALCUM POWDER



**Conover Girls Pick
Cashmere Bouquet**

"Borrow this good grooming cue from our Conover Career School students! A quick dusting with Cashmere Bouquet Talc smooths hot, chafed skin . . . helps girdles, stockings and shoes ease on smoothly."

Says
Candy Jones
(Mrs. Harry Conover)
Director Conover School

Betty's BLUE

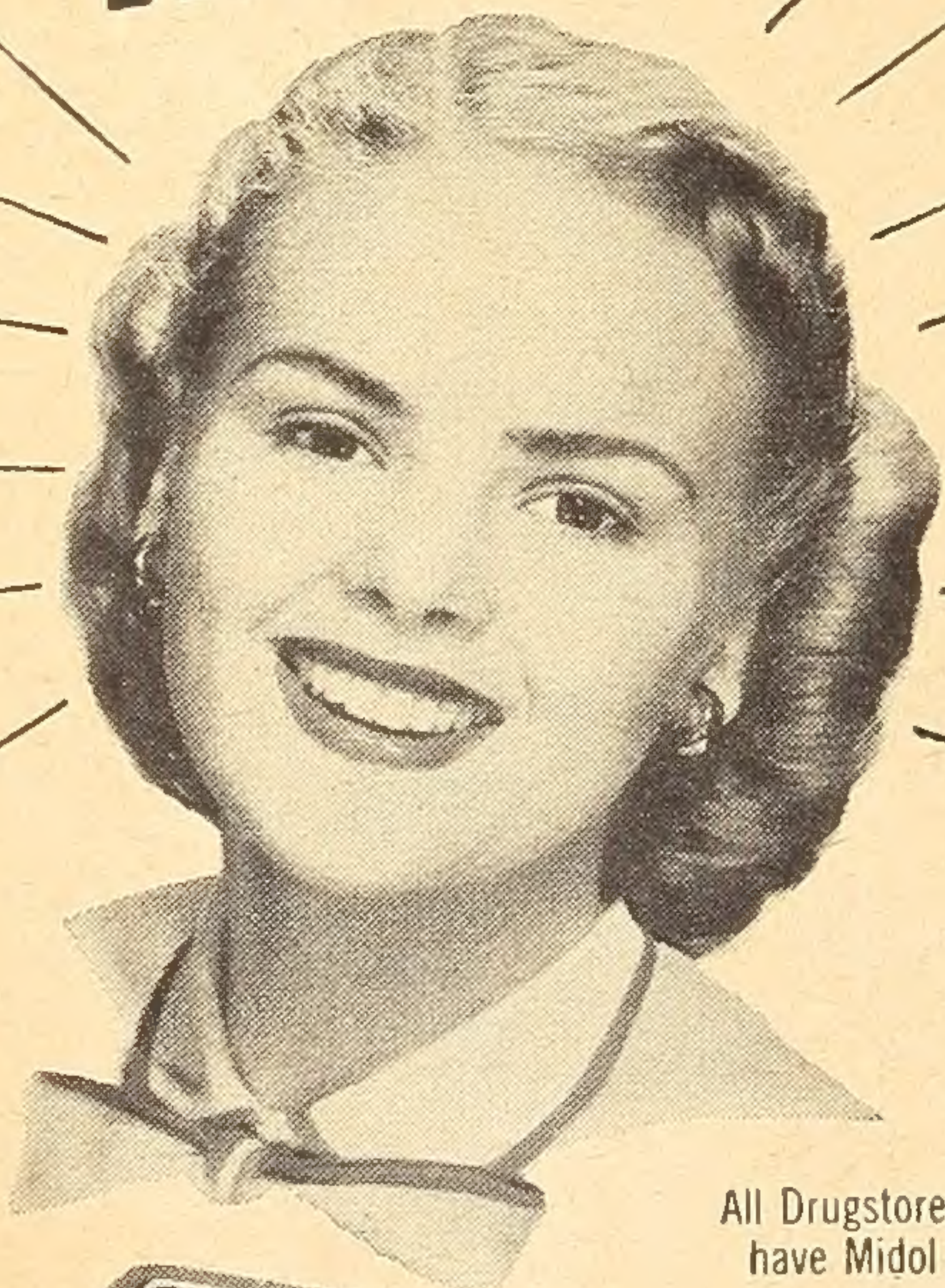


PERIODIC PAIN

Don't let the calendar make a slave of you, Betty! Just take a Midol tablet with a glass of water... that's all. Midol brings faster relief from menstrual pain—it relieves cramps, eases headache and chases the "blues."

"WHAT WOMEN WANT TO KNOW" a 24-page book explaining menstruation is yours, FREE. Write Dep't B-74, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y. (Sent in plain wrapper).

Betty's GAY WITH MIDOL



All Drugstores
have Midol



DAYTIME DIARY

All programs listed are heard Monday through Friday; all times given are Eastern Daylight Time.

AUNT JENNY All across our country there are thousands of small towns like Littleton. And in each one there is probably one person like Aunt Jenny, who knows everyone in town and loves to follow the lives of all the townspeople. These daily stories are based on familiar situations, but are full of love, excitement and good will. 12:15 P.M., CBS.

BACKSTAGE WIFE Mary Noble, feeling responsible for the money lost by her friends in worthless oil stock she innocently sponsored, sells her husband Larry's new play to financier Victor Stratton to pay them back. What Mary doesn't know is that she has jumped from the frying pan into the fire, for Stratton is scheming with Elise Shephard to break up the Nobles' marriage. 4 P.M., NBC.

FRONT PAGE FARRELL David Farrell is almost stumped by a particularly brutal murder in which four suspects create one of the grimmest puzzles he has ever encountered. It is only through a chance remark made by his wife, Sally, that David finally perceives the hidden clue that leads him to the true murderer and saves an innocent person. 5:15 P.M., NBC.

HAWKINS FALLS Small towns like Hawkins Falls may seem quiet to the casual traveller passing through, but to people like Lona and Floyd Corey, who live there, it offers a rich and eventful life. Lona's newspaper experience and Floyd's activities as a doctor bring them into intimate contact with their neighbors. Is there a chance they may learn some things they would be better off not knowing? 12:15 P. M., NBC-TV.

HILLTOP HOUSE The latest developments in the troubled life of Julie's current problem, Terry Wallace, have Julie very worried. Philip Wallace is trying to be nice to his daughter whom he had so callously ignored up till now. Is this new concern sincere, or is he merely attracted by the inheritance that will be left by Terry's great aunt? 3 P.M., CBS.

JUST PLAIN BILL For many years, Bill Davidson and his barber shop have been a vital part of Hartville. With his daughter Nancy and her family near at hand, Bill had found life complete and satisfying. Never in his wildest dreams has he imagined that he would have to choose between this peaceful life and a situation so bizarre he scarcely knows how to face it. 5 P.M., NBC.

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL Many times in her brief past Chichi has been involved in trouble—but usually it was somebody else's trouble. Now, for the first time, her own life skirts tragedy. Will the strength and courage she learned from

Papa David see her through? Or will Papa David's resources be tested to the fullest before Chichi's life is on an even keel again? 3 P.M., NBC.

LORENZO JONES Lorenzo's amnesia makes him powerless against Phoebe Larkin's claim that five-year-old Gloria is the child of a marriage between them, though instinct warns him that Phoebe is lying. Unable to recognize Belle as his true wife, he cannot help her prove her status. Meanwhile, jealous Gail Maddox joins forces with Phoebe to prevent Belle from reclaiming Lorenzo. Can Belle find the proof she needs? 5:30 P.M., NBC.

LOVE OF LIFE Vanessa is deeply disturbed as she tries to disentangle herself and her family from the mess her sister Meg got them into. Meg's job with gambling king Hal Craig has placed even her young son Beany in unimaginable danger, for it is Beany who holds the key to a startling secret that important financial and political figures cannot afford to have revealed. What will happen to Beany? 12:15 P.M., CBS-TV.

MA PERKINS When rich Alf Pierce made Ma the trustee for the money he left his son Billy, he may have suspected that only Ma could handle the kind of mess Billy might get into. Is Ma right in defending Billy's wife Laura—or are the others right in anticipating trouble? How will the town be affected by the newcomers—among them, Laura's rolling-stone brother? 1:15 P.M., CBS.

ONE MAN'S FAMILY Balance is a good thing in a family—one parent knowing when to loosen up on a tight rein if the other is a bit too stern. But Mother Barbour has a difficult middle road to walk as she tries to mediate between Father Barbour's somewhat old-fashioned principles and the natural desire of her teenage children for independence. Will the future vindicate Mother Barbour's methods? 10:30 A.M., NBC-TV.

OUR GAL SUNDAY The enmity of Mrs. Thornton has created a serious breach between Sunday and Lord Henry, for Mrs. Thornton has cleverly used the young lawyer, Kevin Bromfield, to arouse Lord Henry's deep-seated jealousy. Sunday is uncertain how to handle the situation, since the truth is that Kevin is fond of her. But nothing can alter her love for Lord Henry. Can she convince him of this? 12:45 P.M., CBS.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY The aversion that Pepper and Linda have felt from the beginning for oil expert Dr. Grayson increases as Father Young's money continues pouring into the well being drilled, on Grayson's advice, on the
(Continued on page 21)

New *Lilt* Home Permanent

looks, feels and stays like the

Loveliest Naturally Curly Hair!

*— A far softer wave
than any other home
permanent!*

Exclusive new wave conditioner means that
only from *Lilt* can you get such soft, natural-looking curls!

Your New *Lilt* wave looks as lovely as the loveliest
naturally curly hair... shimmering with healthy-looking highlights. You get
the kind of wave you want where you want it!

Your New *Lilt* wave feels like naturally curly hair because
Lilt's Wave Conditioner makes curls so extra-soft you can feel the difference!
Lilt Curls are always soft and smooth like nature's own!

Your New *Lilt* wave stays like naturally curly hair
because it's the longest-lasting wave possible today! *Lilt* keeps
its shining, soft naturalness month after month!



Now!

Lilt lets you
choose the wave
especially made
for your type
of hair. Super,
Regular or
Gentle *Lilt*
... and *Lilt's*
new Party Curl,
the very best
children's home
permanent.

\$1.50
(plus tax)

Procter & Gamble's new *Lilt* Home Permanent

Why SO MANY Nurses Say "DOUCHE WITH ZONITE FOR feminine hygiene"



Every Woman Should Read These Vital Facts!

Women who are happily married and who possess physical charm realize the importance of using a cleansing, deodorizing douche for feminine hygiene and after their monthly periods. A recent survey shows many nurses consider it wise to always use ZONITE for this purpose. There's a good reason why! Scientific tests PROVED no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is more POWERFULLY EFFECTIVE yet ABSOLUTELY SAFE to body tissues.

Assures BOTH Internal and External Hygienic Protection

ZONITE is a powerful antiseptic-germicide yet is positively non-poisonous and non-irritating. You can use ZONITE as often as needed without the slightest risk of injury. ZONITE immediately washes away germs and waste deposits. It completely deodorizes and leaves you with a wonderful sense of well-being and confidence—so refreshed and dainty. Inexpensive, too. ZONITE costs only a few pennies per douche. Enjoy its many benefits!

Use as directed.



ZONITE

has 101 valuable uses

Information Booth

Luck Of The Irish

Dear Editor:

Can you give us some background on Patrick McVey, who plays Steve Wilson on CBS-TV's *Big Town*?

F. R., New Hyde Park, N. Y.

Of Irish descent, Patrick McVey was born on St. Patrick's Day or, as he puts it, "How lucky can you get?" It was on another lucky March 17th that he first learned he was being considered for the lead role in the TV version of *Big Town*. Pat was well prepared for the part, for he had played the role of newshawk Spike McManus in Broadway's "State of the Union" and had actually had newspaper experience on the *Los Angeles Times*. . . . Pat hails from Ft. Wayne, Indiana, received a law degree from Indiana University, and practiced law for two years in his home town. But amateur theatricals, plus a spear-carrying stint in a professional production of "Julius Caesar," turned his dreams stage-ward and, in 1939, on the advice of his high school dramatics teacher, Pat departed for Hollywood. Pat's career got rolling with Little Theater work in Los Angeles and at the Pasadena Playhouse. Movie roles followed, then a hitch in the Army as an infantry sergeant in Alaska. After his discharge, Pat made some more movies, then did some test plays in the early experimental days of television. His Broadway credits include "Detective Story," "Crime and Punishment," and "Twentieth Century." In 1947, Pat married actress Courteen Landis, a niece of the late baseball czar.



Pat McVey



Wesley Morgan

Life Of Riley

Dear Editor:

Could you give me some information on Wesley Morgan, the young boy who plays Junior in NBC-TV's *Life of Riley*?

W. B. B., Tuxedo, Okla.

At thirteen, Wesley Morgan is a veteran of seven years in movies, radio and television, and has played every type of youngster from brat to cherub. On television, he has appeared on the Wesley Ruggles show and in a series called *The Sprouts*. Wesley's screen credits include Pete Smith's short "The Golden Prince," plus "Miracle of Fatima" and "The Lone Hand." He's currently about the busiest member of the *Riley* cast, getting his book-learning between "takes" in a special classroom right on the studio lot. Helping with the homework, no doubt, is Wesley's dad, who is an educator in the U. S. Army.

Songs For Breakfast

Dear Editor:

Would you please tell me something about Eileen Parker, the girl who sings on Don McNeill's *Breakfast Club*?

N. W. P., Vidor, Texas

The youngest of eleven children of a Pennsylvania farm family, Eileen Parker was a church choir singer and vocalist with bands around her home town until 1952. Her career took definite shape after her friend and neighbor, Paula Kelly—songstress of *The Modernaires*—encouraged Eileen to try for a musical opening

(Continued on page 18)



Jan Sterling

star of Paramount's "ALASKA SEAS" says... "You could buy the most expensive of girdles and still not get the comfort and control of Playtex!"

*To look best in 1954's
revealing summer fashions*

Hollywood Stars recommend **PLAYTEX®** Living Panty Brief

You can see for yourself that this year's summer silhouette is slender as a stem. That's why now, more than ever, you need a Playtex Panty Brief to trim away extra inches!

Without a seam, stitch or bone, Playtex slims you in complete free-

dom. Made of a smooth latex sheath, Playtex is invisible under the most revealing fashions. And, it washes in seconds, dries with the pat of a towel, ready to wear again, *right away*. At department stores and better specialty shops everywhere!

PLAYTEX...
known
everywhere
as the
girdle
in the
SLIM
tube.



TOP DESIGNERS—LIKE TOP STARS— PRAISE PLAYTEX!



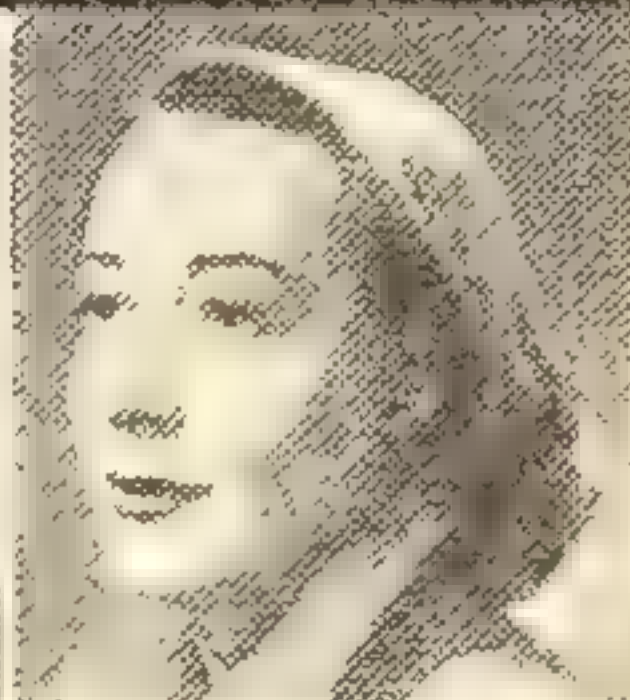
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PLAYTEX® <i>Living</i> ® PANTY BRIEF (without garters)	\$3.50
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*U.S.A. and Foreign Patents Pending (Prices slightly higher outside U.S.A.)

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In Canada: Playtex Ltd... PLAYTEX PARK... Arnprior, Ont.

Barry's daily marathon show includes many show-stopping features such as informal interviews with popular stars like Tony Martin.

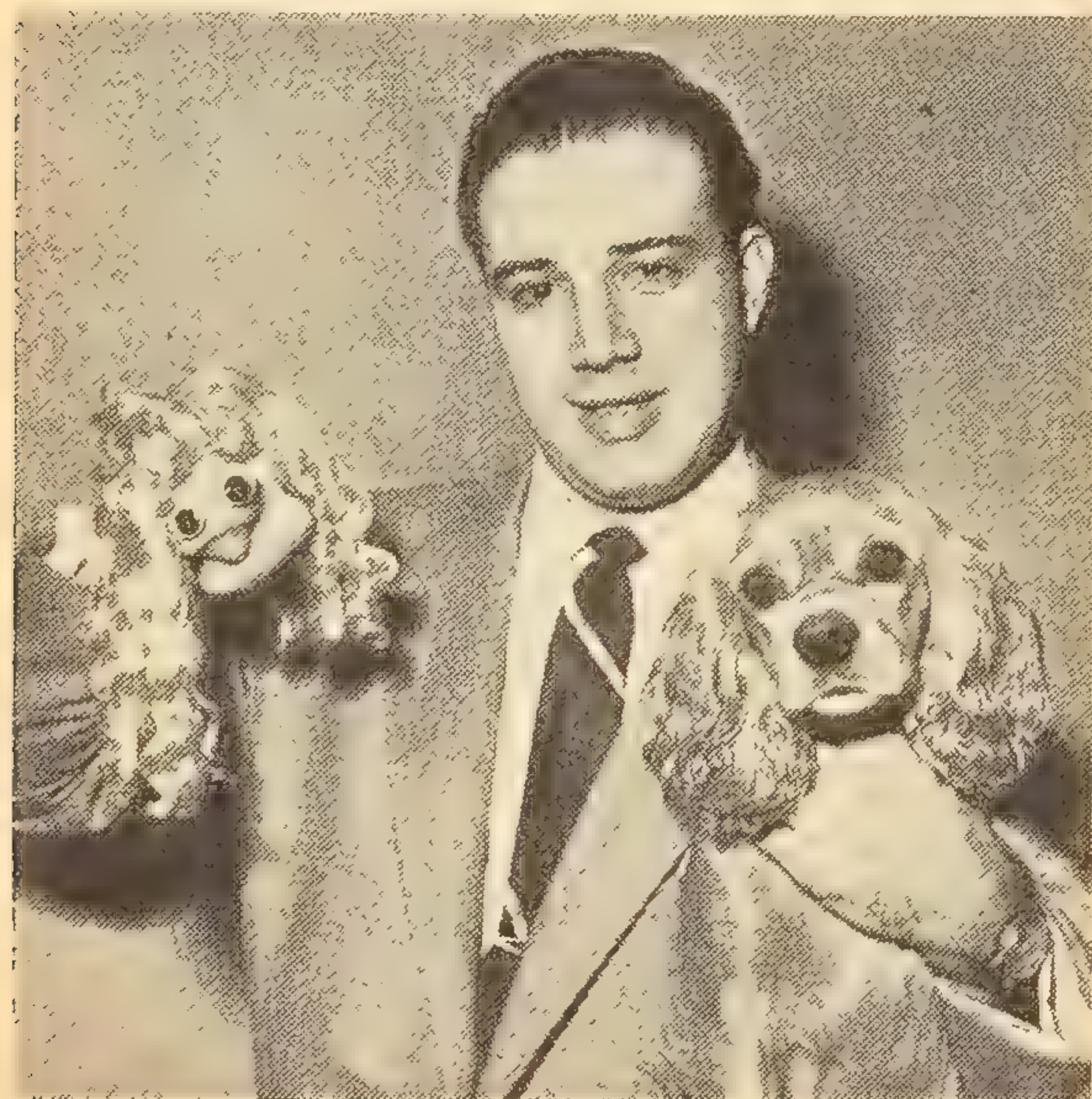


WJAS listeners are shouting for joy because

They're just wild about Barry



Time to share with fiancée Eleanor Schano is always a catch-as-catch-can proposition.



Popular Madame LaZonga usually plays second fiddle to Penny, Barry's "best friend."

RADIO fans who had heard him in Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Miami wasted no time in spreading the good word. They clamored loud and long about the young deejay with the rapid-fire delivery, the string of comic voice-characters, and the handy, happy way with the best in recordings. Thus, it wasn't so surprising that, a year ago, when Barry Kaye launched his new show in Studio C of Pittsburgh's Station WJAS, some 2,000 teenagers were on hand to roar their welcome. And since that happy day, more than 25,000 visitors have come to watch their dark-haired, well-groomed idol spin records, interview celebrities and, in general, offer worthwhile entertainment and advice. Eighty-one Barry Kaye fan clubs with over 10,000 members in the Tri-State area are further proof positive of Mr. K's winning ways.

Members of the Coke crowd are not the only ones who are wild about Barry. *The Barry Kaye Show* is a triple treat, starting at 2:30 P.M. with an hour of deejaying for the general radio audience, going on to the "Teen Canteen" segment from 4 to 5, then continuing until 7:30 with special attention given to the automobile audience, working girls—kitchen or office—and family listeners.

Barry was still a teenager when he joined the working world as a play-by-play announcer of table-tennis tournaments around the country. Later, he played bit parts in the movies and on Broadway, before becoming a full-fledged disc jockey in New York. "When I was a teenager," Barry tells youngsters, "I left school to go to work. I don't want any of you to make the same mistake." This sermonette has a special significance because, while in the Army, Barry made up enough high school credits to win his diploma and, incidentally, to score some of the highest marks ever achieved in Army extension courses.

Because he is endowed with endless energy, Barry finds himself in constant demand for teen-age "record hops" sponsored by schools, churches and other organizations. About the only person who isn't delighted about all the time he spends with and for others is his lovely fiancée, Eleanor Schano, who must accompany Barry on personal appearances in order to receive any attention from him!

An "old pro" at twenty-five, Barry was voted one of the top twelve disc jockeys in the country by a national magazine. To WJAS listeners, this choice was only natural, for they've always thought their Barry was the best yet.

*Just a whisper of spray...
sets your hair
for all day!*



**BRUSHES OUT
INSTANTLY**

A few brush strokes and every trace of SPRAY NET is gone. Doesn't flake, linger on the scalp, or necessitate washing your hair more often than you like.



**NO DROOPING CURLS
ON DAMP DAYS**

With SPRAY NET your hair doesn't pay any mind to dampness. Curls and waves stay in, weather or no. Even the most wilting day won't wilt your hair-do!

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



Helene Curtis **spray net**^{*}

keeps your hair in place softly, softly... without ever drying it... thanks to the spray-on Lanolin Lotion in SPRAY NET*

What a delightful difference!

And the difference is this... SPRAY NET keeps your hair soft and "touchable" while keeping it in place *all day long*.

Your hair isn't glued, or stuck, or starched in place when you spray on Helene Curtis SPRAY NET.

It's as if your hair grew the way you set it... *naturally inclined to stay in place*... every wandering wisp of it.

Touch your fingers to your hair

(and don't be surprised if *he* wants to, too). Such softness is irresistible.

And if you're a girl who varies her hair-do... you especially should try Helene Curtis SPRAY NET. It keeps an "up-sweep" up all evening, and a "down-do" beautifully done all day.

You'll *never* vary from SPRAY NET!

Try it today.

\$1.25

Regular size (4½ oz.)

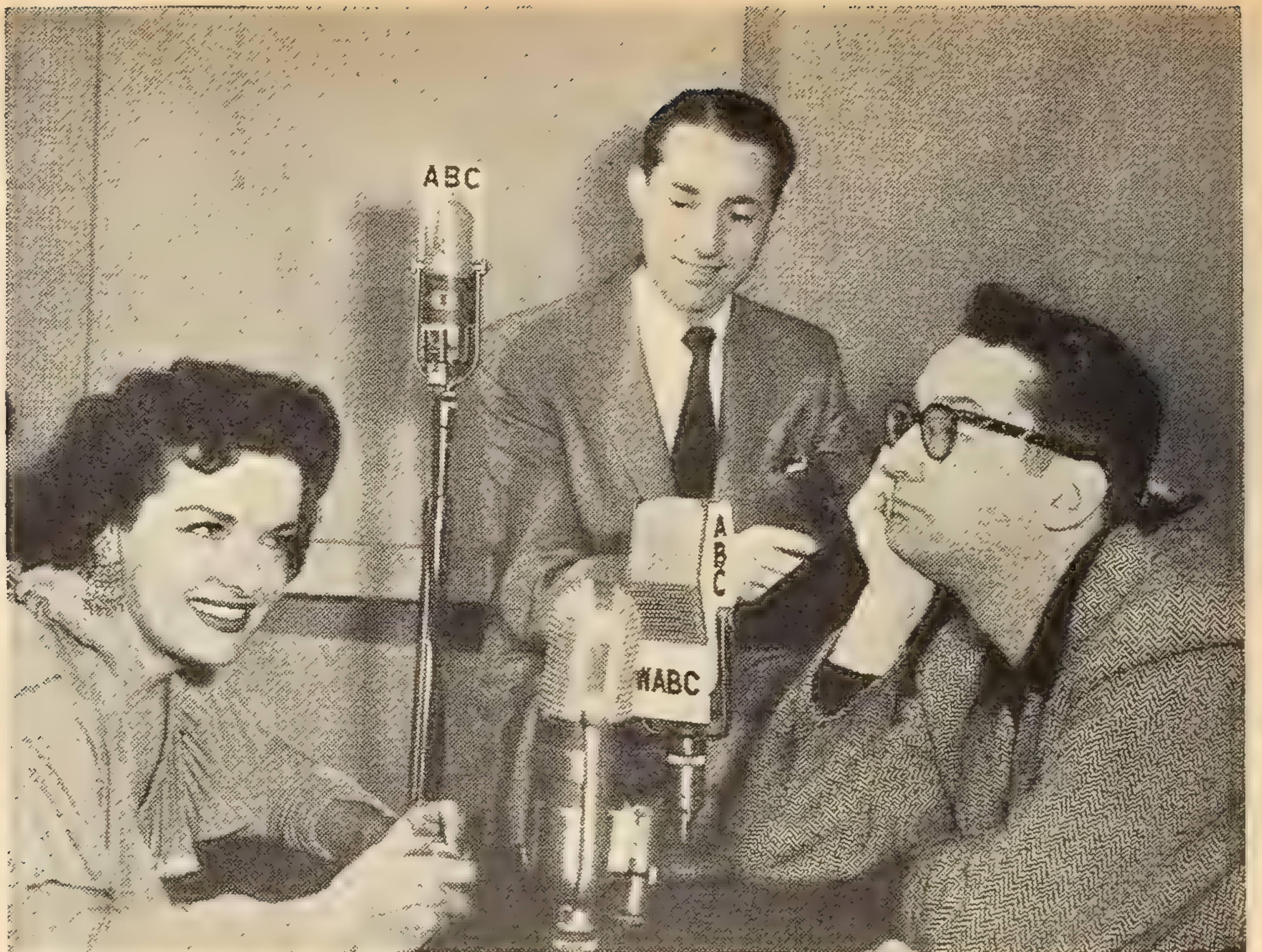
New large economy size (11 oz.) **\$1.89**,

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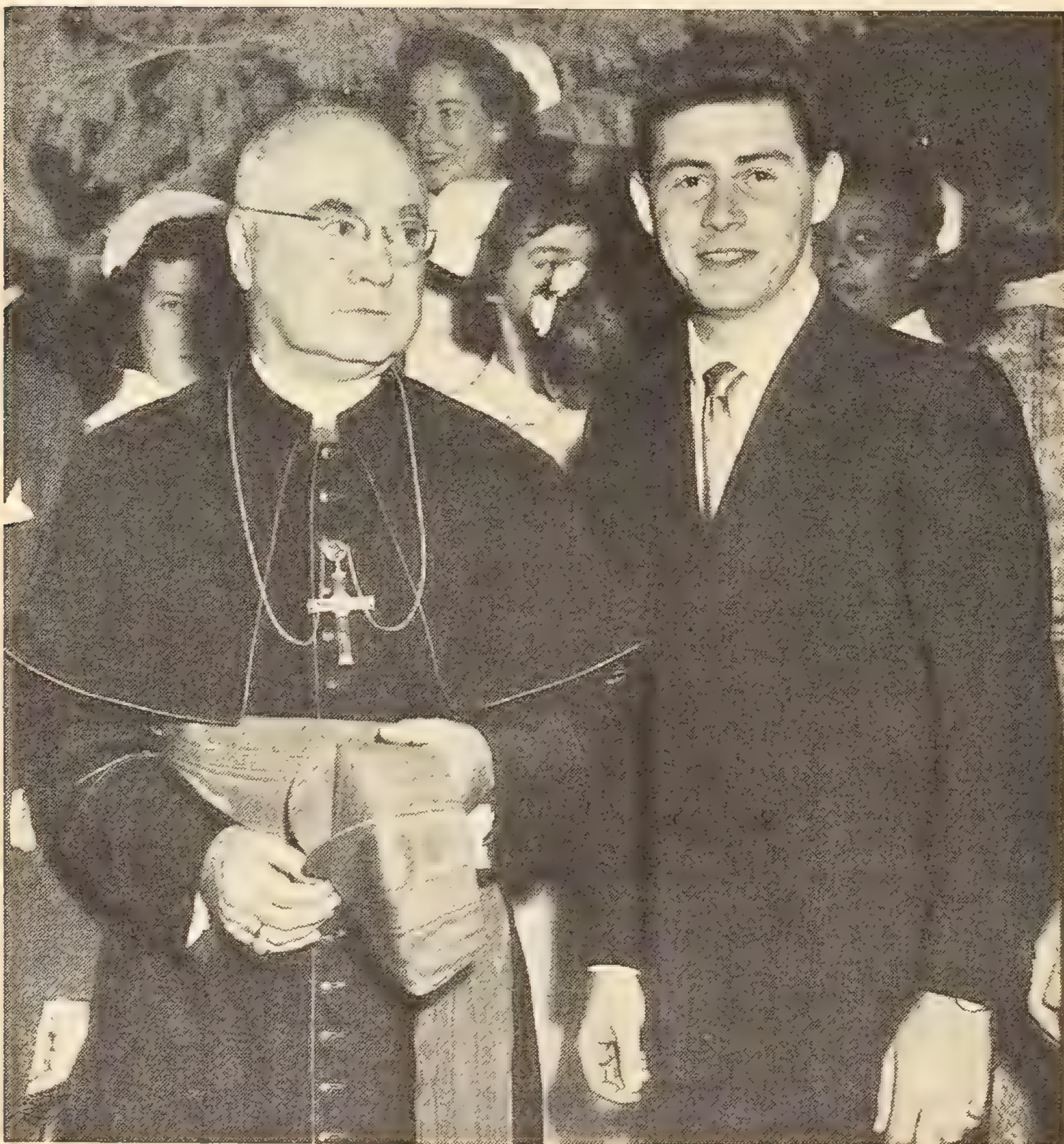
only Helene Curtis Spray Net contains spray-on lanolin lotion...

●
By
Jill
Warren



Guest panelists Jane Russell and Steve Allen enjoy their visit with Leonard Feather on *Platterbrains*, which just had its first birthday.

WHAT'S NEW FROM

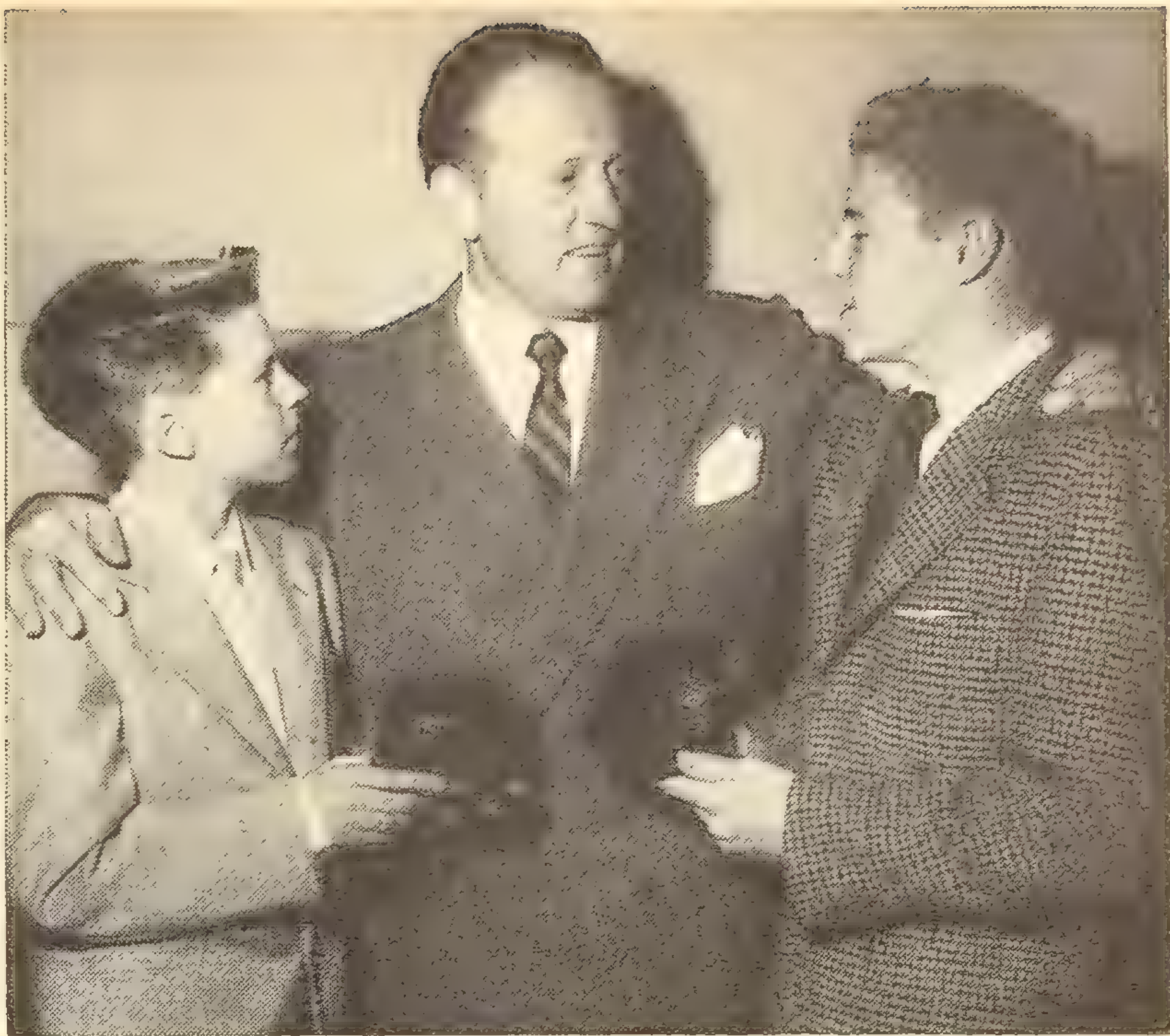


Heavenly strains: The poems of Francis Cardinal Spellman have been set to music, and Eddie Fisher has recorded them for RCA Victor.

ONE OF radio's first audience-participation programs, *Truth Or Consequences*, is now on television, over NBC Tuesday nights in the time spot formerly held by the Fred Allen show, *Judge For Yourself*. The half-hour of gags and gimmicks is emceed by Jack Bailey, best known for his *Queen For A Day* show and as the voice of "Goofy" in the Walt Disney cartoons.

Another long-time radio favorite, *Inner Sanctum*, has also become a television program, set up as a thirty-nine-week film series. The majority of the talent names who appear on the shows are from the legitimate stage—Ernest Truex, Beatrice Straight, Paul Stewart, Mildred Dunnock, Everett Sloane, Margaret Phillips, and others. *Inner Sanctum* is being syndicated by NBC's Film Division to local stations around the country.

Remember *The Adventures Of The Falcon*, which was a very popular radio show on the Mutual network a few years ago? It, too, has gone TV, and is being distributed locally for thirty-nine weeks by NBC. The dramas were filmed in Hollywood,



Each year, the Milky Way Gold Star Award is presented to the nation's ten most talented children. Brandon De Wilde accepts his award from Polly Rowles, and Art Linkletter congratulates David and Ricky Nelson on their awards.

COAST TO COAST

with Charles McGraw starring as Mike Waring (*The Falcon*).

On *A Sunday Afternoon* is back on CBS Radio's summer schedule for the third year. The three-hour program is beamed directly at listeners who are driving, picnicking, vacationing or doing most anything outdoors near a radio set. Though it's a network show, with music and news flashes, stations across the country cut in with local traffic conditions and weather reports, etc. Eddie Gallaher is the announcer.

Also on CBS Radio's Sunday summer schedule is a return engagement for *Your Invitation To Music*. It's a recorded classical music program with Jim Fasset at the microphone as a combination host, commentator and long-hair disc jockey.

Beginning June 12, the *Saturday Night Revue* returns as a summer replacement for *Your Show Of Shows* on NBC-TV. This year the ninety-minute light comedy and music revue will star Eddie Albert as emcee, with Alan Young and Ben Blue featured in the comedy spot on alternate Saturdays.

Speaking of *Your Show Of Shows*,

Steve Allen has been signed to star in fifteen programs next season. Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca, of course, are leaving and will be seen on individual programs of their own in the fall.

It looks like the Dorsey Brothers, Tommy and Jimmy, will headline the summer replacement show for Jackie Gleason when "Roly-Poly" winds up his current series on June 26. The Dorseys have already done a television recording of a vaudeville-type music-variety offering which CBS executives are excited about. And the producer? None other than Gleason himself.

The British Broadcasting Corporation has purchased two additional American television shows for showing in England: *Amos 'n' Andy* and *Range Rider*. The BBC carries no advertising on its networks, hence neither of these shows will be sponsored. Three other TV shows from the U.S. are already on the BBC schedule: *What's My Line?*, *Down You Go*, and *You Are There*.

The ABC Radio Network is excited about their new personality acquisi-

tion, Jack Gregson. They're starring him in an hour-long variety program Monday through Friday nights, with Bobby Hackett and his orchestra and vocalist Peggy Ann Ellis. Gregson was formerly heard locally in New York on an early morning disc-jockey show and ABC thinks he is a combination Arthur Godfrey and Robert Q. Lewis, and they have big plans to build him up.

Robert Q., by the way, has been meeting with NBC, and there is a possibility he may sign his name to a long-term TV contract with them. He is still under an exclusive radio pact to CBS.

ABC-TV has an interesting show in the works, to be called *This Is U.S.* That popular gentleman, John Daly, will be the narrator, and Paul Whiteman the musical conductor. They plan to present a different American theme and locale each week, with emphasis on variety.

Beginning this fall, the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be NBC's principal offering in the field of symphonic music, with Pierre Monteux and Guido (*Continued on page 19*)

*Versatile Ted Knight
has a popular, pleasing
way with children,
adults—and puppets*



Real cats or puppet dogs—Dottie and Ted Knight love them all.



Bernard knows what Dottie says goes, for she's Ted's too critic and fan. She also helps the "cast" answer their fan mail.



FUN FOR ALL

EVERY DOG has his day, but this dog has his Knight," puns Bernard, a lovable, mischievous plush dog who claims he feels like a real dog, even though people insist upon calling him a puppet. Bernard is the best friend of the man who provides him with voice and movement—young, imaginative Ted Knight—and he is also the star of *Children's Theater*, seen Mondays, Thursdays and Fridays, via WJAR-TV in Providence, from 5:15 to 5:30 P.M.

Friendly, versatile Ted Knight delights the young in years—and the young in heart—with a whole cast of lively puppets. In addition to head "man" Bernard, there's Penrod, a young boy who is kept busy trying to make Bernard behave; an excitable German professor; a cat; and Mrs. Appleby, a middle-aged housekeeper who looks after the others.

Born in Terryville, Connecticut, on December 7, twenty-nine years ago, Ted Knight (not the puppets) was the youngest of a family of seven. It wasn't until after his discharge from the Army that he got under way with his acting career. For three years, he studied at the Randall School of Dramatic Arts in Hartford, at the same time gaining experience as a part-time disc jockey and announcer at several Hartford stations. His first full-time job in radio and TV was as a deejay, announcer, singer and pantomimist for a Southern station. Then New York beckoned and Ted went to study at the American Theater Wing and, in order to "pay the rent," acted in many top radio and TV shows such as *Our Gal Sunday*, *Lux Video Theater* and *Suspense*.

A little over a year ago, Ted came to WJAR-TV for his first assignment—a cooking show. Then followed vocal gymnastics on *Riddle Skits*, *Milkman's Movies* and, finally, last fall, his own wonderful creation, *Children's Theater*.

Ted and his wife Dottie, a former ballerina, have been married for five years and they now share their cozy apartment with two very real cats, Cleo and Tuffy—plus Bernard, of course. Someday, the Knights hope to own a ranch house where there'll be room for more pets. Bernard says he won't mind if there's a real dog, because he knows he'll "still be treated as the star."

Hollywood's favorite
Lustre-Creme
Shampoo...



Cream or Lotion



"Yes, I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo," says Debra Paget. It's the favorite of 4 out of 5 top Hollywood movie stars!

It never dries your hair! Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with lanolin . . . foams into rich lather, even in hardest water . . . leaves hair so easy to manage.

It beautifies! For soft, bright, fragrantly clean hair—without special after-rinses—choose the shampoo of America's most glamorous women. Use the favorite of Hollywood movie stars—Lustre-Creme Shampoo.

Never Dries—
it Beautifies!



Debra Paget

starring in "DEMETRIUS
AND THE GLADIATORS"

20th Century-Fox's CinemaScope Production.

Color by Technicolor.

Relieves dryness...gives hair
healthy looking glow

(See! You've been
missing something')

HELENE CURTIS
Suave



No other hairdressing
leaves hair so
natural looking

(You look prettier
than a picture!)

HELENE CURTIS
Suave



Gives your hair
that "cared for" look

WITHOUT OILY AFTER-FILM

(Now he'll really
take you places!)

HELENE CURTIS
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No other hairdressing adds so much sheer
beauty to your hair! For only SUAVE contains amazing
non-greasy Curtisol . . . relieves dryness, frizz, split ends.
Keeps hair in place, lovely to behold all day!

No wonder women prefer it 7 to 1.



2 forms: lotion,
or creme (in jars),
50¢ to \$1 (plus tax)

*TRADEMARK

Information Booth

(Continued from page 12)

in New York. Taking Paula's advice, Eileen auditioned for and won the feminine singing role in CBS' summer series, *On A Sunday Afternoon*. Her voice so impressed former *Breakfast Club* vocalist Clark Dennis that he contacted Don McNeill and suggested Eileen as the person to fill an opening on Don's show. . . . Of Scotch-Irish descent, Eileen stands 5'6" tall and weighs 120 pounds. She now lives in Chicago where athletics—particularly golf and bowling—rank as her favorite hobby.

Pictures Of Stars

Dear Editor:

Would you please tell me how to obtain photographs of radio and television stars? If you are supposed to write to the studios, how do you know from where the program originated?

N. A. F., Circleville, O.

Write to the star whose photograph you want in care of the station over which you have heard or seen him or her. Generally, a brief announcement, either at the beginning or end of the program, will tell you from where the program originates.

Globetrotter

Dear Editor:

I am a great admirer of Dorothy Kilgallen of *What's My Line?* fame. To whom is she married and how many children does she have? Was she born in New York?

A. R., Bristol, Tenn.

Well-known today as panelist on CBS-TV's *What's My Line?*, co-star with her husband Dick Kollmar on their morning radio show, and author of the syndicated column, "Voice of Broadway," Dorothy Kilgallen will be remembered by senior televiewers as the first woman
(Continued on page 28)



Dorothy Kilgallen

What's New from Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 15)

Cantelli appearing as guest conductors. When Arturo Toscanini retired in April, the musical personnel of the NBC Symphony was rearranged into smaller orchestral units to serve the requirements of the network.

This 'n' That:

Fred Allen, who has repeatedly announced that he was giving up television for good at the end of this season, has probably changed his mind. When his *Judge For Yourself* clambake went off, Fred made a film of a proposed audience-participation comedy quiz show, and it was so good that it will undoubtedly wind up on the fall schedule.

Dorothy Collins and her husband, Raymond Scott, are expecting their first visit from the stork this October, and they couldn't be happier about it. Dorothy plans to return to *Your Hit Parade* late next fall.

Also on the "baby" list are Eve Arden and her better half, Brooks West, who will welcome their first little one in September. The Wests already have three adopted children.

And congratulations are in order for the Gordon MacRaes, who have a new little boy at their house in Hollywood.

Songstress Jane Pickens was married in New York City a few weeks ago to William C. Langley, who is not in show business. It was the second marriage for both.

The music world was saddened by the passing of Louis Silvers, the well-known composer-conductor. He died in Hollywood of a heart attack. In addition to writing the musical scores for hundreds of movies, Silvers served as the musical director for the *Lux Radio Theater* for thirteen years and won many citations for his work on this program.

When Dick Van Patten, who plays Nels on the *Mama* TV show, and ballerina Pat Poole recently became Mr. and Mrs., it was the culmination of a real television romance. Dick and Pat were classmates at the Professional Children's School in New York City when he was ten and she was eight. After years of not seeing each other, they renewed their acquaintance again about a year ago at CBS's studios in Grand Central Terminal in New York. The *Mama* program rehearsed right next door to Jackie Gleason's show, and at that time Pat was one of the June Taylor dancers. They spent most of their courtship between the two studios until Pat left the Gleason group to go into the Broadway show, "Me and Juliet."

The biggest star of the canine world has signed a television deal—or rather his owner has. Lassie, the popular dog star of the movies of the same name, will be seen on a TV film series over CBS this fall.

Mulling The Mail:

Mrs. N. I., Decatur, Illinois: George Keane and Betty Winkler are still married and happily so. He is appearing in the Broadway hit, "The Seven Year Itch." . . . To those who asked about Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis: Yes, it is true that the boys have been sparring, both professionally and privately, but their managers and friends have been successful, at least up to this writing, in convincing them that the Martin and Lewis team should continue as is. But the entire situation has been tense, so who knows? . . . Miss N. C., Deansboro,

New York: Yes, Raymond Scott was married before, but Dorothy Collins was not. He is no relation to Barbara Ann Scott, the ice-skater. His brother was the late conductor, Mark Warnow . . . Miss L. M. H., Richland, Georgia: Singer Bill Lawrence has been appearing lately on Ted Steele's WPIX-TV show in New York City, but he is not singing on any network radio program at the present time. . . . Mr. R.V., Oak Park, Illinois: George Jessel's daughter's name is Jerilyn, and she is spending the summer with him touring Europe and Israel . . . Miss C. W., Woodside, New York: Barry Kroeger is still very much in the acting profession, but has been commuting to Hollywood for movie work, so consequently has done less television work this past season . . . To the many readers who wrote asking about the *Family Skeleton* show: This program, which was heard on CBS Radio five nights a week, went off the air a couple of months ago because the sponsor didn't renew it. At the present time, there are no plans for its return. Mercedes McCambridge, who had the lead, is presently in Hollywood with her husband, producer-director Fletcher Markle. . . . Mr. A.P., St. Louis, Missouri: No, songstress Martha Wright is not married at the present time. She is divorced from Ted Baumfeld, who still manages her career. Martha's new ABC-TV show is set for fifty-two weeks.

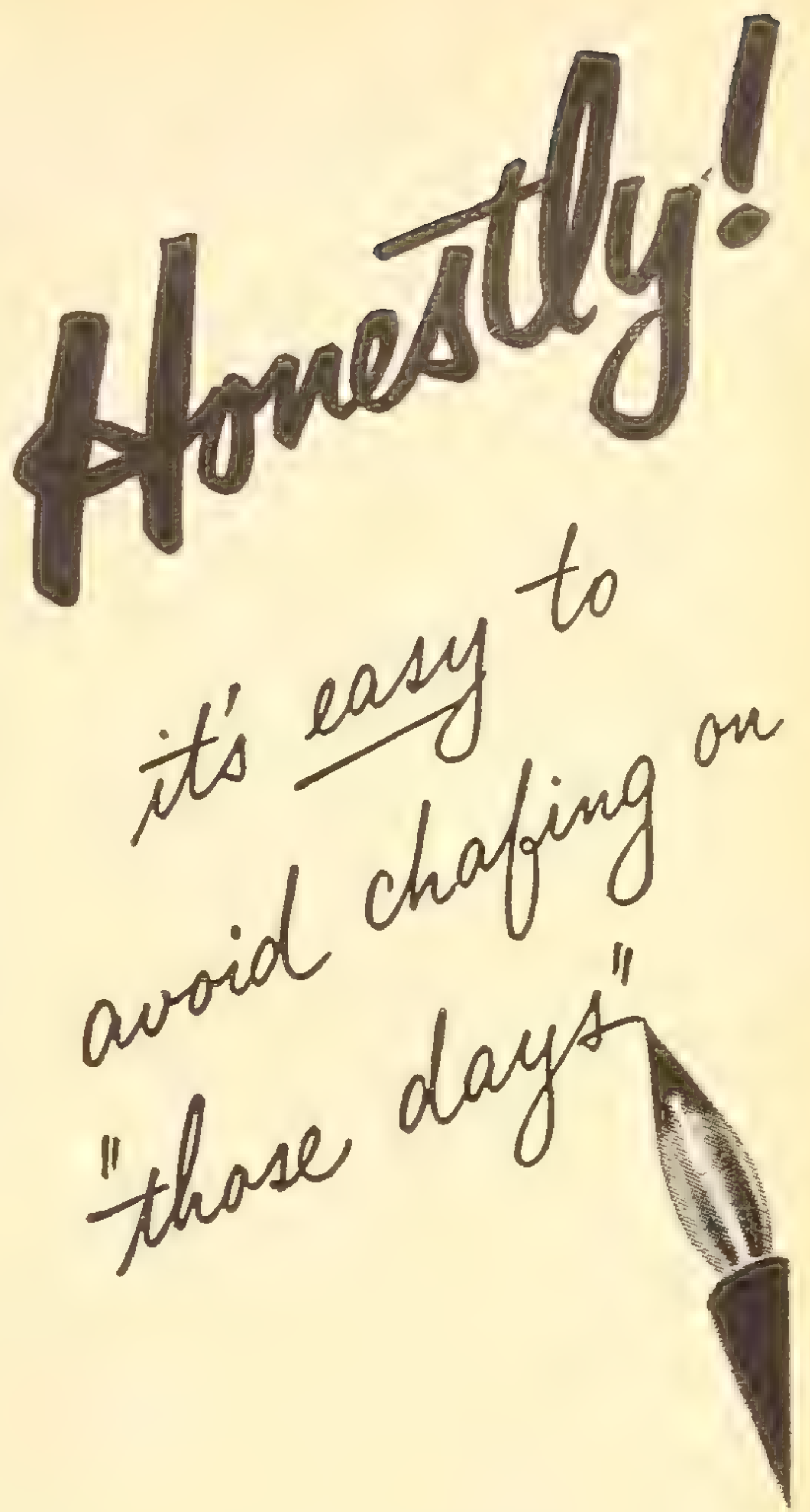
What Ever Happened To . . . ?

Dagmar, the bumptious blonde comedienne, who specialized in dead-pan delivery and malapropisms? For a while Dagmar was doing a few TV guest appearances, but for the past few months she has been playing night clubs in an act with her husband, actor Danny Dayton. They recently played the Latin Quarter in Boston and have been booked at different spots about the country for the summer season. Dagmar originally had a long-term contract with NBC, but it was broken by mutual agreement.

Wheel Of Fortune, the popular daytime TV show on CBS? The show went off the air a few months ago when the network needed the time spot. It was a sustaining program, so when a sponsor came along with another idea, it had to be dropped. Todd Russell, who was the emcee, is still very active, of course, as head man on the *Rootie Kazootie* children's show.

Mr. Chameleon, the popular detective show? This was a sustaining summer replacement last year, and then was on the air again for three weeks in February of this year. CBS usually uses this program as a "fill-in" when and if they have the time open. It is not known at this writing whether it will be on the air again this summer.

If you have a question about one of your favorite people or programs, or wonder what has happened to someone on radio or television, drop me a line: Miss Jill Warren, RADIO-TV MIRROR, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, New York, and I'll try my best to find out for you and put the information in this column. Unfortunately, we do not have space to answer all questions, so I try to cover those personalities or shows about whom we receive the most inquiries. Sorry, no personal answers.



All you have to do is give up hot, "chafey" external pads and turn to the Tampax* method of sanitary protection. Tampax is worn internally and positively will not chafe or irritate, no matter how warm the weather is. In fact, the wearer doesn't even feel it, once it's in place.

Tampax has many other warm weather advantages. For one thing, it prevents odor from forming—and what a blessing that is! Tampax also gives you the freedom of the beach. It can't "show" under a bathing suit; you even wear Tampax while you're swimming.

If you're planning on going away, just remember this: Tampax is extremely easy to dispose of, even when the plumbing is erratic. Get this doctor-invented product at any drug or notion counter in your choice of 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Month's supply goes into purse; economy size gives 4 times as much. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



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New Patterns for You



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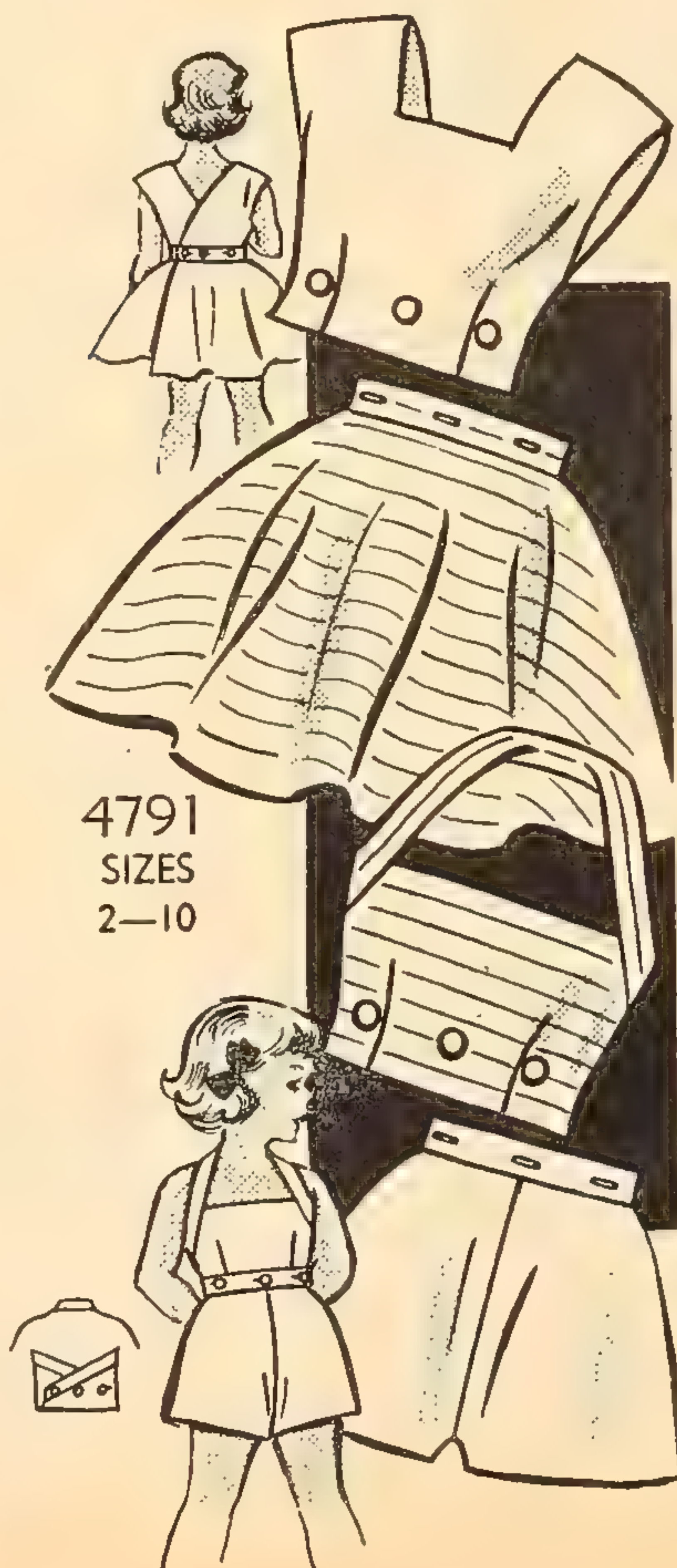
4567
SIZES
10-20



9225
SIZES
14 1/2-24 1/2



9211
SIZES
34-48



4791
SIZES
2-10

9332—Sew for sunny hours. Halter is one piece—slips over head, wraps, buttons. Skirt is half-circle; one seam, belt-band. Misses' Sizes 12-20. Size 16 takes 4 yds. 35" fabric.

4567—Fashion-new ensemble: molded princess with cover-up bolero. Misses' Sizes 10-20. Size 16 takes 5 3/4 yds. 39" fabric; 1 1/4 yds. contrast.

9225—Versatile sun fashion. Capelet buttons to dress, contrast-color accent on revers. Half Sizes 14 1/2-24 1/2. Size 16 1/2 takes 4 1/2 yds. 35" fabric; 3/4 yd. contrast.

9211—Designed for comfort and flattery, with built-up backs, wide straps, slimming lines. Women's Sizes 34-48. Size 36, top style, 1 5/8 yds. 35" fabric; lower style, 1 3/4 yds.

4791—Mix-match these separates. Skirt, halter, blouse open flat. Tops and bottoms button to each other. Child's Sizes 2-10. Size 6 skirt and halter take 2 yds. 35" fabric; blouse and shorts, 1 3/8 yds.

Send thirty-five cents (in coins) for each pattern to:
RADIO-TV MIRROR, Pattern Department,
P. O. Box 137, Old Chelsea Station,
New York 11, New York.

YOUR NAME _____
STREET OR BOX NO. _____
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Add five cents for each pattern for first class mailing.

DAYTIME DIARY

(Continued from page 8)

farm property. Meanwhile, Grayson's engagement to Ivy Trent promises to bring him the financial security he needs to further his own secret plans—which have nothing to do with making Father Young rich. 3:30 P.M., NBC.

PERRY MASON Lawyer Perry Mason is inured to all sorts of sordid, brutal crimes, but even he feels revulsion at the arch-criminal that preys on unthinking youngsters, ruining their lives. Can he save Kate Beekman from the consequences of her stubborn refusal to accept not only his advice, but that of his secretary, Della Street? What will happen when Kate realizes what she has gotten into? 2:15 P.M., CBS.

PORTIA FACES LIFE Walter Manning has always been proud of his wife Portia's talent, and her former career as a lawyer. But is there a secret reservation behind that pride—something that will cause trouble if Portia seriously resumes her work? What happens when Walter, as a newspaperman, becomes involved with Morgan Elliott, many of whose activities lie outside the law? Will Portia make trouble by helping Kathy Baker? 1:15 P.M., CBS-TV.

ROSEMARY The whole Boys Club project is in jeopardy because of one designing girl, and Bill Roberts knows he should have listened to Rosemary when she warned him that Monica wasn't just someone to laugh off as far as young Lonnie was concerned. But apart from the Club, will Rosemary have further cause for concern about the future health of her beloved mother, who has weathered one serious crisis? 11:45 A.M., CBS.

SEARCH FOR TOMORROW If the woman who poses as Arthur Tate's wife Hazel succeeds in evading the traps set for her by Arthur's lawyer, Nathan Walsh, Joanne Barron may never capture the happy future that seemed dawning for her and Arthur before "Hazel" appeared. Will Nathan ferret out the true purpose behind the masquerade—the efforts of a crooked group to get control of Joanne's Motor Haven? 12:30 P.M., CBS-TV.

STELLA DALLAS The happiness of her daughter Laurel has been the guiding force of Stella's life. Facing the prospect that enemies may destroy Laurel's marriage to Dick Grosvenor, Stella fights desperately to protect her child. But now she encounters a new adversary in glamorous model Patricia Keswick. Will Patricia succeed in luring Dick away from his home and family? 4:15 P.M., NBC.

THE BIGHTER DAY Reverend Richard Dennis is accustomed to dealing with illnesses of the soul, but in the case of his beautiful daughter Althea he realizes that the very strength of the tie between them reduces his power to help. Is Althea as mentally sick as Dr. Blake Hamilton believes? How will her immediate future affect her sisters, Patsy and Babby, and her brother Grayling? 2:45 P.M., CBS.

THE GUIDING LIGHT A long time ago, Meta Roberts warned her step-daughter-in-law that a marriage founded on a lie would destroy itself. But Kathy, even though she is enmeshed in the results of her first lie, seems headed for

(Continued on page 23)

New Colgate Dental Cream with GARDOL*

Works instantly to stop Bad Breath!

One brushing with New Colgate Dental Cream leaves your mouth cleaner, fresher for 12 hours or more—helps keep you socially acceptable. Tests prove Colgate Dental Cream stops bad breath *instantly* in 7 out of 10 cases that originate in the mouth.



CLEANS YOUR BREATH...

Works constantly to stop Tooth Decay!

One brushing with New Colgate Dental Cream guards against tooth decay for 12 hours or more. Night and morning brushings guard your teeth all day—all night. In this way, Colgate's Gardol works around the clock to stop the action of decay-causing enzymes. In full-year clinical tests, X rays showed far fewer cavities for the hundreds of people in the group using Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol. In fact, no new cavities whatever for 4 out of 5.



while it GUARDS YOUR TEETH!

GARDOL...
Colgate's
miracle ingredient
makes it
doubly effective!



HOW GARDOL WORKS:

Every time you brush your teeth with New Colgate Dental Cream, Gardol binds itself to your teeth... remains active for 12 hours or more. That's why Gardol, Colgate's miracle anti-enzyme ingredient, gives you the surest protection against tooth decay ever

offered by any toothpaste—leaves your mouth cleaner, fresher for 12 hours or more!

Gardol's protection won't rinse off or wear off all day. Thus, morning and night brushings with New Colgate's with Gardol give continuous protection around the clock.

*COLGATE'S TRADE-MARK FOR SODIUM N-LAUROYL SARCOSINATE

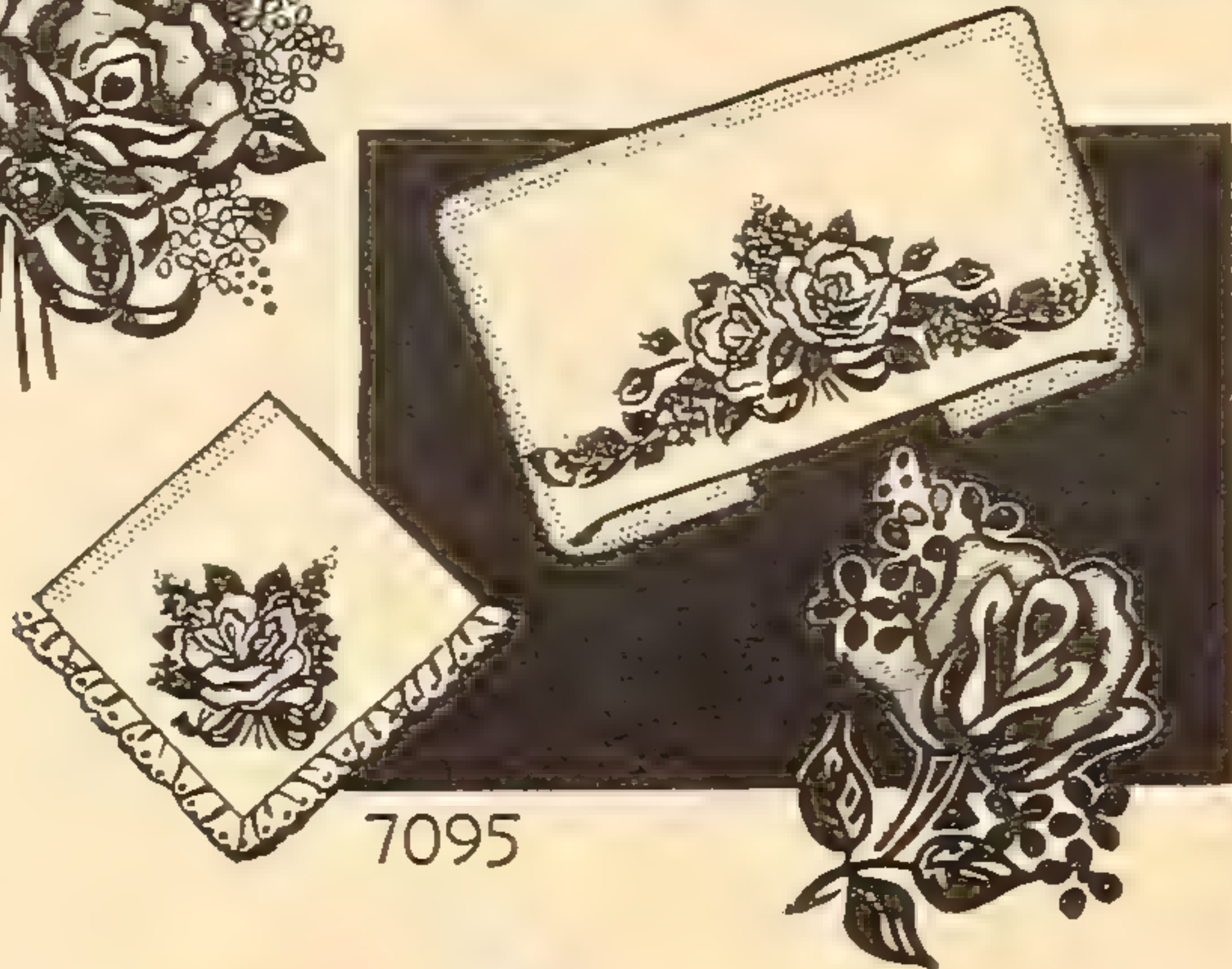
ONLY COLGATE'S GIVES YOU FULL GARDOL PROTECTION AGAINST TOOTH DECAY!

R
M

New Designs for Living



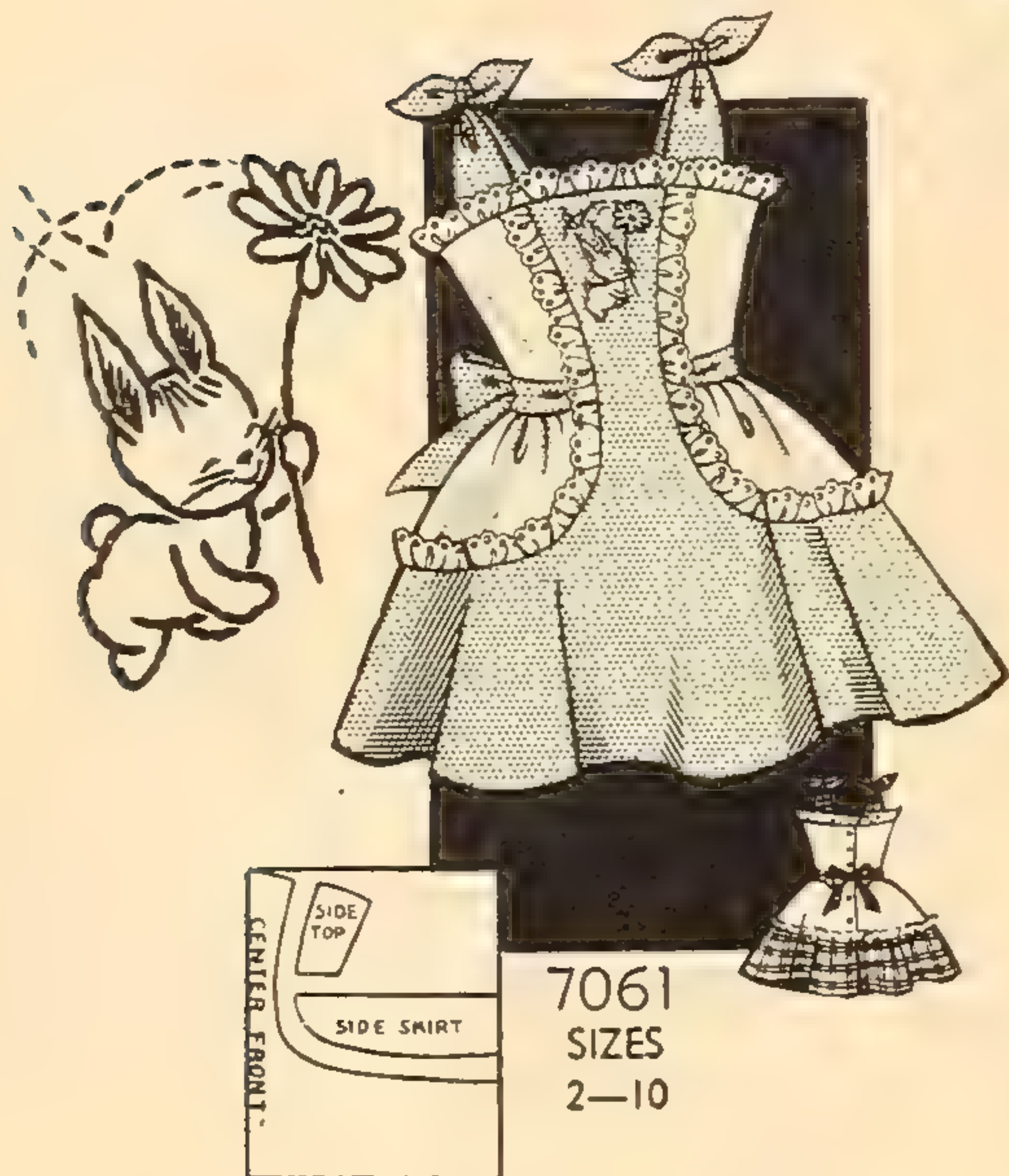
IRON-ON COLOR DESIGNS
IN YELLOW, GREEN, ORANGE



7095



671



7061
SIZES
2-10

671—An 11 x 18" chairback in pineapple design is the perfect pattern for sofa or large chairs. Shell-stitch scallops are a dainty touch. Use No. 30 cotton. Directions. 25c

7095—Iron-on tea roses in combination of yellow and orange with green leaves. Linens look hand-painted. No embroidery. Transfer of 12 washable motifs: four $4\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$ to $3\frac{1}{4} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$; eight $1\frac{3}{4} \times 1\frac{5}{8}$ to $3 \times 2\frac{3}{4}$ ". 25c

7061—Adorable shoulder-tie dress. Sewing easy—embroidery, a cinch. Children's Sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10. Tissue pattern, embroidery transfer. State size. 25c

865—Iron-on designs in combination of pink, yellow and blue to trim your bedroom or guest room. Twenty washable motifs: 4 figures about $4\frac{3}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$ " and 16 flower motifs from $\frac{3}{4} \times 1\frac{1}{2}$ to $1\frac{1}{2} \times 3$ ". 25c

850—The newest fashion—authentic old-time steam trains to embroider on towels, pillows, or frame as pictures. Colorful cross-stitches—beginner-easy. Six embroidery transfers, $6 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ ". 25c

616—Rose is a pretty pocket appliqued on this snappy-wrap. Misses' Sizes Small, Medium, Large. Pattern pieces, embroidery motif included. State size. 25c



IRON-ON COLOR DESIGNS
IN BLUE, YELLOW, PINK

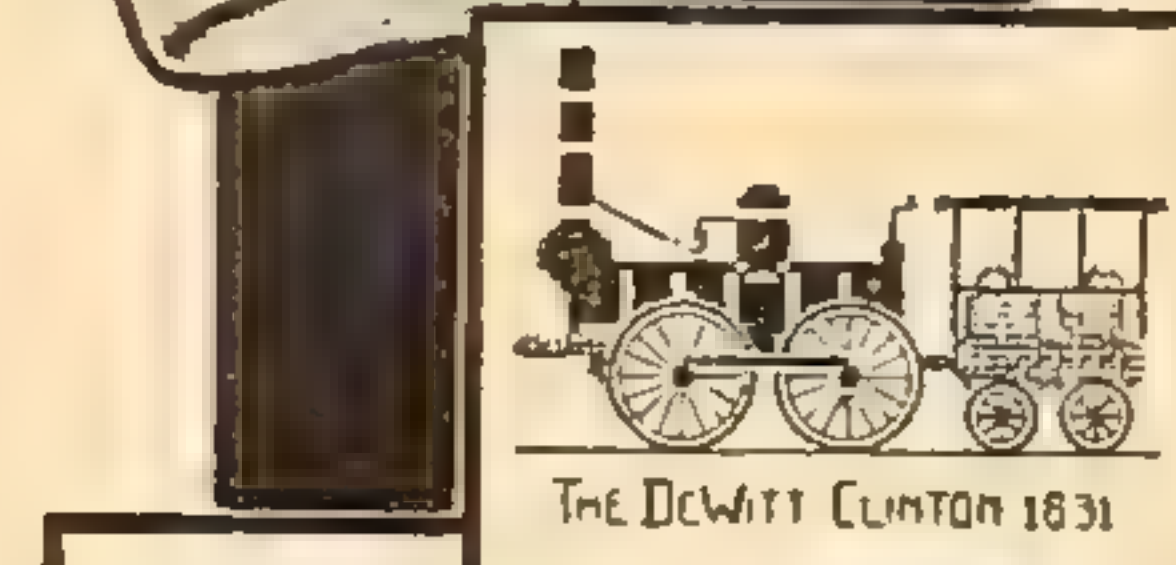
865



THE PIONEER 1836



OLD IRONSIDES 1832

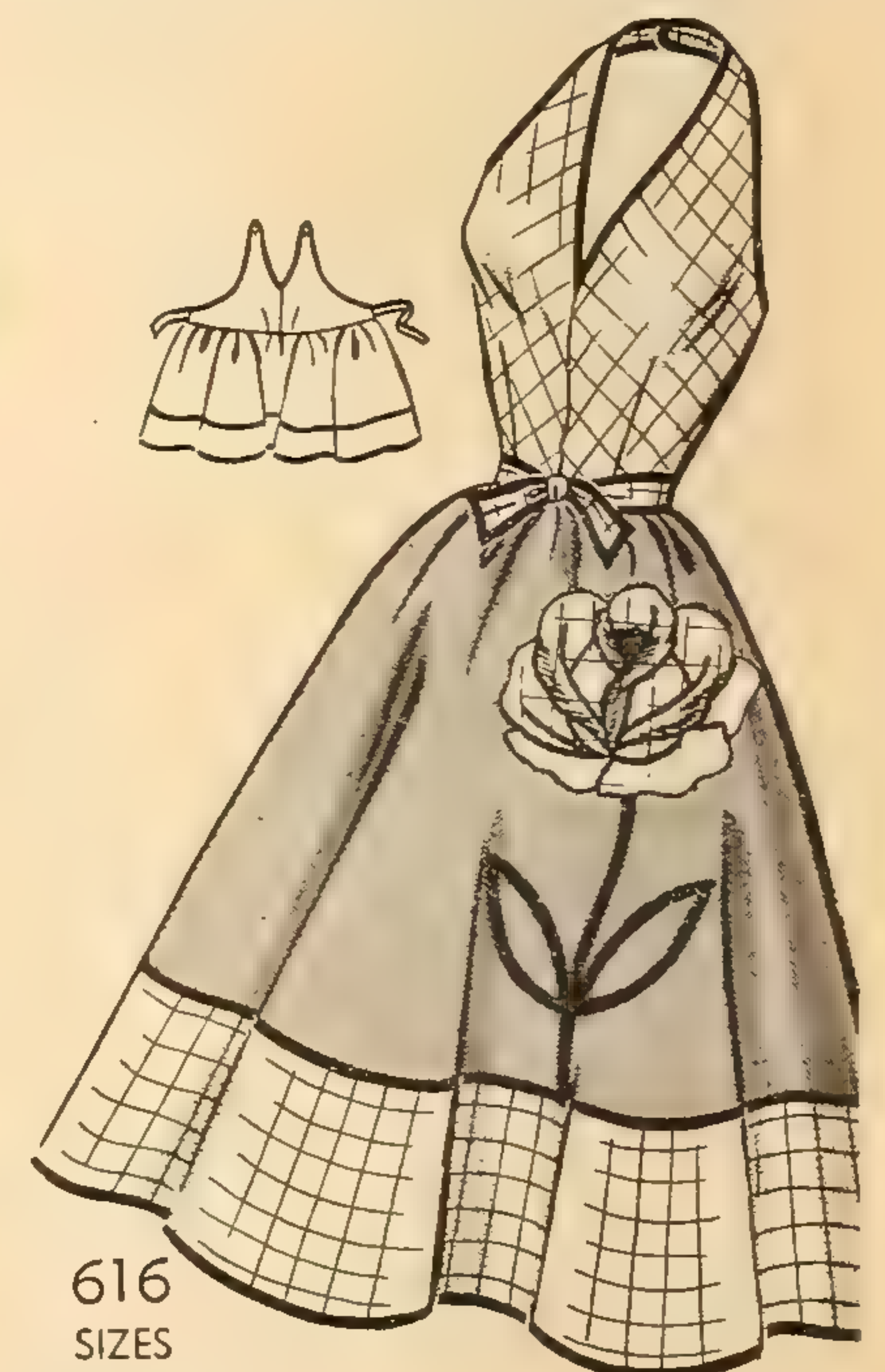


THE DEWITT CLINTON 1831



WINANS' CAMEL 1848

850



616

SIZES
S-10-12
M-14-16
L-18-20

Send twenty-five cents (in coins) for each pattern to: RADIO-TV MIRROR, Needlecraft Service, P.O. Box 137, Old Chelsea Sta., N.Y. 11, N.Y. Add five cents for each pattern for 1st-class mailing.

YOUR NAME

STREET OR BOX NO.

CITY OR TOWN

STATE

Send an additional twenty cents for Needlecraft Catalog.

DAYTIME DIARY

(Continued from page 21)

worse trouble as she plans to tell still another. Meanwhile, Dick's cousin Peggy bravely tries to face the truth about Dan Peters, when the mystery of his past is finally revealed. 12:45 P.M., CBS-TV; 1:45 P.M., CBS.

THE RIGHT TO HAPPINESS During Miles Nelson's term as governor, Carolyn refused to face the possibility that the coolness engineered between them by Annette Thorpe could destroy their marriage. Now, however, Carolyn knows real discouragement as she struggles to revive the old relationship. Has Miles changed inwardly in such a way that Carolyn can no longer reach him? 3:45 P.M., NBC.

THE ROAD OF LIFE Dr. Jim Brent and his wife Jocelyn feel secure that their marriage can weather any threat from without, but the tension created by Jim's daughter Janey may prove to be another kind of problem. Meanwhile, Sybil Overton pursues her own tortured designs, driven by envy of Jim's happiness, and the strange situation into which she plunged her unacknowledged infant, into an inevitable crisis. 1 P.M., CBS; 3:15 P.M., NBC.

THE ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT Helen Trent, trying to work out a tactful handling of the situation involving her with wealthy Brett Chapman and his son Richie, is pleased when her assistant, Loretta Cole, appears to have captured some of Richie's attention. What Helen does not realize is the full extent of Loretta's ambition. Will she recognize Loretta's true character and suspect her plans before her whole future is endangered? 12:30 P.M., CBS.

THE SECOND MRS. BURTON When Stan Burton, desperately in need of a managing editor to meet the competition of Dickston's new paper, takes on his old school friend Freddie Small, he has no idea how far-reaching the consequences will be. Freddie's lack of experience and his wife Adrienne combine into a situation not even Terry anticipated. 2 P.M., CBS.

THE SECRET STORM The death of his wife Ellen threatens to shatter Peter Ames, but for the sake of his children he makes a fierce struggle for adjustment. Will his possessive sister-in-law, under the guise of helping, ruin all Peter's efforts to find some measure of happiness? Is Peter wise in clinging to memories of the past, or is he fostering a morbid atmosphere in his home? 4:15 P.M., CBS-TV.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE Immediately after Nora Drake refused Fred Molina's proposal of marriage, she felt she had made a mistake, but she was unaware that she had played right into the hands of the syndicate that has constituted a terrible threat to her life and Fred's, as well as that of Grace Sargent. What will Lee King and Wyn Robinson do with the power they now hold over Fred? What is Nora's real danger? 2:30 P.M., CBS.

THREE STEPS TO HEAVEN Poco Thurmond is a glamorous model, but there is no attraction in her exciting life that would not pale if writer Bill Morgan were to remember their past together and claim her as his wife. But with sinister Vince Bannister involved in her future,

(Continued on page 83)

To introduce you to this new Lady Esther Powder Shade

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WITH COUPON FROM "HONEY" FACE POWDER BOX



1/2 actual size

• Save \$2 on this exquisite loose-powder compact. Magnificently jeweled with simulated Baroque Pearl and sparkling stones. Opens like heirloom watch. Mirror and puff inside.

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Lady Esther's fabulous NEW POWDER SHADE

Honey!



Be a Honey! Catch a Honey with Honey!

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Don't wait till you've used up your powder. Start being a "Honey"...today!

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FACE POWDER



P. S. Rated first of all 46 face powder brands—including \$3 powders—tested by a leading consumer research organization. Surprisingly priced at only

59¢ PLUS TAX

Slightly higher in Canada



Bob and Ray are aided on their TV show by beautiful Marion Brash, who figures importantly in many of their daily dramas.



At the mike, neither one knows what the other is going to do or say next, but the results are guaranteed to be hilarious.



a day in the

SHORTLY after the morning sun sends its first rays over New York's skyscrapers, two of the sleepest heads in show business—Bob Elliott and Ray Goulding—can be found wending their way to the studios of Station WINS for their daily 6:30 to 10:00 A.M. bout with the mike. For Bob, it has been a mere thirty-eight footsteps from the hotel where he resides. But, for Ray, the trek has been longer and harder, for he has had to beat his way past his wife Liz and their three offspring—Ray Jr., Tommy and Barbara—and cover the miles between Long Island's North Shore and the city.

The first thing that greets the boys when they arrive—unshaven, in wrinkled suits (cleaning up comes later), and coffee containers in tow—is a long table equipped with a mike and an assortment of music lists, weather reports and commercials. Scripts? Rehearsals? Never! Well . . . they do discuss a rough outline for the daily episode of their latest "daytime drama"—which takes about five minutes. Then follow three and a half hours of preposterous ad-libbing and devil-may-care antics, after which the boys admit they're a bit fatigued. So, if there is no mail to answer, no sponsors to confer with, no TV scripts to be discussed, or any other emergency, they try to get a little shut-eye before reporting at 4:30 P.M. at the WABC-TV studios and preparing for their 6:45 to 7:00 P.M. show. TV, naturally, demands a little more preparation, so Bob and Ray have a writer—Earle Doud—who greets them, script in hand, ready to accept any new or zany ideas.

Once their nightly TV stint is a rollicking quarter-hour of the past, the boys are on their own at last. Bob says his favorite pastime is catching up on the week's sleep. Or he may pursue his hobby as an amateur painter. Ray retires to his family-filled home where, if the kids will leave him alone long enough, he likes to dabble in photography. Both boys enjoy golf and get to see movies and plays "as often as anybody else."

Friday, say the boys, is their "killer day," when their morning marathon precedes two and a half hours of transcribing their Saturday show—which means a stretch of six hours of solid chatter.

One of the most frequent questions Bob and Ray are asked is: "Do people really believe those offers you make?" "The answer, truthfully," says Bob, "is no." So their "overstocked warehouse" remains overstocked—except when they make offers for such items as getaway cars and home-wrecking kits—but then, says Bob, the response is "in the spirit of the thing."

Another popular query is who plays what parts on the radio show. Ray plays Mary McGoon, Webby Webster and Steve Bosco, and Bob takes the parts of Tex, Wally Ballou and Arthur Sturdley. Whenever an imaginary guest pops up, either one of them steps into the role "as we feel it." Both boys feel that not knowing what the other one is going to come up with adds spontaneity.

No amount of description can really do Bob and Ray justice, and the best way to know them is to hear and see them for yourself. For, behind those "ordinary" names, lies a wealth of extraordinary talent.

life of BOB and RAY



*The two boys from Boston are still going strong,
beginning the day with a yawn and ending with a chuckle*

the Lass with a Lovable Air



EQUALLY at home in a bathing suit or broadcasting studio, lovely Anne Lee Ceglis has rolled up an enviable list of titles for a lass of twenty-three. A triple treat of beauty, brains and talent, she was last year crowned Miss Norfolk and Miss Virginia. Then she climbed even higher to break the Virginia "jinx" in the Miss America Contest by placing first in the talent finals and third in the overall competition. The charm and loveliness Anne Lee displayed in these

contests won her still another title—Miss WGH—together with the job of Woman's Director of that station and star of her own show heard daily at 8:30 A.M.

Anne Lee, who studied at New York's Juilliard School of Music and sang with the Robert Shaw College Choir, won the talent honors with her beautiful soprano voice which nowadays delights Tidewater listeners and brings her more singing invitations than she can possibly fill. In addition to her singing, Anne Lee's programs feature food and fashion hints, recordings and interviews with guest celebrities.

The variety of her program reflects Anne Lee's own variety of interests. The ranch-style home she shares with her parents overlooks the water and is close to the scene of her favorite hobby—sailing. Anne Lee has become an expert at handling the family's Chris Craft and is equally handy with a skillet. Another of her favorite pastimes is experimenting with patterns and designs in making many of her own clothes.

Beneath her bright smile and friendly manner lies a serious nature, for Anne Lee once suffered from polio. Looking back on this experience, she says, "This, I believe, taught me to be careful not to hurt others. It also taught me that nothing is impossible if you have the will and the faith, and want it badly enough." For her own future, Anne Lee wants "to do well at my present job, to enjoy each day, to someday marry and have a home and children, and to have my share of life's good things." She has "no particular romantic interest," but adds that "when I do decide to settle down, it will be the way it is in books—for better, or for worse, for richer, for poorer, and, most of all, forever."

Anne Lee also displays this thoughtful attitude on her program when she closes it with a "thought for the day" such as: "The world stands aside to let any man by who knows where he's going." A queen of beauty and charm, Anne Lee is a lass who knows where she's going and has all her Virginia neighbors standing by to cheer her on her way.



Anne Lee says she chose the name Boots for her pet "because he has white fur on his feet like boots."

Your hair is romance...



...keep it sunshine bright

with *WHITE RAIN*

You'll have sunshine wherever you go when you use White Rain Shampoo. For lovely hair is your most delightful beauty asset. And White Rain sprinkles your hair with sunlight . . . leaves it soft to touch, fresh as a breeze, and so easy to manage. Ask for this fabulous new lotion shampoo that gives you results like softest rain water. And as surely as sunshine follows rain . . . you'll find that romance follows the girl whose hair is sunshine bright.

Use New *WHITE RAIN* Shampoo tonight
and tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright!



FABULOUS LOTION SHAMPOO BY TONI

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SHAMPOO PLUS EGG
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Helene Curtis
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creme rinse .59
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LIMITED TIME ONLY!



Here's a sensational offer! A big 8 oz. \$1 size of famous Shampoo Plus Egg...the shampoo that conditions your hair with the magic touch of fresh whole egg! Plus a big regular 59¢ size of famous Creme Rinse FREE! . . . the after-shampoo beauty rinse guaranteed to make hair soft, silky, easy to manage!

For the most beautiful hair of your life, get this famous beauty pair . . . at this \$1 beauty bargain price today! Hurry! Supply limited!

"This will put
egg-citement
into your hair!"

Robert Q. Lewis,
CBS
Coast-to-Coast.

Information Booth

(Continued from page 18)

to circle the globe by air. This was in 1936 and the record time was 24 days, 12 hours and 51 minutes! Five years before that, Dorothy had joined the *New York Journal* and, within two weeks, had won her first byline. Dorothy was born in Chicago, the daughter of James L. Kilgallen, one of the great names in the newspaper business. She grew up in Brooklyn, New York, and decided at the age of ten that journalism was to be her line. . . . A very recent addition to Dorothy and Dick's family brings the total of their offspring to three.

Twins For Lucy

Dear Editor:

What is the name of the child who plays the part of Lucy and Ricky's son in the television series *I Love Lucy*?

C. H., West Mansfield, O.

Ricky Ricardo, Jr., is actually twins—played alternately by Joseph David Mayer and Michael Leo Mayer. The twins, who are only a few months older than Lucy's own son, are the sons of Mr. and Mrs. Max Mayer of Montrose, California. Mr. Mayer is a clerk in a chain grocery store in Montrose, and Mrs. Mayer is a member of the Mothers of Twins Club in Sherman Oaks in the San Fernando Valley. It was a magazine article about this club that led Desi Arnaz and his staff to the Mayer twins.

Theme Music

Dear Editor:

Can you tell me the name and composer of the theme music of *One Man's Family*? It sounds like "Valse Patricia" to me. Is it available in sheet music form?

F. R. O., Evanston, Ill.

The theme music for *One Man's Family* is "Tinker Toys" by Paul Carson. The music was written specially for the program and is not available in sheet music.

Search For Tomorrow

Dear Editor:

Who plays Nathan Walsh in *Search For Tomorrow*, and where can I address fan mail to him? T. P., Somerset, Mass.

Nathan Walsh is played by George Petri. You can write to him c/o *Search For Tomorrow*, CBS-TV, 485 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio and television, write to Information Booth, RADIO-TV MIRROR, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. We'll answer, if we can, provided your question is of general interest. Answers will appear in this column—but be sure to attach this box to your letter, and specify whether your question concerns radio or TV.

This is Mr. Moore, just as our cast and crew—and all our families—know and love him



Always a picnic, on or off mike! That's Howard Smith, our musical director, at left; myself, Garry and Denise Lor; Ken Carson at right.

By DURWARD KIRBY

LIFE with GARRY

I'VE KNOWN, and worked with, Garry Moore for fifteen years now—and I still don't know what to expect from day to day. I offer, as my top example of hilarity-plus-insecurity, the time not long ago when Garry gave me away as a prize in a contest.

It all began one day during an idea-meeting after the show. The show, we all felt, had gone all right, but certainly had lacked zip, tang, spice, or whatever synonym for "magic" you prefer. "I am toy-

ing," Garry said slowly, "with the idea of holding a contest."

Everyone in the room groaned.

"Not a *real* contest," Garry added, reassuringly. "A *satire* on contests. The gimmick would have to be the prize. It should be something out of this world, something nobody—but *nobody*—would think of giving away." His eyes settled on me, and I saw a sudden, wicked gleam in them.

See Next Page ▶



Just a slave, that's Durward! But I didn't mind Garry's "giving me away" on that contest—not after I'd traveled to Cleveland and met Mrs. Robert Morse, the perfectly grand woman who'd won my household services.



Baby-sitting for the two fine Morse children was fun, too. In fact, the Morses and Kirbys are now firm friends.

"Now wait a minute . . ." I began, but I was too late. "Something like Kirby," he said, warming to the idea. "Why not? We ask the audience to send in a letter saying why they'd like to win Kirby, all theirs, for a whole weekend. And to the winner, we deliver Kirby by bonded messenger. Hey?"

One of my friends on the staff, possibly Ken Carson, said in an awed voice, "You wouldn't do that—*would you?*"

Everyone else, including me, was too thunderstruck to speak. Garry gave me an impish, challenging grin. "Would you be game, Bud?" he asked.

What could I do? I shrugged. "Sure."

And, so help me, Garry ran this incredible contest, got fifteen thousand letters in reply, and gave me to one Mrs. Robert Morse for a weekend in Cleveland, Ohio.

Bear in mind that I am a married man, with two children and with certain obligations to home and hearth. When the word got around in the TV business about the contest, everyone started talking to me about it. They stopped me on the street—actors, actresses, producers, writers and directors—and they all asked the same question: "You're not really going to do it, are you?"

When I'd answer that I certainly was, they'd all look up to heaven, make various signs against evil spirits,

LIFE with GARRY

(Continued)



Doubling as "Mr. Mittenjuice" gets me into some odd situations, but Garry and I still try to be nonchalant.



This is my own family—Mary, sons Dennis and Randy and me—in one of our "formal" moments at home.

and say something like, "God keep you. You've had it."

My wife said, simply, "You and that Garry character are out of your minds." She let it drop there.

After a while, even Garry began to needle me. He said, "The winner may be a lovely old maiden lady who lives with another maiden lady, say in South Carolina. Their hobby is knitting. This is their big kick, you understand. And you have to spend a weekend with them. What are you going to say to them?"

"So I'll learn to knit. What's your sock size?" I answered.

"Or it may be a gangster's moll, bored and wanting to kill some time. Sunday morning, Scarface shows up, complete with .45. Take it from there."

I made a weak comeback. "Cable Lloyds of London." Actually, I was petrified.

What eventually happened was better than any of us deserved. The bonded messenger delivered me to Mrs. Morse. She turned out to be an attractive woman with

a nice husband and two charming children, who lived in a ranch-style house outside of Cleveland. The phone was ringing as I went through the front door, and never stopped ringing while I was there.

"It's because of that," Mrs. Morse said, "that we thought we might go to our place in the country, where the phone is unlisted. Would that be all right with you?"

I told them I'd love it, of course. On the drive out there, I'd begun to call them Ellie and Bob, and we were suddenly friends. Then began one of the most charming weekends I've ever enjoyed. There had been a crowd at the station, and the local Cleveland outlet of CBS had sent a cameraman over to film my delivery to Mrs. Morse, for Garry's Monday show. "Those phone calls weren't just from friends," Mrs. Morse explained. "All the people with TV sets in Cleveland heard about my winning, and complete strangers have been calling to ask if they could just borrow you for ten or fifteen minutes, or come out with their cameras. I was afraid your whole weekend would be ruined."

"What about yours?" I asked.

"Well," her eyes twinkled, "I hope you won't mind terribly, but we've arranged a little party out at the country place. Just a few close friends. You see," she added apologetically, "this will probably only happen to me once in a lifetime, and (Continued on page 86)

The Garry Moore Show, with Durward Kirby, is seen on CBS-TV, M-F, 1:30 P.M. EDT, for Masland Rugs, Pacific Mills, Swift & Company, Seeman Brothers, Inc., Bristol-Myers Company, Best Foods, Yardley & Co., Norge, Kellogg Co., Linit, Mystik Tape, Uncle Ben's Rice. Garry Moore also emcees *I've Got A Secret*, over CBS-TV, Wed., 9:30 P.M. EDT, for Cavalier Cigarettes.

Magic and Music



*I have a "secret" formula
which can accomplish anything
for me—and for others, too*

By **LIBERACE**

THERE'S MAGIC in believing! If you believe that a thing is right for you—then it will happen for you. Used the right way, for the good of all, you will find yourself with problems solved, life-goals refound, and confidence restored.

I know what magic there is in believing. Shortly before I made my first television show I was in a quandary. People around me kept saying, "Lee, you're not right for TV. Your night-club routines are not a fast enough form of entertainment for television!"

But I believed that, if my piano brought enjoyment to those who came to see me in the clubs and on the stage, then I could bring entertainment to them in their homes.

I have always wanted to be a pianist. Moreover, I've always wanted to make people happy. Even as a youngster I held visions of myself entertaining thousands of people with my playing. I felt that through my piano I could bring them happiness.

Television, I knew, was a medium through which I could reach those thousands of people. But, when close friends said, "No, you'll never be a success on TV," I didn't know what to do.

Then my brother George's wife, Janie, gave me a copy of her favorite book, *The Magic of Believing*, by Claude Bristol. I read it. Running through its pages, I found it backed up the belief I'd held ever since my childhood. Bolstered by its message, "There's magic in believing," I felt encouraged to override the doubts of those around me. Since I made that decision, the letters I've received from my new television audience have told me I was right. (Continued on page 77)

The Liberace Show is seen in most major cities of the U.S. Check local papers for time and station.



It was George's wife, Janie (above, left) who gave me the book which meant so much. That's my personal manager, Seymour Heller, next to her; then brother George, my beloved mother, and pretty Susie Roberts, national president of my fan club.



George and I travel a lot, but that doesn't mean I don't appreciate my new home—and what I learned while building it.





Presenting the new team of Eddie Albert and his wife, Margo—with Peter Arvello (left) and Mirko (right).

Greater than Glory

Eddie Albert, the gifted emcee
of *The Saturday Night Revue*, once
feared success had come too
soon—and love might come too late

By ED MEYERSON

EDDIE ALBERT, today's host and emcee of NBC-TV's *Saturday Night Revue*, married Margo in 1945. Both were stage and screen stars, and this—according to Broadway and Hollywood legend—was enough to handicap any marriage. But Eddie and Margo have always been too real to care about legends. After nine (Continued on page 96)

The Saturday Night Revue, starring Eddie Albert as emcee, is seen over NBC-TV, Saturdays, from 9 to 10:30 P.M. EDT.



Eddie Junior gets into the act, too. He can really handle a guitar—and his father—and Dad's hobby, making mobiles. 35

Sweet and serious, Polly took her vows. But everyone chuckled after the ceremony, when Carl almost forgot to kiss his bride!



CHERISH the DAY

Ralph Edwards and the TV emcee, Jack Bailey, put Carl and Polly on the air at Truth Or Consequences, N. M.



At right, the wedding party: Mr. and Mrs. Simonsen, Polly, the Rev. B. M. Dennis, Carl Berg, Barbara and Ralph Edwards.



Their cake was one of many presents from town and program.

*Truth Or Consequences—the
program and the town—gave Polly
the loveliest of weddings,
after she'd almost given up hope*

By BETTY MILLS

H OPE TO THE END. Twenty-year-old Polly Joanne Simonsen remembered the quotation as she sat broken-hearted in her bedroom beside the little portable typewriter. Polly tried to hold back the tears as she thought of the words she had read from Carl Berg, her fiancé: "The furlough they promised has been cancelled."

Carl couldn't come home to Albion, Idaho, for their planned wedding.

A single tear fell on the typing paper, blurring the written words. Polly looked from her white wedding gown hanging on the door, to her trousseau spread out on the bed, (Continued on page 97)



Ralph Edwards' famous *Truth Or Consequences* program, emceed by Jack Bailey, is seen over NBC-TV, Tues., 10 P.M. EDT, sponsored by P. Lorillard Co., for Old Gold Cigarettes.



Above—Don and Maraleita ("Dutt"), Jeffrey and baby Jay, poodle Marc and Siamese-cat Malesh. Left—Don's hobby is taking movies, Jeffrey's is his phonograph.

MR. and MRS. WIZARD

*Don Herbert and his wife
have made a happy science of
combining work and fun*

By HELEN BOLSTAD



Don loves the outdoor life, doesn't have much time for it.

THE SHADOWS lay deep across the oak-crested hills of the University of Wisconsin campus that Indian summer midnight in October, 1939. Moving with quiet caution, the young man, ardent as Romeo, raised a ladder to a second-floor window at the rear of the women's dormitory and, with a low whistle, signalled his bride-to-be. Her heart beating wildly, the slim blonde girl descended into his waiting arms. Together, they ran to his car and—before anyone even knew they were gone—they were facing a parson in a distant Iowa town,

Mr. Wizard proves that—like Don himself—most folks are fascinated by "what makes things go."



each of them murmuring an enraptured "I do."

But, if Don Herbert's and Maraleita Dutton's wedding was one such as old-fashioned novelists loved to describe, its sequel was planned to face down-to-earth fact. For, in that pre-war day, student marriages were regarded most skeptically. Realizing that their parents—as well as "Dutt's" dean at the University of Wisconsin and Don's at LaCrosse Teachers College—might take a dim view of two seniors eloping, they plotted to overcome any objections before they arose.

They kept their secret and studied hard. By the

time they revealed their marriage, each had earned the best grades they ever had. Citing this record, they earned the enthusiastic blessings of their elders.

Today, that same facility for making adventure "practical" continues to key their personal as well as their professional lives. It accounts for Don's NBC-TV show, *Mr. Wizard*. It also produces much fun and considerable achievement. Don and Dutt credit their accomplishments to the fact that their tastes match and their talents supplement each other—which, of course, also accounted for their original mutual attraction. (Continued on page 93)

Mr. Wizard is seen over NBC-TV; consult local papers for time and day. In the Chicago area, Don Herbert is also seen in *It's A Curious Thing*, WNBQ, three Thursdays out of four, at 9:30 P.M. CDT, for the Illinois Bell Telephone Co.

EVER SINCE EVE



Hazel Black chatted gaily with Dave Hendricks and his assistant, Peggy Donald, as her pilot-fiancé Pax Williams prepared to fly them to Domingo Island for the weekend.

Ever Since Eve, narrated by Keith Morgan, produced and directed by Drex Hines, is heard on ABC Radio, M-F, 11:15 A.M. EDT. Pat Hosley, Ian Martin and Fran Gregory are seen here in their original roles as Hazel Black, Dave Hendricks, and Peggy Donald.

*The eternal story of
woman—her searches
and triumphs, the
wonder and the joy of
her quest for love*

By KEITH MORGAN

THERE are not many men who can come to know and understand the yearnings and wishes of womankind as I do. For years, it has been my patient task to listen, to watch and understand while women have poured out what was in their hearts and minds. And always, like the heartbeat itself, there are two pulses—love and loneliness. There is the deep, ardent desire for love. And, with it, the dread of being a stranger, alone in a vast, troubled world. Thus, the ever-present urge to find love—to fall deeply into the warm comfort of being wanted and needed. . . . This urge seemed strongest to Hazel Black—an eager, attractive airline hostess—whenever she was with worldly, sophisticated Dave Hendricks, a public relations consultant. And yet, each time they were together, Hazel's feelings for Dave became more confused. At first, she had thought the spark between them was love. But gradually she began to feel something was missing—that indefinable spark which turns friendship into true love. And so, as she and Dave pursued their separate jobs, Hazel knew that her deepest desires remained unfulfilled. . . . The planes aboard which Hazel served touched many romantic places, and the love she yearned for seemed to come closer when she met Paxton



Dave tried to calm the terror-stricken Hazel and Peggy, as Pax struggled to control the damaged, storm-tossed plane.

Williams, a wealthy, carefree young man who had everything in life but someone to love. Hazel liked Pax from the start, and each exciting weekend they shared brought them closer to the threshold of love. It was obvious that Pax had fallen hard for Hazel, but Hazel wasn't as sure of her feelings. For there was still Dave to consider, and the threat Dave's ex-fiancée, Peggy Donald, was posing with her renewed interest in Dave. Peggy's effort to attract Dave by telling him about Hazel and Pax had its desired effect, and Hazel—realizing Dave was falling in love with Peggy again—made up her mind to forget him and turn to someone who wanted her . . . Pax. That Pax loved her, needed her, filled Hazel with a warm feeling. And when Pax, in order to make Hazel happier, took a job with the airline, Hazel's heart melted and she happily accepted his beautiful engagement ring. . . . The future looked bright as Hazel and Pax faced their jobs together . . . but the real test was yet to come—on a flight to Domingo Island. Pax agreed to fly Dave and Peggy Donald down there on business and, since Hazel was free, she decided to go along, too. . . . As the plane headed south, a violent storm came up. As the plane lurched through the raging blackness, Pax made a desperate effort

to get below the storm. He sent the plane into a dive, but, as they plummeted toward the water below, his courage failed him and he pulled out of the dive. Fortunately, however, they came out of the storm and landed safely. . . . Later, trying to drink away his cowardly feelings, Pax told Hazel he was through with the job. As Hazel tried to comfort him, she realized at last that she and Pax weren't meant for each other, that Pax was merely looking for someone to lean on. It can't be a one-way affair, Hazel told herself. I want someone *I* can lean on once in a while. In her heart, she knew that someone was Dave, but she had found out too late. . . . Returning Pax's ring, Hazel went off by herself to sort out her troubled thoughts. As she sat alone on the beach, someone came up behind her. It was Dave. He'd heard of the broken engagement and had come to tell Hazel he had changed his mind, too, about Peggy. As they sat together, drinking in the cool, tropical breeze, the wonderful spark Hazel had been searching for was there—suddenly, at last—between her and Dave. And, as they kissed, their lips held the silent confession that they were meant for each other . . . that their love would truly be warm, all-possessing and everlastingly complete.

What a Boss!



Honestly, I do some typing—fan mail, and what passes for a Dixon script. I also "rush the coffee," as Sis Camp sets records and Wanda Lewis and Paul plot to break them.

Getting those three into costume for their pantomimes is a calm, smooth operation, of course, with me in the middle—as usual—as chic and cool as an overdressed cucumber.



Paul Dixon believes his audience and fellow workers and even his secretary—meaning me—are all “just people, God love them.”

By SUZANNE (“BOOM-BOOM”) RIPPEY



Business school was never like this! Hot iron in hand, I realize I should have read that fine print in my contract.



However, the boss does have a handy stock of cigarettes—if you know where to look, and he doesn't catch you at it.

Len Goorian (left) seems to have this conference well in hand. But, any moment now, our helmeted Dixon may tackle Al Sternberg (kneeling) and Wanda and Sis may demonstrate how two can tango.

THE FIRST time I met Paul Dixon, he was flaunting a red wig, wearing a grass skirt and toting an African hunting spear.

It happened in the interview room at WCPO-TV in Cincinnati, where I, while waiting for a long-delayed personnel manager to appear, had developed a first-class case of job-hunting jitters.

Self-consciously, I was trying to look as crisply capable as a would-be secretary should. I again smoothed my gloves, glanced down to make certain my stocking seams were straight, and silently rehearsed my speech of application.

I should, I reminded myself, be brief and businesslike. Inform him I was twenty years old. Born and brought up in Cincinnati. No need to mention that my family's closest (Continued on page 87)

The Paul Dixon Show is seen over the Du Mont Television Network, M-F, 3 to 4 P.M. EDT (WCPO-TV, Cincinnati, 1 to 4 P.M.), under multiple sponsorship.





Fulfillment of Jaye P.'s dearest dream: Marriage to Michael Baiano, in California (sister Ruby as maid of honor; Mike's brother-in-law, Vin Fotre, as best man; the Rev. Haven Davis officiating).



Good luck: Ruby slips a penny in the bride's shoe; ushers Nick Adams and Dale Smith assist the groom. Mike's grandmother, Mrs. Pierce, and sister, Lonnie Fotre, congratulate the pair.



More than money can buy

Jaye P. Morgan has a wealth of talent, a handsome husband, and the Robert Q. Lewis shows, too!

By MARTIN COHEN

J P. MORGAN, financier, had a yacht, limousine, a half-dozen homes and much more than a million dollars. Jaye P. Morgan, twenty-two-year-old blondeshell, has no yacht—not even a dinghy . . . no limousines—not even a Model T . . . no homes—her apartment is a sub-let . . . and she's no millionaire—but she's got a million bucks' worth of talent.

"Talent or no talent," she says, "suddenly I'm getting dividends."

In the last few months, things have popped for Jaye P. Ignoring (*Continued on page 75*)

Jaye P. Morgan sings on *The Robert Q. Lewis Show*—as seen on CBS-TV, M-F, 4:30 P.M. EDT—on CBS Radio, Sat., 11 A.M. EDT, under multiple sponsorship.



the Ladies are always right

For 20 years, we've been hearing from loyal Breakfast Clubbers—now they really can see the results!

By DON McNEILL

MRS. McNEILL is a smart woman. I can prove that in any number of ways, but there's one that occurs to me as more poignant and touching than most. One of our youngsters was the proud owner of a canary, but—though he loved the little bird immensely—like all youngsters, he was inclined to be forgetful at times. In the midst of one of those moments of forgetfulness, he neglected the very necessary job of keeping the canary's water dish filled.

Well, I guess that what (Continued on page 78)

We're as informal as ever—no fancy sets, though we've made a few background changes, as suggested by our mail.



I'm a proud husband, glad that I took Kay's advice on going into TV, and glad that audiences agreed with her.

Don McNeill's *Breakfast Club* is now simulcast over ABC Radio and ABC-TV, M-F, 9 to 10 A.M. EDT. It is sponsored on both radio and TV by Philco Corp. and Quaker Oats Co., and on radio by Swift & Co. and the makers of Bobbi Home Permanents and White Rain Shampoo.



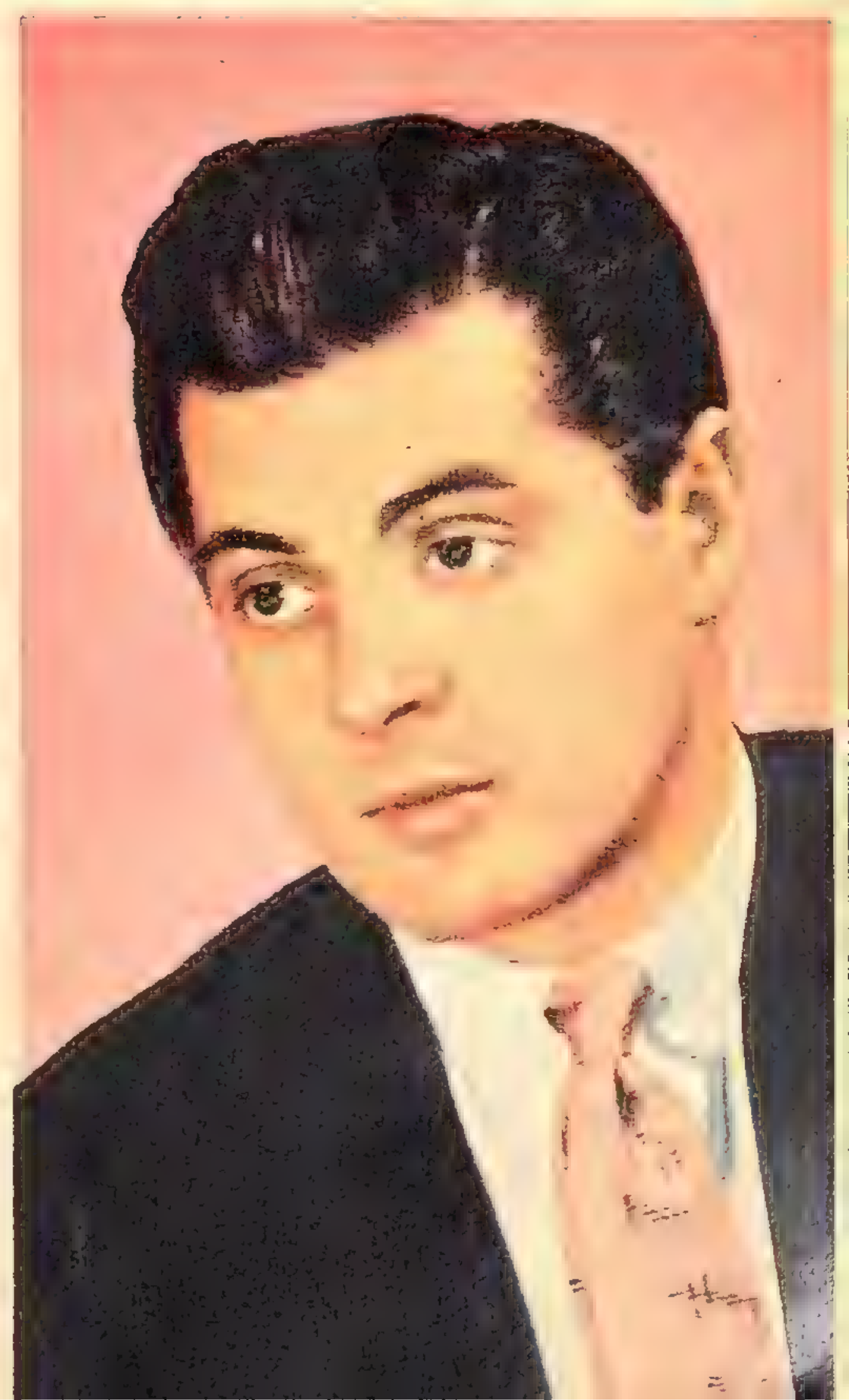
DON McNEILL

EILEEN PARKER

SAM COWLING

FRAN ALLISON

JOHNNY DESMOND



along the ROAD OF LIFE



By VIRGINIA DWYER

*As myself—as well as playing
Jocelyn Brent—I've found
there's drama all around us*

I'VE NEVER been fond of mother-in-law jokes. To me, most of them are neither funny nor true. And, as Jocelyn Brent in *The Road Of Life*, I've learned how serious—even tragic—real in-law troubles can be. . . . Aunt Reggie has seen to that, with her constant interference in both Jim Brent's marriage to me and Johnny Brent's marriage to young Francie!

In private life, I've liked mother-in-law jokes even less than ever, since I've known Andrea Bannister. It was partly because of such jokes—and partly because she didn't want to be an "Aunt Reggie" herself—that Andrea almost let her son Ted's marriage skid into trouble.

You can understand how intimidated Andrea was when I explain how unlike her it is to keep her executive hands off anything that needs straightening out. The first time I shared the elevator with her, one Monday morning when I was hurrying from my apartment to a rehearsal at the studio, I recognized her whipped-cream hair and brilliant blue eyes from the famous labels on the cosmetics her firm manufactures. Andrea is one of the most fabulous business women in New York, one of those people who seem to have no trouble managing so that things come out exactly right. Successful, charming, terribly bright, she carries her fifty-odd years with queenly grace. And, as I came to know her, I learned that she had also to her credit a handsome, energetic young son whom she had brought up single-handedly after the death of her husband more than twenty years before. So it was disturbing to see her native directness and good sense handcuffed by fear of seeming to fall into the mother-in-law pattern.

As I said, we became friendly sharing the elevator. Andrea's plush offices were near the *Road Of Life* studios, so we got to having lunch together now and then, too, in a neighborly sort of way. You think "neighborly" is a strange word to use about New York apartment-dwellers? In a way, yes. These large buildings are crammed full of people who have nothing in common.

There was little meeting ground, for instance, between Andrea—living so elegantly in her three-room flat—and the young Pedersens down on the third floor, who were finding the same three-room arrangement far too small for themselves and four-year-old (Continued on page 89)

Virginia Dwyer is Jocelyn Brent on *The Road Of Life*, M-F—NBC Radio at 3:15 P.M. EDT—CBS Radio at 1 P.M. EDT—for Procter & Gamble Co.

Little Robbie was puzzled, but I smiled from the sidelines, as I watched Edith and Ted "discover for themselves" the true meaning of marriage.



Happiness—



A beribboned bassinet holds the cherished answer to

Marked "Sterling"

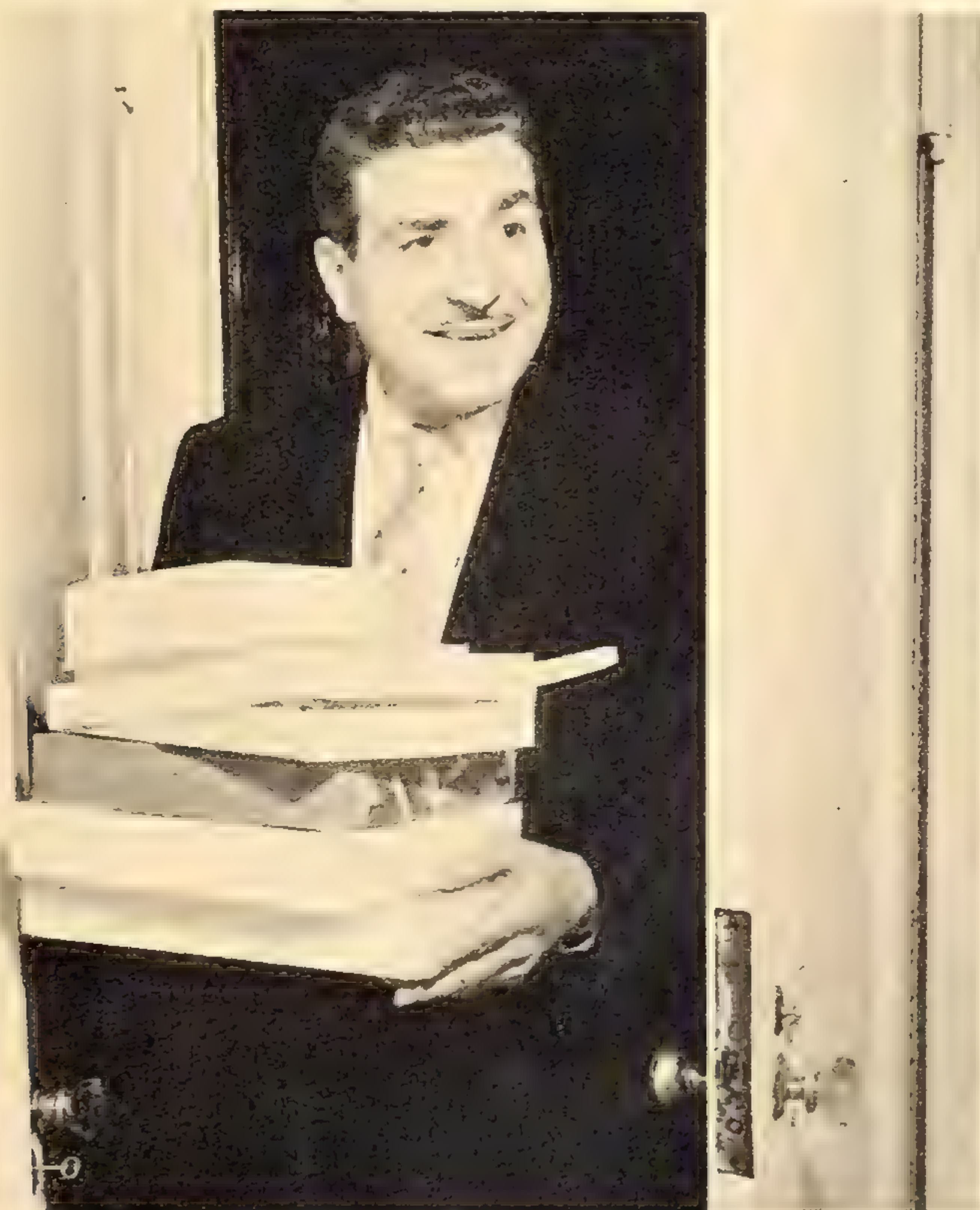
By MARY TEMPLE

THERE'S a new star in the Sterling household, and the little curved beak of Archie, the parakeet, is somewhat out of joint. Archie has his right to be jealous, for until recently it was his aquamarine plumage and cute ways that were the delight of his master and mistress, Jack and Barbara Sterling, and the talk of all visitors. Now everyone has eyes only for the baby, and poor Archie has to keep quietly to his cage. His wonderful way of winging across a room like a streak of dazzling blue light, to land on the head or shoulder of someone he loves and peck at eyelids and cheeks, just won't do any more. Baby comes first.

Before little Patricia Ann arrived, Barbara worried about Archie, trying to figure out ways to keep him from being too unhappy. She (Continued on page 84)

Jack Sterling is the emcee of *Make Up Your Mind*, CBS Radio, M-F, at 11:30 A.M., for Wonder Bread and Hostess Cup Cakes. He's ringmaster for *Sealtest Big Top*, CBS-TV, Sat., 12 noon to 1 P.M. His *Jack Sterling Show* is heard on WCBS Radio (New York), Mon. through Sat., 5:30 to 7:45 A.M. (All times EDT)

Practical gifts are fine, but Barbara and Jack just love that musical mother-pussycat (at left).



Jack's and Barbara's dearest dreams



Formulas—and flash bulbs: Baby Patty Ann is still a bit young for facing the camera, but Archie the parakeet will pose any time!





Good Man FRIDAY

Private citizen Jack Webb

extends his real-life "dragnet" to save children from suffering

By BUD GOODE

IN JUNE, 1951, Jack Webb received a telephone call from Frank Lauterette, ABC News and Special Events Chief in Los Angeles. When Jack picked up the phone in the *Dragnet* office, Frank asked him if he would emcee a telethon in San Francisco as a favor for Vince Thomas, a mutual friend for whom they both had worked.

"What kind of a telethon is it, Frank?" asked Jack.

"Cerebral Palsy. It's a benefit for Cerebral Palsy. Know anything about it?" said Frank.

"Not a thing," said Jack. "Fill me in."

"Its victims are mostly children," said Frank. "It's a worthy cause, Jack, and there are a lot of things people ought to know about it. Though I'm no expert, I know that there is nothing mentally wrong with these youngsters, as most people seem to think. Also, with the right kind of help, the experts can take these so-called helpless kids and teach them to walk and talk. That's what the telethon is for—so how about it?"

"If it's for the kids, that's enough for me," said Jack. "I'll see you in Frisco, Frank."

The telethon in San Francisco opened on a completely black stage with Jack Webb on the right side of the stage standing quietly in the dark. Then the spotlight from the upper balcony picked out a little boy, pinpointing him in the left corner of the stage. From so high above, he looked like a child's toy; but no child's toy ever made wore a brace and crutches.

Frankie Clausen, the little boy who introduced the Cerebral Palsy Telethon in San Francisco, began inching his way forward. A gentle fog of quiet settled over the audience; the spotlight and the eyes of the TV cameras followed Frankie as his crutches tapped their way to the microphone in the center of the stage. It took minutes, for each step was a tremendous effort for the tiny boy on his miniature crutches.

When he finally reached the microphone, he was tired. There was a long pause. Then he said:

"Ladies and gentlemen . . . this is for you . . ." he stopped again, then with a deep sigh . . . "and for me."

The ray of light and Frankie's eyes were the only bright spots in the theater. All other eyes—including Jack Webb's—were dark with quiet tears. Frankie turned and, again with great effort, made his way off-stage before the show began.

The first Cerebral Palsy Telethon, with Jack Webb as emcee, went on and on. For twenty-seven hours, Jack introduced acts and greeted contributors. The San Francisco papers said: "The Cerebral Palsy Telethon has caught the hearts of everyone in the city. There's been nothing like it since the San Francisco fire of 1906."

People reacted as one. For example, in the third hour of the show, police picked up a man on Market Street for soliciting funds. Not having seen the show, they didn't understand what he was doing. They saw him with a huge coffee percolator, stopping people, insisting they empty their pockets of coins.

The police took him to the station, where the man told his story. It was verified. The police there then filled his coffeepot.

In the sixth hour of the show, police reported a call from the guard at the main office of the Bank of America. "Money is flowing under the doors and raining through the night deposit slot!" Coins, bills, and checks were strewn on the bank floor like so much confetti. The bank manager was finally called to "clean up."

In the fourteenth hour of the show (the next day), local pubs started "competing collections." Patrons weren't allowed to sit at the bar for more than one drink—unless they contributed (*Continued on page 85*)





Jane's husband, John Burn (opposite page), is an airline captain. That's why Jane and little Teal (above) listen so avidly to the radio for clues as to when he's coming home.



With John beside her, Jane revels in the joys of home—debts paid off to the dime, after that fateful crash, her heart full of thanks which can never be measured in money.

"I Believe . . ."

Nothing can destroy Jane Froman's faith in people . . . nor pay the debt of gratitude she feels

By GLADYS HALL

JANE FROMAN's feeling gay these days, truly gay. She looks gay, and animated, and chic. Returning for a tea date in her home—a tall old brownstone on New York's upper East Side—she wears a slim (size 12) black dress, a smart French bonnet whose brim is a cluster of blue flowers, with a trailing pink rose. She looks eager, and happy, and every bit as beautiful—with the special gracious beauty which is hers—as she looks on television, Thursday nights over CBS-TV . . . as if she and Pain had never met, even briefly.

Jane is forgetting—she wants to forget—the Clipper crash of 1943, the twenty-five operations, the years of pain that followed. Watching her, others forget, too. Save for the brace (Continued on page 99)



Today, she can go anywhere with John, by car or plane, and takes pride in his flying skill—just as he is proud of her talents and loves to photograph her at the studio.



The Jane Froman Show is seen over CBS-TV, Thurs., 7:45 P.M. EDT, sponsored by the Lamp Division, General Electric Co.

VALIANT YOUNG MAN





Muriel Bentley not only accepted Jimmy's unusual invitation —she now helps him study his role as Mickey in *Valiant Lady*!

Jimmy Kirkwood may be shy, but he found a very special way to ask his dream girl for a date

By FRANCES KISH

JIMMY KIRKWOOD was still shy as he recalled the great moment . . . as shy and young and eager as Mickey Emerson himself, the role he so honestly portrays on *Valiant Lady*, over CBS-TV. There was a note of boyish surprise, even wonder, in his voice as he confessed: "When I first began to notice Muriel, I thought she would probably laugh if I asked her to go out with me. After all, she was a well-known dancer, a star of the Ballet Theater, dancing with John Kriza. Johnny had the apartment above mine, and I would see Muriel sometimes, and think how attractive she was, and wonder if I could ever get up the nerve to ask her for a date."

Muriel Bentley laughed as Jimmy Kirkwood described how he felt about her—"because now it's the other way 'round. He's the one who gets all the notice. When I go to the Mutual Broadcasting studios to watch Jim and his partner, Lee Goodman, do their *Teen-Agers Unlimited* radio broadcast, I'm always hearing some of those pretty young girls say how attractive Jim is, and how cute! When we're out anywhere, someone is always recognizing him as (Continued on page 74)

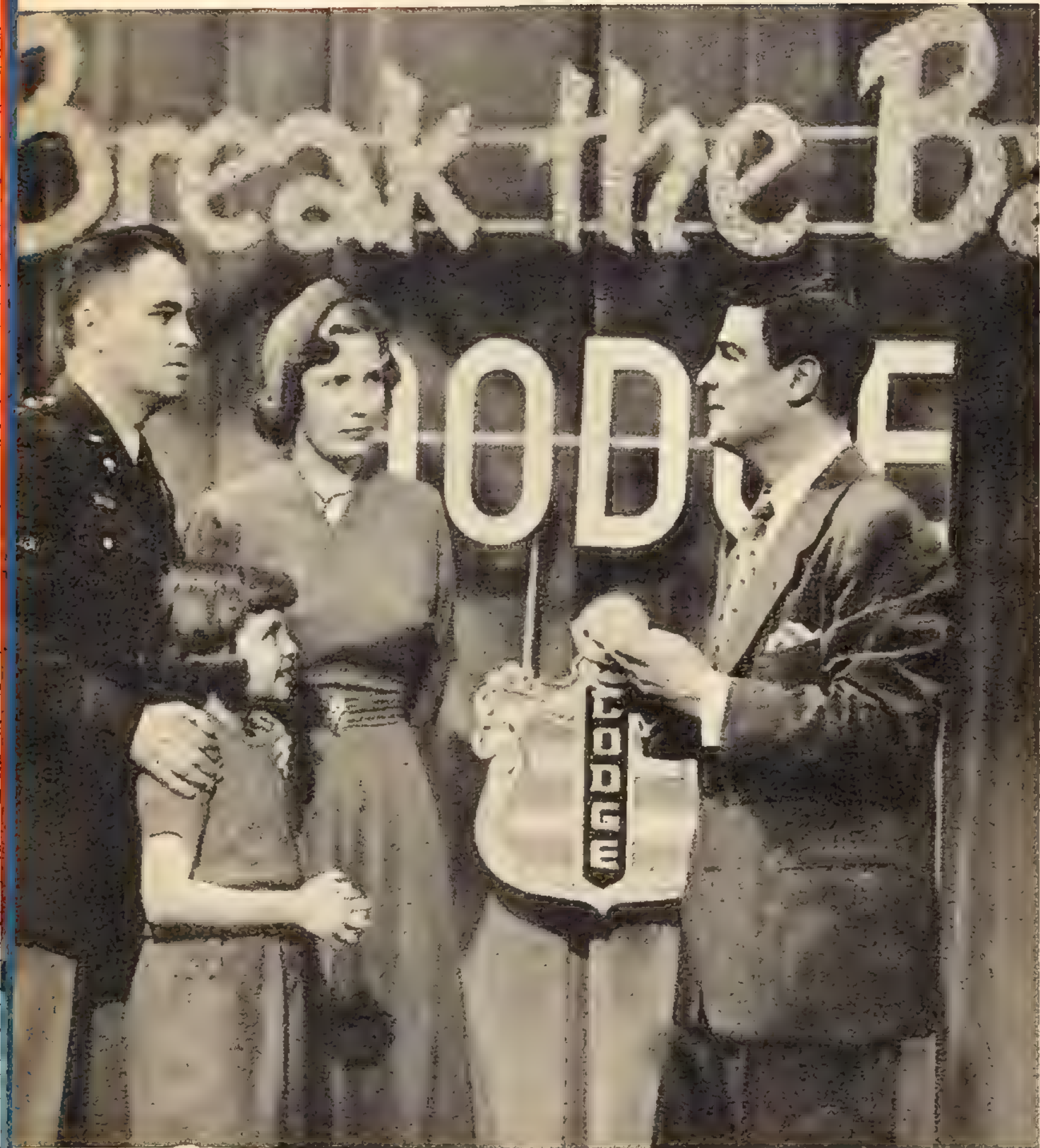
James Kirkwood Jr. is Mickey Emerson in *Valiant Lady*, CBS-TV, M-F, 12 noon EDT, for General Mills, Inc., and Prom Cosmetics. Jim and his partner, Lee Goodman, emcee *Teen-Agers Unlimited*, over Mutual, Sat., 5:05 P.M. EDT.



Jimmy's gotten over his fear of dancing with Muriel, but he's still very much awed by her knowledge and skill as a lovely ballet star.



the harbor of Home



Bert's warm interest in contestants on his exciting shows is the philosophy by which he lives—the same interest in others he is teaching his own children.



**Bert Parks, sparkling emcee
of Break The Bank
and Double Or Nothing,
follows the compass of his heart**

By ALICE FRANCIS

WHENEVER anyone begins a story about Bert Parks, the word "dynamo" just naturally works its way into the text. There's no escaping, because it describes Bert so perfectly, outwardly. Alert, vital, vivid, fast on his feet and quick with a quip, you would hardly guess that, inwardly, he's a pretty philosophical fellow, who goes about his life fairly quietly, and thinks a placid cruise on Long Island Sound in his new boat, with Annette and the kids, is the most wonderful kind of day there is. Thinks he's the luckiest guy in the world to have work he likes which leaves him leisure enough to enjoy his home and family.

He emcees *Double Or Nothing* on CBS-TV three afternoons a week. He goes into New York again every Sunday evening for *Break The Bank*, on ABC-TV. There's a new program or two in the offing, which may pop up any day for him, and benefits and business details which encroach on his leisure. Somehow, he still manages to remain a reasonably relaxed citizen who doesn't let anything interfere with mending a broken fence or fixing a sagging door, taking the seven-year-old twin boys to the barber, or keeping his promise to five-year-old Petty to pick her up at a neighborhood party. Petty is Annette, Jr., a small doll of a girl with big dark eyes and black hair, a happy mixture of Bert and Annette in looks and charm and vivacity. The twins are Joel and Jeffrey, the spit and image of Bert, each twin being so like the other that they can deliberately start a comedy of errors—and frequently do, if they want to (Continued on page 94)

Bert Parks is quizmaster of two top shows, *Break The Bank*, ABC-TV, Sun., 10 P.M. EDT, sponsored by Dodge Div. of the Chrysler Corp., and *Double Or Nothing*, CBS-TV, M,W,F, 2 P.M. EDT, for Campbell's Soups, Franco-American Products.



I've known Eddie Fisher since childhood,

EASY TO LIVE WITH

By BERNIE RICH

EDDIE FISHER and Joey Forman and I have been friends ever since we met in Philadelphia, around twelve years ago, while we were waiting for a street car. Joey and I were on our way to an audition for a children's radio program, and we got to talking with this other boy and discovered he was going to the same audition. We all made the show, Joey and I as actors, Eddie as a singer. We appeared on it for years, five nights a week, just for carfare at first, while we were going to school. After the show, we'd go home and do our homework, then the three of us would meet somewhere again, maybe at each other's homes or at a candy store called "Joe's." We'd talk about the

Continued ➔

I like to take pictures, but Eddie doesn't have much time for hobbies—just for people! Below, at his place—left to right—myself, production advisor Monte Proser, Robert Kesner of Coca-Cola, Eddie, *Coke Time* director Herb Sussan.



and he's never changed—just gets nicer all the time

Bachelor Eddie's mother
is his favorite pin-up girl.



EASY TO LIVE WITH

(Continued)



Work is play to men who know their business as well as orchestra leader Alex Stordahl (at left), Danny Welkes of Music Corporation of America (center), and Eddie Fisher.



Our early days in Philadelphia, in 1944! Front—Eddie, Joey Forman, Fred Bonaparte, Eddie Cantor (who did great things for Eddie later on, but was just visiting then) and myself. Rear—Skipper Dawes, who first put us on the air.

Coke Time Starring Eddie Fisher is seen on NBC-TV, Wed. and Fri., 7:30 P.M., and heard on Mutual, Tues. and Thurs., 7:45 P.M. Both EDT, for The Coca-Cola Company. Bernie Rich often does commercials with Eddie and acts in major network drama series.

future, and we pledged that whoever "got there" first would help the others.

Well, Eddie is the first of us to hit it big, and you could say he never forgot that pledge—if you thought he needed a pledge to remind him of his friends, which I don't. He's always tried to help Joey and me with our careers—Joey's a night-club comedian now and I've acted in Broadway shows and TV. Sometimes I do the commercial with Eddie on his show. And, whenever Joey and I are in New York City, we stay with Eddie in his hotel apartment on Central Park. It's a little crowded at times, but life is still a lot easier than it was when Joey and Eddie and I first came to New York. In those days, we were sleeping on mattresses on the floor and pooling our money so that we could have a frank and a Coke. Nowadays, Eddie has an assistant, Willard Higgins, who comes in and prepares breakfast for him—and Joey and me when we're around, and any of the friends who're apt to drop in—soon as Eddie is awake.

PEOPLE say "Some change!" and want to know how all this has affected Eddie. Well, I've known him for about twelve years. I'm not related to him, so you might say I'd be a little more objective than a member of his family would be. If he's changed, I'd know it. And my first reaction is to say, "He hasn't changed at all. He's exactly the same as he ever was."

But I've thought about (Continued on page 72)

Willard Higgins is a more recent addition to the Fisher household, a very welcome assistant.





Music is still Eddie's greatest joy, but today his enthusiasm and interest cover just about everything.

His own fans mean a lot to Eddie—who also gets a big kick out of the fact that I'm beginning to get fan mail, too.





CLAIRE NIESEN
AS
MARY NOBLE

BACKSTAGE WIFE



1. In order to pay a debt of honor to her swindled friends, Mary tells Roy Shephard she is going to sell her husband Larry's hit play.



2. Roy's daughter Elise, hearing of Mary's intention, suggests to wealthy Victor Stratton that he become her partner in buying the play.

Can Mary Noble overcome the vicious scheming of a jealous woman and a ruthless man and regain her husband's trust and devotion?

MANY TIMES during her marriage to handsome Broadway star Larry Noble, Mary Noble has had to cope with the artistic temperament of Larry's fellow actors and actresses and has had to defend her happiness against scheming women who preferred to forget that Larry was not free. And, always, it has been Mary's faith in herself and in Larry that has guided their marriage through one stormy crisis after another.

But, unknown to Mary, the worst was yet to come—even though she had just narrowly escaped death after Lucius Brooks had accidentally poisoned her instead of Roy Shephard, who had discovered that Lucius was a famous international swindler. Mary had been completely absolved of any blame in helping Lucius sell his worthless stock to her friends. Still, she felt morally obligated to them for their losses. And so, in order to pay them back, she decided to sell Larry's successful play, which she owned.

Mary made her intentions known to Roy Shephard, the wealthy shipping magnate who had originally backed the play in order to gain a part in it for his

See Next Page

BACKSTAGE WIFE

(Continued)



3. After agreeing to sell the play to Stratton, Mary faces another problem—for he falls in love with her.



4. Learning Elise is in love with Larry, Stratton

Pictured here, as heard on the air, are:

Mary Noble.....Claire Niesen
 Larry Noble.....James Meighan
 Elise ShephardAndree Wallace
 Roy ShephardArthur Maitland
 Victor Stratton.....Ivor Francis

Backstage Wife is heard on NBC Radio, M-F, 4 P.M. EDT. The program is sponsored by the Procter & Gamble Co. for Cheer.

daughter Elise. Mr. Shephard offered to buy the play from Mary, but she wouldn't let him . . . for she knew that would give Elise, who was still desperately in love with Larry, an even greater advantage in her efforts to draw him away from Mary.

But Mary had not reckoned with the fact that Elise, in addition to being very attractive, was equally as clever. When her father told her of Mary's plan to sell the play, Elise got an idea. She went to see a wealthy friend of hers, Victor Stratton. On the surface, it appeared that Stratton was a handsome, influential man of high social standing. Actually, he was a notorious



els it will help him in his attempt to win Mary.

gambler—the king of gambling—whose tremendous power had made many people fear him. Stratton agreed to Elise's proposal that he be her partner in buying Larry's play, and that Elise's interest in the deal—for reasons of her own—would remain a secret between them.

The first step in her plan of attack accomplished, Elise arranged for Victor Stratton to meet Mary and offer to buy the play. Fortune was even more in Elise's favor because, from the moment Stratton met Mary, he was attracted to her, and he made up his mind then and there that he was going to have her,



5. Elise, still determined to win Larry, pays no heed to her father's warning not to pursue a married man.

come what may.

Little did Mary realize that, in selling the play to Stratton, she was being drawn into another web of emotion. For, now that Stratton owned the play, Mary had to be gracious to him, for Larry's sake . . . and yet, it was vital that Larry should not be misled into thinking she herself was in any way becoming interested in Stratton.

With each passing day, Stratton became more obsessed with the idea that Mary was the only woman of any importance in his life. And, as Mary had feared, this only served Elise's purpose of winning Larry's

See Next Page

BACKSTAGE WIFE

(Continued)

attention. For Larry hadn't yet recovered from the shock and hurt caused by Mary's past suspicion that he—and not Lucius Brooks—had poisoned her, in order to marry Elise. And so he made little effort to refuse Elise as she continued in her attempt to win him with her comforting attentiveness.

Thus, the forces of love and jealousy mingled with each other to make the gulf between Mary and Larry deeper and wider.

Meanwhile, having learned that Elise was hopelessly in love with Larry, Victor Stratton did everything in his power to further Elise's ambitions . . . while Elise, knowing of Victor's interest in Mary, continually worked at building up Larry's distrust and hurt.

But there was yet another complication forming

which was bound to spell trouble. For, unknown to anyone else—Victor Stratton was married! His wife Lucille had once been a famous dancer, and it wasn't until after she had married him that she discovered he was not a wealthy financier, as he pretended to be, but a ruthless gambler. Stratton had soon lost interest in Lucille. But, knowing he couldn't get rid of her, he vented his spleen by brutally beating her, thereby forcing her into seclusion because of the dreadful scars on her face caused by his attack. However, in spite of Stratton's domination over her, Lucille was destined to play an important part in his relation to Mary. Upon learning of her husband's interest in Mary, Lucille became one more enemy in the effective plot to separate Mary and Larry.

6. Because Stratton owns Larry's play, Mary feels she must be nice to him. But Stratton's obvious desire for her, which Larry notices, only serves to increase Larry's distrust and causes him to accept Elise's sympathetic attentions.





7. Mary pleads with Larry in an effort to restore his faith in her, but Larry has been hurt deeply and cannot believe she is acting solely in his interest.



8. No one knows that Stratton has a wife, Lucille, whom he does not love and who is determined that Mary shall not have him.

The storm clouds are now gathering with increasing speed . . . as Elise continues her pursuit to win Larry—and Stratton is becoming more desperate in his attempt to have Mary. So it is that Mary finds herself caught in a whirlpool of worry, fear and doubt. She knows it will take all the powers she can summon to regain her husband's trust and devotion—to draw him away from Elise—and, at the same time, protect herself against the forceful attentions of Victor Stratton and the hatred of his jealous wife.

Can Mary rise out of the depths of misery and despair . . . and arrive at a happy solution to her tragic plight? The future alone holds the answer to how the ever-widening gap between Mary Noble and her beloved husband, Larry, can be bridged.



9. Mary, alone in her misery, searches desperately for a means of regaining Larry's love. Will the future give her the answer?

“Do what you want to do!”

That's how Larry Haines got such a perfect wife as Trudy, such a perfect role



Lew Archer in *The Second Mrs. Burton*

By ELEANOR POLLOCK

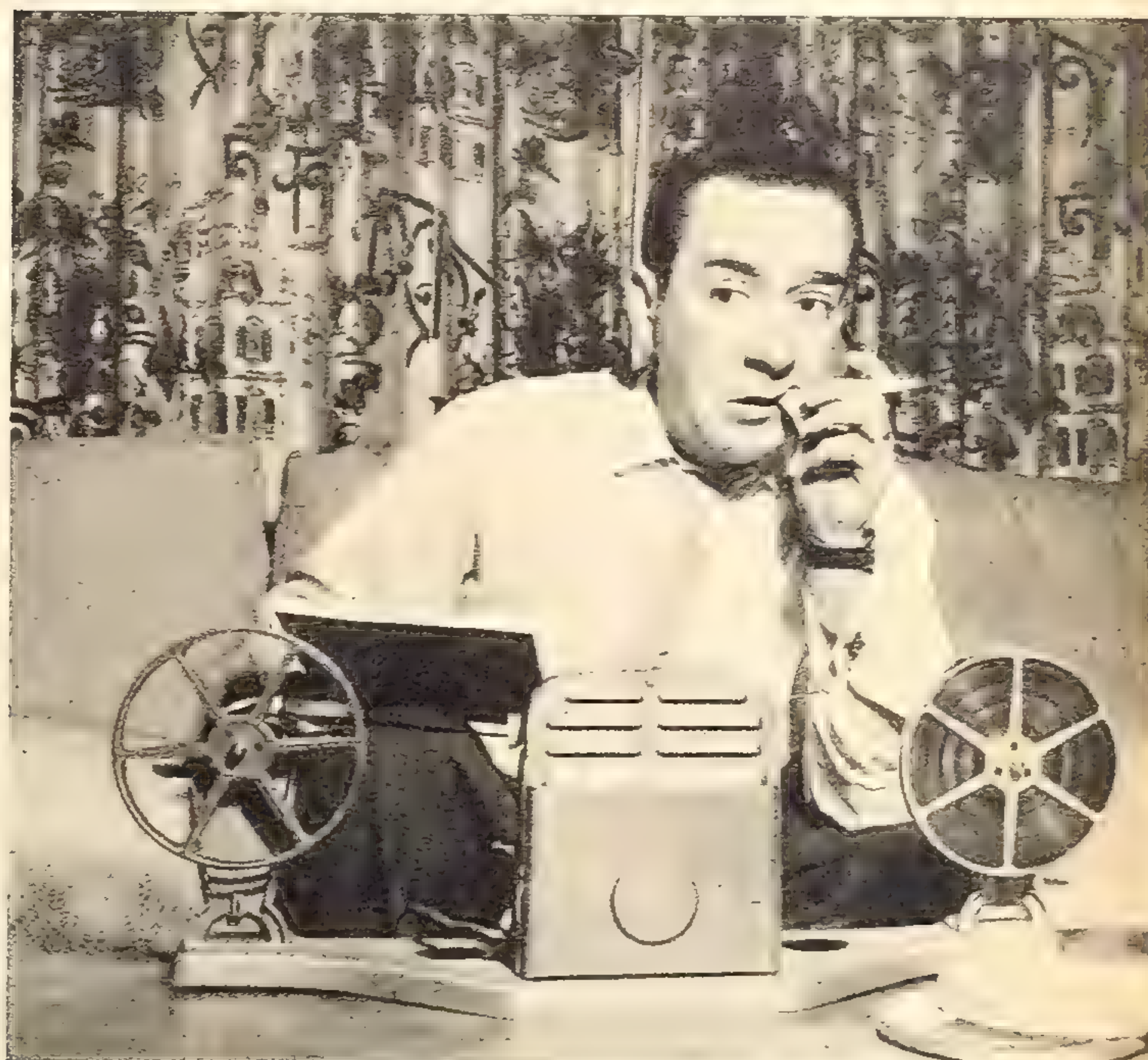
WHEN LARRY HAINES steps into the role of Lew Archer, the fiancé of pretty, widowed Marcia Kirkland, in *The Second Mrs. Burton*, over CBS Radio, it isn't a giant step. For Larry himself has much in common with Lew. Both are men who harbor a broad streak of sentiment covered by a brusque outer shell. Both are men who, wanting the better things in life, fought their way up and achieved them. Just as Lew Archer is interested in antiques, music and art, so is Larry Haines, whose home reflects these interests. Lew Archer comes from New York's teeming lower East Side. Larry Haines was born in a poor neighborhood in Mount Vernon, New York. So Larry understands how easily Lew gets hurt by real or imagined snobbery.

When Lew and Marcia decided to buy an old house in the country instead of building a new one, it was as though Larry and his wife, brunette, dynamic Trudy, had made the decision. For the Haineses are looking ahead to the day they will have (*Continued on page 91*)

Larry is Lew Archer in *The Second Mrs. Burton*, CBS Radio, M-F, 2 P.M. EDT, for Instant Maxwell House, Grape-Nuts, and Calumet Baking Powder. He is Stu Bergman in *Search For Tomorrow*, on CBS-TV, 12:30 P.M. EDT, for Joy, Spic and Span, Shasta, Cheer.



Homecoming: Larry gets a kiss from Trudy, a welcoming whistle from parakeet, "Baby."



Hobbies: Larry edits the movies he takes, and makes sure his golf clubs are up to par.



Larry and Trudy enjoy almost any game. But, most of all, they love being outdoors and racing a speed boat.



Easy to Live With

(Continued from page 62)

it lately and—while I know basically he hasn't changed a bit—still, he's not *exactly* the same. More mature, I guess you'd call it. I know he's grown a lot, inside. As a kid, Eddie was interested only in singing and didn't have time to think about anything else. He was going to school and, besides the nightly radio show, he had one on Thursday evenings and another on Saturday mornings. He's busier than ever now, of course, but more grown-up, and eager and interested to know about everything. All his experiences and his traveling have broadened him. He reads several papers a day, and magazines and books.

Has he become accustomed to success? Maybe this will give you the answer. When he received a recent award as the most programmed male vocalist in the 1953 disc-jockey poll, he said, "It's incredible!" When we're riding in his car and we tune in the radio and one of Eddie's records comes on, we both get a kick out of it. We don't get tired of hearing the records over and over. Even his father isn't tired of hearing "Oh, My Papa." He says it brings back old times.

Eddie still can't take his fans for granted, either, and I don't think he ever will. He talks to them and he knows a lot of them by name. Sometimes a group of them will try to reach him while he's rehearsing at the studio, and the studio people won't let them see him or telephone him. So they'll send him a telegram saying, "Eddie, we're down here with a pizza for you and it's getting cold." He'll have those fans sent up, and he'll sit down with them and order Cokes for everyone. Once, some of them waited a long time for him at an airport and he dug down into his pockets so they could go home in style in a taxi.

If Eddie is good to his fans, his fans are certainly good to him. The thing is, I guess, that Eddie isn't just using his voice to win fame and earn a lot of money. Eddie loves to sing, and he loves to have people like to hear him sing. He sings his head off around the apartment all night. He often spends his weekends singing at benefits. One night, a little while ago, after he'd rehearsed all day and done his radio show and his TV show, we drove to a small town, grabbing a bite at a diner along the way. Then he did a show at the local high school—and, after that, he did another one at a VFW post, until one in the morning. We got home at 2:30 A.M., and he was on the plane for California at one P.M. the next day. He spent his ten-day Christmas vacation, last year, entertaining the G.I.'s in Europe. Eddie thinks soldiers are the greatest audience of all.

Eddie still feels a strong tie to the Army. I think the Army changed him a little, too—I guess no one could be in the Army without being affected in some way! Eddie went into the service just as he was reaching the top and had headlined the show at the Paramount Theater on Broadway. The Army was an entirely different thing for him—he went through basic training in Texas, but he loved it. He used to write me at least once a week, pretty excited about his experiences.

I'll never forget how different he looked when he came home on furlough. He used to be a skinny kid with a mop of hair and a voice so big for his size he'd knock the audience out of their seats. After several months in the Army, he was all tanned and he had gained weight and had a crew-cut and he looked like a million. Later, he was sent to a post near Washington, D. C., where he sang with the

U. S. Army Band, and sometimes Joey and I would go down to see him weekends or Eddie would come up here whenever he could. I guess you know how he opened at the Paramount again, the first morning he was out of the Army. He was discharged at midnight, April 10, 1953. After he had finished his last Army show, we all went to a farewell party for him in Washington, and we got into New York at six in the morning. There were photographers at the station and when we got to the Paramount, at seven, the lines were already forming at the box office. It was pretty exciting. He did his first show at 10 A.M.

Incidentally, Eddie's uniform with the Pfc. stripe still hangs in his closet for good luck.

What's it like, living so close to Eddie Fisher? Pretty good. He's one of the nicest guys in the world, very easygoing. We've never had any real arguments. Maybe at the studio he'll get a little edgy now and then, but that happens to anyone working under pressure. He doesn't try to tell me what to do—although he does say, "You don't eat right." This is something new for Eddie. He never used to eat anything but sandwiches himself, but the Army taught him to eat a balanced diet and now he's trying to convert me.

The apartment is very comfortable. It's like Eddie, I guess—easy to live with. There's the modern furniture which came with the apartment, and Eddie's blond-wood TV set, and his upright Steinway piano—set against the wall where it doesn't take up too much room. There's a desk that juts out into the living room and hits the eye as soon as you enter, but the piano is just sort of tucked away. I guess Eddie lacks the flair for dramatizing himself. He's made a stab at it by putting some of his awards on the mantel over the fireplace, but you have to get up pretty close to them to see them. He's got his three gold records hanging up, too, the ones RCA gave him for the three tunes that passed the million sales mark, "Any Time," "I'm Walking Behind You," and "Oh, My Papa." And there are some of his favorite photographs, like the one of Al Jolson—whom he has always admired tremendously—singing to the troops, accompanied on the piano by Harry Akst, who has recently been Eddie's accompanist, too. There are pictures of Eddie shaking hands with President Truman and President Eisenhower—at different times, of course. The only pictures of women which he has around are photos—with himself—of his mother and sister and Princess Margaret Rose.

That's how he's marked the living room. In the bedroom, I guess the only thing of his that hits the eye is the big pink piggy bank which he won somewhere when he was out on a date, and which he keeps on top of the chest of drawers. Every morning, Willard Higgins puts Eddie's change into it. I don't know what he and Willard are saving for.

None of us uses the tiny little kitchen much. Willard fixes breakfast on a two-burner hot-plate. Eddie usually eats dinner at Toots Shor's or La Vie En Rose with people from the show.

There's only one thing wrong about living with Eddie Fisher, and I guess this would apply to living with any singer or musician. He plays records at an ear-splitting pitch. I don't know anything about music, so I don't know what he's listening for. I hope I'm not scaring off any gal that Eddie might want to marry in the future, but I doubt it. It's a pretty

small drawback, when you're getting a guy like Eddie.

At the moment, there's nobody Eddie's planning to marry. He usually goes out with a girl in large parties, then he's so busy the next day that he doesn't have time to think about her and, if you can't think about a girl, it's pretty difficult to work up a romantic mood. Occasionally, a girl gets aggressive and calls him, and that's bad, too. Sometimes he dates girls from the show. Sometimes at benefits he'll see some pretty girls he'd like to ask for dates but he doesn't know when he's going to be free, and that's an obstacle. Sure, he wants to get married and have a family some day. He likes kids—he comes from a big family himself. Personally, I think if he really falls in love, he'll find time for the girl. Eddie always finds time for the people he loves.

Like I said at the beginning, all this success has changed Eddie only in little ways. Basically, he's just as he has always been—nothing complicated, just a guy who loves to sing, just a guy who's loyal to his family and friends, who's easygoing but eager to learn, who will sing his head off for you for nothing, but who's ambitious, too. Eddie would like to make a film, but he tries to be realistic about himself and he doesn't feel he would make a good cowboy or singing bartender—some of the parts which have been offered to him by the film companies. He'd like to play something closer to his own life, something he'd know about and could be real in.

No, Eddie hasn't changed much, but circumstances certainly have. Not that we were ever really down and out—we never starved; we never were without a place to sleep. We were fortunate, too, in that we knew we could always go back to our families. They were always behind us and encouraging us. I don't know but that the most uncomfortable time of Eddie's life was the night we were at Atlantic City. He had taken off his shirt because it hurt his sunburn, then we took a ride on a ferris wheel and he got chilled and tried to put his shirt on—but he couldn't. Did you ever try to put your shirt on in a ferris wheel?

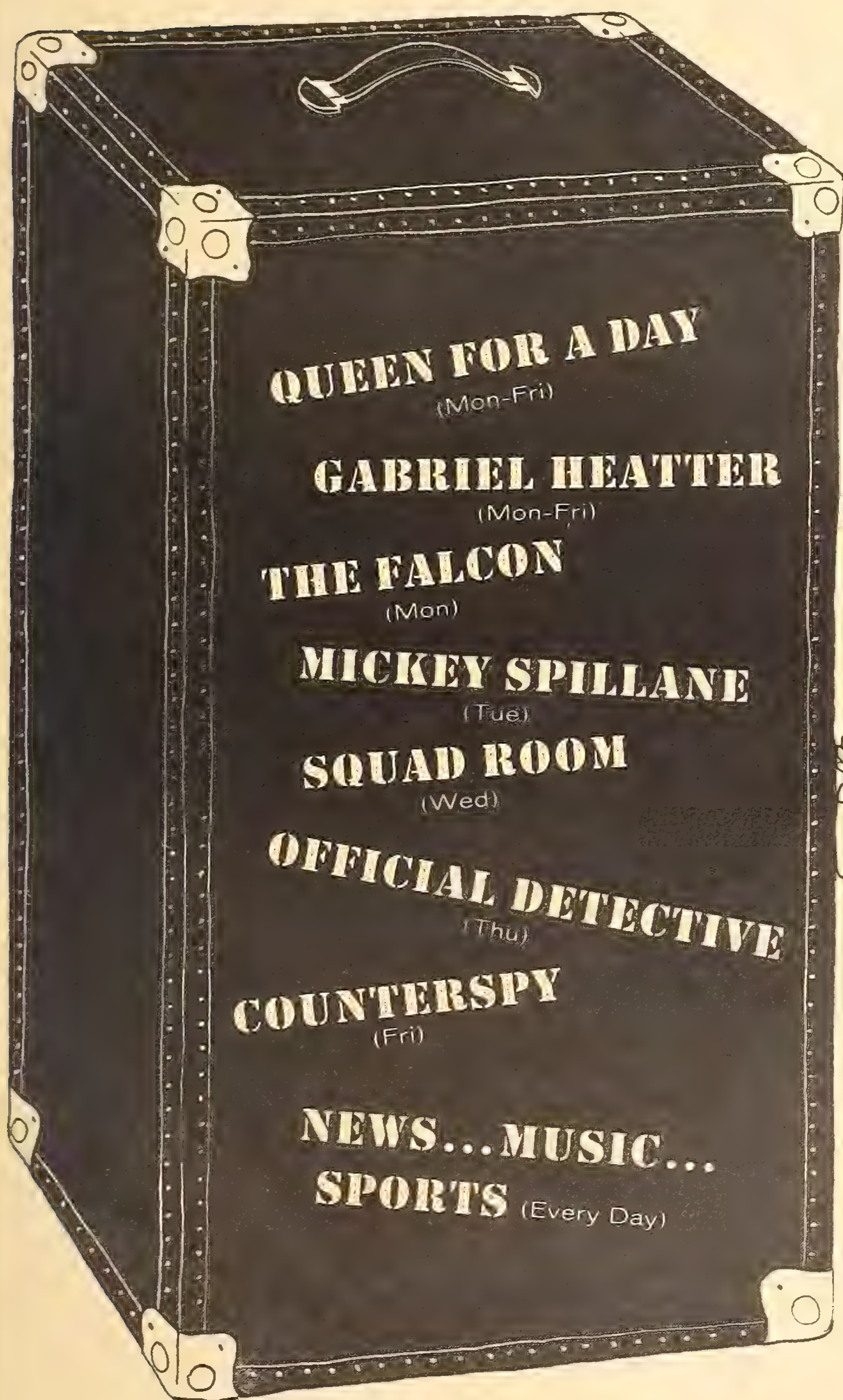
But what really convinces me that circumstances have changed is the memory of helping Eddie get ready in a single day for his first appearance at a big night club in metropolitan New York. Fran Warren, the scheduled vocalist, had suddenly taken sick, and Eddie was invited to appear. He accepted, but he was really worried. He had just come back from his tour with Eddie Cantor, his first real break, and his records were just beginning to sell. He wasn't at all sure he was ready for a New York appearance. Besides that, he didn't have an act or anything to wear. While Eddie was rehearsing, I was off being fitted for his clothes. We're the same size—both 5' 8"—we both wear a 37 or 38 jacket and have a 29-inch waist.

The night he was to go on, he was supposed to be at the club by six to rehearse with the band. Well, we came back to his hotel room to get the tuxedo and found the door double-locked. We had forgotten to pay the rent. Eddie had a check waiting for him at his manager's office, but he hadn't picked it up. We pleaded with the clerk, and then the manager, to let us in, and finally they agreed—after we had sweated buckets. Well, I guess you know Eddie was a big hit that night and really got launched on his way.

Yes, circumstances have changed—but not Eddie. He just gets nicer all the time.

all summer long...

wherever you go, there's **RADIO-**
and **MUTUAL** goes along with you!



all summer long, **Mister PLUS** delivers
all your year-round favorites... on
570 easy-dial stations of **MUTUAL**,
the world's largest radio network.

Valiant Young Man

(Continued from page 57)

Mickey Emerson, of *Valiant Lady*. Not long ago, we were walking down the street and I heard a couple of girls gasp and say, 'Why, there's Mickey.' One of them whispered, 'Isn't he good-looking!' And the other said, 'Isn't it wonderful to run into him like this!' No one paid any attention to me. I was the one who felt shy then."

"You needn't have," Jimmy said, "because you'll remember that, just then, Faye Emerson happened by—and nobody paid any more attention to me, either." And they both laughed at the memory.

People often come into night clubs where Jim and his partner, Lee Goodman, do their comedy act—places like the Ruban Bleu, the Bon Soir, and Café Society—and at the first opportunity they go up to Jim and tell him, "You know, there's a kid in a daytime television drama who looks so much like you it's unbelievable. You should watch him some day." This also amuses Jim and Muriel, because, of course, he is that kid—even though he's sometimes up until 3:30 earlier in the morning making the night-club rafters ring with laughter and applause

Actually, then, there are three Jimmy Kirkwoods—or, perhaps more accurately, four! The night-club comedian; the host to teenagers and spinner of popular platitudes on a radio program; the youthful Mickey who is trying to take his dead dad's place in the life of the valiant Emersons on television; and the real Jimmy Kirkwood, who is a combination of all the others. The real Jimmy is a rather quiet-acting, shy-seeming fellow, a lean six feet in height, with dark brown hair and rather dark blue eyes with the suspicion of a twinkle most of the time. A fellow who is a little star-struck himself, in spite of being a star, a little afraid to ask a girl for a date because he thought of her as 'way up there!

"I didn't ask, for a long time," Jimmy admitted. "Lee and I were working, and Muriel would come into the club with this escort one week and another one the next, and I would see her and be conscious of her all evening, but I was still a little shy of her. Then, when I was doing the role of Toby Smith in *The Aldrich Family*, on radio, some of us were invited to a party for one of the cast members of the stage hit, 'Wonderful Town.' I can't even remember now who the actor was, or anything about the occasion. I only remember that there was Muriel, at the party, and that I must have been feeling particularly pepped up after our show. Muriel had on a big picture hat. Her long black hair was caught up under it, with just a fringe of careless bangs across her forehead. Her eyes looked even bigger and darker and more beautiful than I remembered them . . .

"I suddenly walked up to her and bent over and kissed her! Just like that. Without a word of warning, to her or myself.

"She didn't slap my face, as I deserved, and she didn't say anything. She just looked startled, as well she might. Not to be routed again by my fears, I grasped the advantage. 'What are you doing for dinner tonight?' I demanded.

"She had come with a date, but somehow I managed it so that the three of us left together, rather early and perfectly amicably, in search of dinner. During the evening we 'lost' Muriel's date. He wasn't a steady beau, only a good friend who had asked her to the party and didn't seem to mind getting lost."

Muriel says that the reason Jimmy kept up his interest was that he fell in love with her dog, a black miniature French poodle inappropriately named Too Much,

and nicknamed TM. He's a friendly little fellow who drapes himself across Jimmy's ankles and looks up as if to comment, "Now you see how cozy this is?" Muriel insists that it was Jimmy's fondness for TM which drew him back again and again.

Jimmy says that the greatest bond between them, from the first meeting, was their ability to laugh together, to find the same things amusing, to discover they shared a sense of the ridiculous. In spite of the fact that Muriel has the darkly glowing face associated with the portrayal of dramatic emotions, she has a fine flair for comedy and most of her dancing has been along comedy lines.

Yet their first dates didn't always run smoothly. Jimmy was working in a club, starting his job at 10:30 or 11 at night, when Muriel's work at the Ballet Theater was finishing. If she could manage to stay awake, she would wait around for him. Then, when he began to do the role in *Valiant Lady*, a noontime television show, he still had night-club commitments and would often go to his early morning rehearsals at the TV studio after only three hours' sleep. "This made for a very cranky boy at times, and I don't see how Moo—the name I had begun to call Muriel—put up with me at all. When I had a free evening and we went out together, I could hardly keep my eyes open. This was great companionship for her! A lot of the time, I was learning my scripts and she had to sit around and cue me, instead of being out and having fun. My mother often came over and helped things along. She and Moo get along famously." (People who remember silent motion pictures knew Jimmy's mother as a beautiful little girl called Cuddles, and later as a grown-up, beautiful actress named Lila Lee, who married a tall, handsome matinee idol named James Kirkwood—Jimmy's father.)

Trying to make up to Muriel for some of the things she was missing, Jim outdid himself on a Christmas present that first winter of their friendship. He knew she wanted a black fox muff, and that's what he got her. "I was overwhelmed," Muriel recalled, "and not at all sure he should have done it. I just never dreamed anyone would buy me anything so lovely." Her eyes filled up a little as she talked about that first present of Jim's. Last Christmas there was a pearl ring and matching earrings, something else she wanted very much.

Her first Christmas present to him was a watch. "I broke it," he said. Her second was a camera. "He lost it," she said. But there's a ring he hopes to keep forever. Muriel gave it to him last summer, when she was leaving to travel with an ice show as the assistant choreographer and Jimmy was going to stay in the East to do summer stock, and they would be separated for the first time. They were having dinner at Sardi's before she left, and Muriel was wearing the plain gold band she always wears on her little finger. "Jimmy had a habit of grasping my hand and twisting that ring, and when he put his hand over mine that evening, I said, 'Wait a minute. I want to show you something.' I dug into my handbag for a small box, opened it, and took out a similar ring. 'Try it on,' I said. Jim put it on his little finger, commented that it almost fit him, and started to hand it back, thinking it was the mate to my ring and I had decided to wear both. 'You're supposed to keep it,' I told him. 'Look inside.'"

Jimmy took the ring, held it up to the light, and read, "To Jim, with love, from Moo-Moo." And the date. Then his eyes filled. The fact that in re-sizing the ring to his finger the jeweler rubbed off a bit

of the "love" hasn't bothered them. It has nothing to do with the facts.

Muriel isn't a girl who likes much jewelry, and Jimmy dislikes seeing a girl hung with a lot of gew-gaws, so the pearls and the ring that is like his are the pieces she wears the most.

The first time they danced together, Jimmy was really scared, partly because Muriel is a professional dancer and partly because of the surroundings. It was the occasion of the Ballet Ball, a fashionable, social and lovely annual party. Muriel had been invited, but there was no extra ticket for Jimmy. But she had called at the last moment and said she knew there were unused tickets available, if Jimmy could get there in time. Wouldn't he hurry and dress and come over?

His dress clothes had been hung aside because he wasn't working in a club at that time. And, when he went to take them out, everything was hopelessly out of press. It was too late to find a tailor and, while he was wondering what to do, his mother came in with a guest, a newspaper woman who was visiting her from Washington. "My mother volunteered right away to do a pressing job, but she was never very handy at such things and we both laughed at what the clothes might look like when she got through. Then this newspaper woman said, 'Give them to me,' grabbed the board and the iron, and did a bang-up professional pressing job. What a good sport she was! I felt like Cinderella being sent off to the ball.

"Until I got there—and realized I was going to dance with Muriel for the first time. 'This is it,' I told myself. 'This is where you make an idiot of yourself. With all these trained professional dancers, and these society people who have been versed in this sort of thing from their childhood, you'll be the only awkward lout there.'"

"He wasn't," Muriel broke in. "He danced very well, so well I was amazed. No one had ever built up his confidence about dancing, that was all."

Someone has, since then—namely, Muriel—so much so that he has added dance steps to his night-club routines, and one of his proudest moments was when he read a recent review of a new club show he and Lee had done and it mentioned his dancing very favorably!

Jimmy and Muriel have never quarreled over dates or dancing or anything at all important, but they have had spats over small things. "Silly little things," according to Muriel. "We'll be talking and Jim may be telling me about something—and I will break in and say, 'Oh, Jim'—and he will stop and ask, 'What did you say that for?' Maybe I didn't say it for any reason that seems important enough to argue over, so I will say it wasn't for any particular reason—and why not go on and finish what he was saying? But he won't, because by now he's really curious about it, and maybe by now I won't even remember why I said it, and we'll start fussing at each other as if we were really angry. Then we see the funny side of it and start to laugh, and it's all over."

Jim isn't the bossy type, but Muriel is glad he "bossed" her about her hair when she wanted to cut it short. If she had, she would have faced a problem when she suddenly got the role of Lover George, the Angel, in the ballet called "The Small House of Uncle Thomas," a wonderful sequence in the stage hit, "The King and I." A wig just wouldn't have been satisfactory.

She was happy to get that role, but it's separating them—because, three weeks after she took it over, the show was scheduled to go on the road, all the way to the

West Coast and back across the country. So, for a while at least, Jimmy can't call her up as he used to and say, "Moo, I'm having company for dinner tomorrow night and you're invited. What shall we cook?" Knowing that she knows this means: "Please come over and tell me what to have—and cook it—because you know that, no matter how hard I try, I don't seem to be anywhere near as successful a cook as you are!"

By the time you read this, many miles may be separating them. Jimmy will be playing Mickey Emerson daily on *Valiant Lady* in a New York television studio, doing teen-age interviews and spinning records and small talk with Lee Goodman on Saturday afternoons over radio, and filling in with night-club engagements. Muriel will have been to the West Coast and the show will be coming back to Chicago—which isn't quite so far from New York as California is, but is far enough. Meanwhile, the long-distance telephone system will be getting richer every day. And, whenever "The King and I" is playing a town which Jimmy can reach by plane, between shows, you can count on his being there. Because he has to make up for all that time he lost when he thought he wasn't a big enough star in his own right to ask a lovely ballet dancer for a date!

More Than Money Can Buy

(Continued from page 44)

Wall Street, where the original J.P. carved his initials, the pretty comedienne-singer gave up the sunlight of California for the spotlights of Manhattan's night clubs and video studios. She came East in November of last year and, the first week, won a contract with Robert Q. Lewis as a regular on his video and radio shows. White House correspondents saw Jaye flutter her blue-green eyes and heard her belt out a song when she was invited to join Milton Berle and Irving Berlin, in Washington, to entertain the President—quite an honor for a newly discovered starlet. Next, she sang on *The Jackie Gleason Show*, when Robert Q. Lewis pinch-hit for "Mr. Saturday Night." Then she was signed to a recording contract with RCA Victor, and then...

And then—the most precious dividend of all! The pretty blonde singer married dark, handsome actor Michael Baiano. This most important merger took place in California just this spring, after two years of hectic negotiation.

"And to think that, six months before," she says, "I was torturing myself as a band vocalist wondering whether I was getting anywhere."

The life and romance of Jaye P. Morgan is, in bop vernacular, crazy, real crazy. Nearly a century and a quarter after Abe Lincoln did it, Jaye P. had herself born in a log cabin. That was in Mancos, Colorado, a small village near Denver. Her father raised cattle and ran a farm, but he was a musician.

"It was the Depression," Jay explains, "and he owned this land, and we had to eat."

Jaye was the next to youngest of five brothers and one sister. There were a lot of mouths to feed, but the mouths were kept busy at other things, too. The kids learned to sing and play instruments. Jaye P. was three when her father rounded up the family, took them to Phoenix, Arizona, where the whole herd made their vaudeville debut.

"Everyone was in the act but Mother, who refused to be talented," Jaye says.



Are you in the know?

The guest no one invites again is —

☐ A lazy daisy ☐ A lem-me girl ☐ A Plain Jane

That camera she's toting on a tippy-canoe ride: It's expensive; it belongs to her hostess. Like the swim suit she's wearing—and the tennis racket she'll use later. Don't be a lem-me girl ("lend me" this or that). When visiting, bring your own sports props; why inconvenience your friends—or risk being dubbed a vandal? Dodge *calendar-time* risks, too. You get safety you trust with Kotex, for this *extra absorbent* napkin gives protection that doesn't fail!



Does that very swish shindig call for —

☐ A new hairdo ☐ Your usual style

Yah—you look *different* all right, with that new siren-ish chignon! In fact, you're a Stranger in Harry's eyes—so now you feel unsure. A special occasion's no time to try new hairdo tricks. But at "that" time, it's no trick to be sure about whether Regular, Junior or Super Kotex suits you best. Try all 3. Each size has chafe-free softness; *holds its shape!*



More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins



If you're baffled by a French menu —

☐ Take a chance ☐ Get a translation

Better not stab at just *anything* listed. It might turn out to be snails' brains—when you were drooling for duck! So even if your squire is that suave new blade-about-town you'd impress—let him pollyvoo for you. Ask what vittles he'd suggest. In any language, *confidence* (on certain days) means Kotex. One reason: special *flat pressed ends* that prevent telltale outlines.

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

When shouldn't a gal just trust to luck?

☐ On a quiz show ☐ On certain days ☐ In Canasta

It's the wise lassie who doesn't take chances with personal daintiness on certain days, but trusts to Quest* deodorant powder. Quest was specially designed for sanitary napkins... no moisture resistant base to slow up absorption. Unscented Quest powder positively *destroys* odors. Use Quest to be sure!



"But you can bet she had to be talented in other ways, just taking care of all of us."

The Morgans went on to Tujunga, a suburb of Los Angeles, to set up a home—though, for the next ten years, they were on the vaudeville circuits six months out of twelve, traveling in a trailer and living in hotels and motels. The children had a private tutor and, most of the time, the Morgans did well.

"There was one time in Missouri that we went bust," Jaye P. recalls. "We couldn't buy a pint of gasoline."

For the next four months, they turned up their backs and elbows picking strawberries for farmers. They saved enough money to go on, and everything was all right again. But, when Jaye was thirteen, her father died and the act broke up.

"Dad had been very ill for a long time," she says, "but he never missed a show, not until a few days before he died. As a matter of fact, he saw our last performance from the audience."

Jaye P. is not the only entertainer practically born to show business. Her boss, Robert Q., is another. And they tell you around the studios that working with a trouper like Jaye P. is a real pleasure.

"You can give Jaye a schedule that keeps her on the go from nine in the morning until after midnight, and you don't hear a gripe," say her managers, "Bullets" Durgom and Ray Katz. "Jaye is a real trouper."

"But I get tired," she comments. "Sometimes I feel like sleeping."

She got in most of her rest between the ages of thirteen and fifteen, when she was in semi-retirement. At this time, she acquired the name of Jaye P. (she was christened Mary Margaret).

"I was class treasurer in school," she says, "and so the kids nicknamed me Jaye P."

The Jaye P. seemed a very good idea when she began her career as a vocalist, for there was already a very well-known singer by the name of Marion Morgan. When Jaye, at fifteen, announced she wanted to sing with dance bands, she was encouraged by her brothers, who had given up vaudeville for music-making.

In the trade, Jaye is known as a "belter."

"That means I sing loud," she says.

Loud, of course, isn't enough—or almost everyone would star on TV shows. What Jaye does to a song is what Ralph Kiner does to a baseball, though her stance is different. Jaye, literally, belts out a song. At a microphone, she turns half away to keep from flipping the engineer's audio needle. Her dynamic delivery, however, has always kept audiences flipping, and she began to work regularly even as a youngster.

The turning point in her career came when she was eighteen and answered a call to audition with the Frank DeVol Orchestra at the Hollywood Palladium. The auditions took place before an audience and the crowd's enthusiasm for Jaye P. cinched the job.

"Frank DeVol became one of my best friends," she says. "He was always helping me."

Frank coached her. His wife helped Jaye pick clothes. Frank got Jaye a recording contract. Frank encouraged Jaye to study dancing and even paid her tuition when she went to drama school. The school was Benito Schneider's, attended also by such Hollywood celebrities as Piper Laurie, Farley Granger, Ellen Drew and Tony Curtis.

R "And that was where I met Michael
M Baiano," she says. "It was practically love at first sight—for me."

Mike stands about five-feet-ten. He is

slender and very handsome. His father is head of casting at Warner Brothers and his mother was a silent movie star, Charlotte Pierce.

"I was quite handicapped in our early courtship," Jaye recalls. "You see, it wasn't Mike who was dating me, but one of his best friends."

One night, however, Mike took Jaye P. home from a party as a favor to his friend. He suggested that he would like to call her for a date.

"Short of giving him written permission," Jaye says, "I thought I made it clear that I was very agreeable."

Mike didn't call.

Weeks later, she and Mike were assigned in drama class to work out a scene together. Mike phoned Jaye to make a date to rehearse and wound up asking her if she would like to spend the day at the beach. Jaye accepted.

She found the afternoon very pleasant but, when evening came, and he suggested continuing the pleasantries with a kiss, she said no.

"I'm a little miffed with you," she said. "You told me weeks ago you were going to ask me out, and you kept me waiting a long time."

"I thought you were dating Johnny," he said.

Logically, she asked, "Then why did you invite me out today?"

"I found that you weren't dating steady."

So she kissed Mike.

"After all, I'd been thinking about it for a long time," she says.

A month later both admitted they were in love.

"At least I think so," Mike said. "Other times that I've thought I was in love, I felt depressed. This time I feel good. Does that make sense?"

"I'm having the same reaction," Jaye P. reported.

Actually, Jaye's life had been very "un-social," as she puts it. A band vocalist, she worked six out of seven nights a week and collapsed on the seventh. The work, of course, was in addition to her dance and drama classes. She didn't do one-tenth the dating the average school-girl does. The few so-called romances preceding Mike were short-lived.

"Most of the time, I didn't think Mike and I would work out, either," she says. "We had a million arguments, a million."

With love came a rash of jealousy. If Mike happened to sit beside another girl in class, Jaye P. felt her hair stand on end. When Jaye P. chatted with another man, Mike suffered with the same scalp disorder.

"The worst spat lasted four days," she says. "I didn't go out of the house all that time."

On the fourth day, Jaye P. called Mike to give him a chance to apologize. Mike indignantly answered the phone saying, "I hope you're sorry." So they both blew their tops again. That evening, Mike showed up with an armful of roses and everything was nice again—for about twenty-four hours.

When Mike proposed, it was without the benefit of moonlight or the murmur of ocean surf or soft lights. They were at a party and suffering through another fight.

"This is the end," Jaye said, near tears. "The very end."

"I want you to marry me," Mike said.

"How can you say that?" she demanded.

"It's like this," Mike told her. "I figure if we get married, we'll see enough of each other and get tired of fighting."

So they had a quiet engagement. Mike told his family and Jaye P. told hers. In the meantime, Mike was getting parts in

movies and Jaye began resisting efforts of her managers to get her East. Then her recording, "Life Is Just a Bowl of Cherries," began to sell well and, last summer, she was talked into a trip to New York to promote the record. She stayed only a week and whizzed back to Mike.

Then Harry James asked her to join his band as vocalist for a two-month tour. She turned that down. Last fall, her managers told Jaye that she would have to come to New York. There were few live TV shows originating from Hollywood, and they felt TV was the right medium for her. Besides, they had some night-club bookings lined up for her, a chance to appear on *The Jackie Gleason Show*, and they wanted her to audition for the new show Robert Q. Lewis was putting together. Jaye P. tore herself away.

Her first week in Manhattan, she auditioned for Robert Q.

"I sang a belter and then a ballad and talked to Bob and then he asked me why I wanted the job."

Her answer probably made her namesake, old J.P., smile in the Great Beyond. Jaye P. said frankly, "I need the money."

She got the job. It was cinched in the same way she had won the Palladium audition. Robert Q. asked her to sing an "up" number and she did "I've Got the Sun in the Morning." When she finished, all of the stagehands and camera men spontaneously applauded her.

"But those first six months in New York without Mike were murder," she recalls. "You can't have a real good fight on a phone. You miss the fun of kissing and making up."

This past April, she flew home and married Mike. She wore a simple suit and had a quiet wedding at the Westwood Presbyterian Church, with only their families and close friends in attendance.

Mike and Jaye were married on a Wednesday, had the briefest of honeymoons in Palm Springs, then—the following Sunday—flew back East to set up housekeeping in New York City. The apartment was completely furnished, and about the only thing they brought in, besides their clothes, was Mike's collection of jazz records.

Jaye herself collects nothing, but keeps everything. "I can't throw anything away," she says. "I hang onto clothes until they fall apart. I have the world's largest assortment of lone earrings and gloves."

Because she is at work so much of the day, Jaye has help with the cleaning, but she is resolved to take on all other domestic chores herself, including cooking. As a careerist from the age of three, she didn't get too much training at the range.

"I can make fried chicken, good coffee and excellent toast," she says.

Mike has been tolerant and tactful when the peas show up belatedly with the dessert. And he has proven a prince of husbands by turning up unexpectedly with a delicious breakfast.

"It hasn't been too bad. We're both rather meticulous and like things neat and clean, so the apartment is usually in good order."

And, now that Mike is with her, Jaye P. finds she is enjoying New York. She doesn't feel so shy at parties with Mike along. And now she really has someone to dress up for.

"Some day I'd like to live back in California," she says. "I'd like to have at least three children, too—all boys."

The way things have been going for Jaye P. Morgan these days, she'll probably get her wish. She's collected big dividends, in Mike and the Robert Q. Lewis shows. The little ones are next, on her preferred list!

Magic and Music

(Continued from page 33)

I can think of another incident in my career when the magic of believing has proved its power. On one of my tours, I felt that playing Carnegie Hall in New York was right for me. But, again, the people around me said no. They felt I should wait until I was better known in New York. It's not like the other towns, they said.

But I believed that New York was right for me. I felt it *was* like any other town. The people were no different. New York was just larger.

My belief was so strong, it carried along the others. We were all pleased when, one week before the concert, Carnegie Hall was sold out.

Believing in something is not enough, however. There is one other condition that must be met: The good must be shared by everybody.

Take for example the problems I had with my new home. It began with the lots. There were *two pieces* of property across the street from each other. One was more desirable for my purpose than the other. But it wasn't for sale. I could only buy the one I didn't want!

I wasn't upset. I *knew* that somehow I would be able to get the other piece of property. I had a mental picture of my "dream house," as I called it, and it only fit on the lot across the street. I kept my attorney after the owner for two months.

Finally I did manage to buy the other lot. Then I had *two*! But this was no time for negative thoughts. To show how the good is shared by everybody, my attorney was eager to buy the first lot from me!

My house had literally been a dream to me for many years. Because I had been on the road since late in my teens, I had

long visualized a place of my own. When I returned from my tours, I wanted a home that *was* a home and not a cold apartment in a strange town.

We began building on the lot in June. The contractor, Bill Steiksal, promised it would be completed in October. Then tragedy struck. Bill came down with polio. I was now more concerned with Bill than with the house.

His sub-contractors knew how badly I wanted the house completed. They got together and told me that, though Bill's illness would delay the construction, they hoped to have it for me by November.

November came and went. Then it was December. Finally they promised it for mid-December. For nearly a year, I had visualized my dream house completed by Christmas. As each deadline was met and missed, I began to lose heart. Then I set my "believing machinery" into motion.

A week before Christmas, the house was far from finished. The sub-contractors were disappointed, too. They didn't want to hurt my feelings, but they wanted to prepare me for the bad news. They went to my attorney. "There's two weeks' work left on that house," said their spokesman. "Tell Lee we're doing the best we can. . . ."

"We know that," he replied. "But you fellows don't know Lee. He's got his heart set on being in that house by Christmas. You can expect the moving man to pull up in front any day now."

When I heard about this conversation, I knew it was time to use a little psychology of my own. I had to make the builders believe as strongly as I did that *I was going to be in that house by Christmas*.

I went out to the house with a Christmas tree, as big a one as I could carry. The

men thought I was crazy. They came around saying, "Where are you going to put the tree?"

"In the living room, of course," I said. "But the carpets aren't down yet!"

I just continued with the decorating. They began to get the idea.

Someone called the carpet man. He was surprised, too, for he expected another week's grace. But he said he'd do what he could—as did everyone else. There was a flurry of activity and, the Tuesday before Christmas, the moving van did pull in. We moved in. Christmas Eve we entertained sixty of our dearest friends in our dream house. Surrounded by friends, and with the lights sparkling on the tree, I knew I was home.

Some people said the expense of building a house was one thing and furnishing it another. But again I believed. I just knew that things would take care of themselves as we went along. Before the paint on the walls was dry, friends had gifted me with enough appliances to get a good start. That, and re-covering the furniture which I already owned, plus a few new pieces which I'd ordered, began to fill up my new rooms. The fabrics go well with the wall colors, black and white, with touches of ruby red and gold. My mother's room is dusty pink and gray. It is surely a dream house. Not only mine, but the young contractor's, Bill Steiksal's.

This was Bill's first big house. We had planned it together. When he was hit by polio, he grew disheartened; first, because he would not be able to finish it for me on time; second, because he was afraid he'd never see it finished at all.

I learned that polio can be as much a mind-crippler as a body-crippler. Its victims tend to give up, under the shadow of

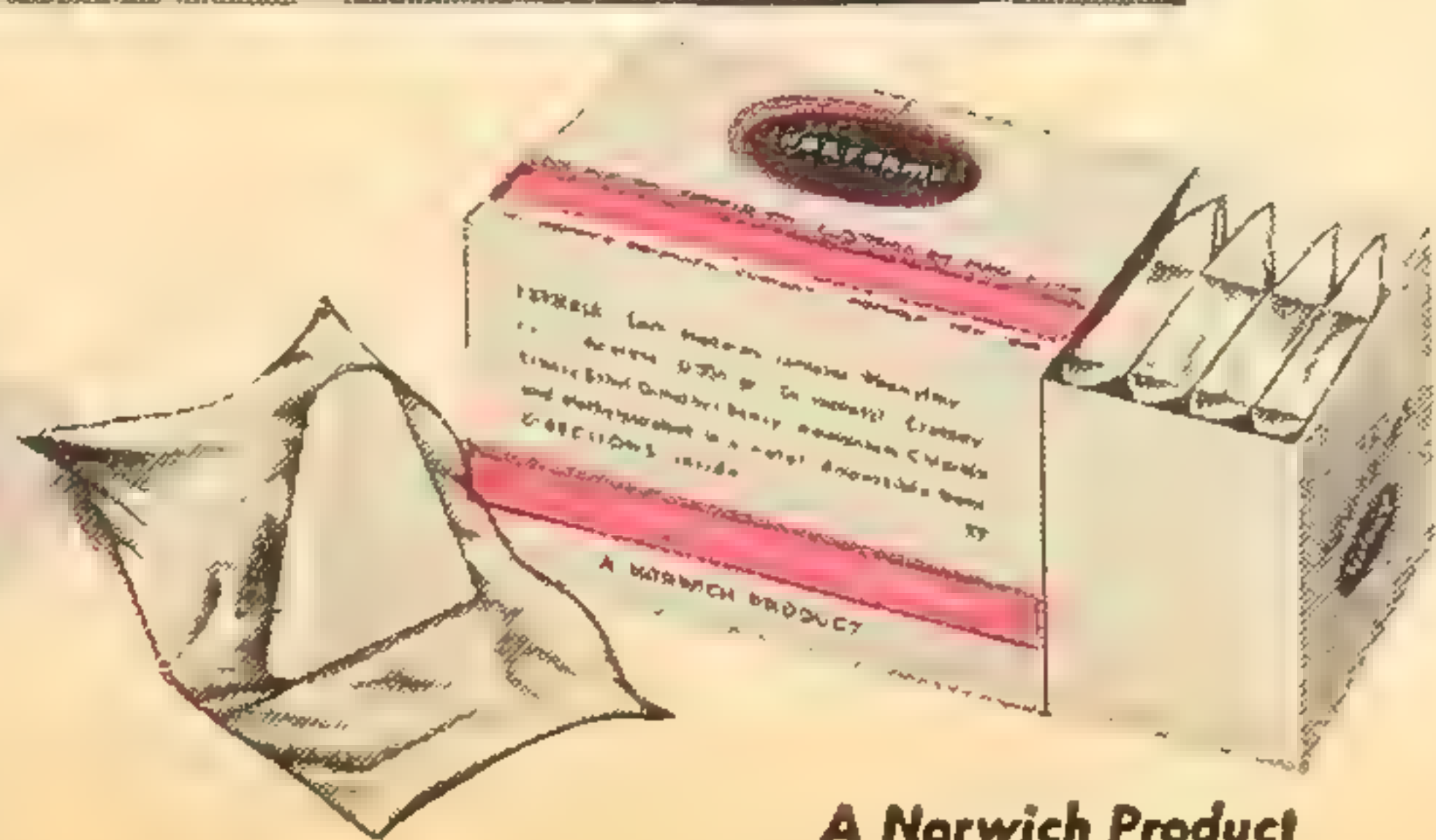
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R

M

the disease, lose sight of their goals in life. After Bill's first few weeks of illness, the thought of polio had defeated him before he had begun to fight. He had given up unnecessarily. He had no interest in even leaving the hospital, though he could well do so in a portable lung.

His wife and I visited him one afternoon at Rancho Los Amigos. In trying to give him a goal, I told him about the house. Again it was a question of believing. He didn't believe he could leave the hospital in the portable lung. Even if he were able, he felt he had no reason to. But I believed he did have a reason—to see his completed dream house. As I described it to him, I saw his eyes begin to brighten.

Though nothing happened that afternoon, his wife told me that, the next day, he wanted to take a short trip in the portable lung. He isn't able to go as far as the house, as yet, but that's his goal, what he's now *building* for.

Bill's illness has served as a lever in my own work. In the past I have played for many charities, frequently for the benefit of polio patients. Bill's illness has inspired me to concentrate my efforts against this affliction. I feel I can be more helpful by

striking with all my might against polio, rather than dispersing my efforts in many directions. I am planning many benefit concerts during the coming year. As in the past, I know I can count on my audiences to help me to help the polio victims.

I remember a "command performance" in Chicago, which I made for a girl in an iron lung. I was playing at the Edgewater Beach Hotel. One morning, I read about this girl, Mary Kitzmiller, in Jack Ryan's column in the *Chicago Daily News*. Jack had devoted his column to her plight.

The only part of her body Mary could move was her head. A microphone-like attachment was mounted on the mirror in front of her face. She watched television in the mirror, changing stations by blowing into the microphone control. In Jack's column, he said, "Liberace is Mary Kitzmiller's favorite television program. More than anything in the world," he wrote, "she wishes she could go to see him."

I was impressed with Mary's plucky spirit. I made arrangements to visit her home—with a piano. It was my first "command performance." Mary and her family and I had a wonderful afternoon.

I remember I told Mary when I left,

that I'd be back in October at the Civic Opera House. "You must come and hear a real concert," I said.

"No," she replied, looking at her reflection in the iron lung's mirror. "I couldn't ever go like this."

"If you don't come," I said, "I won't play a note!"

In parting, I didn't realize I had given Mary an incentive. When I returned in October, I looked forward to seeing what progress she had made. Then I found what great power there was in "believing."

When I returned to Chicago, I had a letter from Mary saying she was no longer tied to the iron lung. She had changed. Instead of "No, I couldn't ever go to your concert," she now wrote, "I'm allowed out of the lung seven hours each day. I'll see you at the concert—don't forget my favorite piece of music!"

The girl's story has impressed me as proof of the power of "belief." I know from my own experience that it works. If you think something is right for you, that in achieving it you will be doing good for both yourself and others, then *believe* it will happen—nothing can stop it. For truly, there is magic in believing.

The Ladies Are Always Right

(Continued from page 46)

happened is normal in many ways in many American households. Children sometimes get so busy with their various activities that some important angle is forgotten. In our case, we had the death of a bird on our hands, and all the parental advice I could offer wasn't adequate enough to help the youngster get over his remorse. I suppose I could have been a more consoling father than I was, but after all, the bird had cost a fair-sized amount of money, and I probably was influenced to some extent by that fact. The McNeills aren't named McNeill for nothing.

Of course, part of my feeling was one of resentment that any son of mine should be so thoughtless as not to provide for a pet which had no way of providing for itself. The very idea of allowing a bird to die of thirst filled me with that sense of righteous indignation which must have been apparent to my boy, and I made the typical mistake of the adult male—I failed to realize that he was punishing himself a lot worse than I ever could.

But, as I said, Mrs. McNeill is a smart woman. She didn't get into the argument, and she had no part in what passed for parental words of wisdom. But the next afternoon, when our youngster came home from school, there was another canary in the cage, as much like the first one as a twin.

Without saying anything to anyone, Kay had cut straight across to the heart of the matter and had come up with the one right answer to the whole problem. I don't believe that there ever was a time in the long and happy life of that second bird when he was lacking for food, water, or a supply of cuttlebone, or needed clean perches.

I was thinking of that sequence of events just the other day when we closed our show. I realized with a start that we had just finished doing something that had filled me with fright only a few short weeks before. Like many other radio shows, we had been looking forward to the inevitable day of going on television with something less than joy. We had a lot of misgivings about it. We had been told that it might be necessary for us to completely alter the pattern of the *Breakfast Club*. We had been told this and that about what "went" in TV and what didn't. For an old hand, used to

an old familiar pair of gloves, these words were designed to make us anything but happy about the prospect.

Naturally, since we talk over things like that at home, some of my troubles got back to the house. Frankly, I was worried, and I guess it had begun to show. One night while I was rambling on about the problem, Kay came up with a question that proves what I said at the start of this piece.

"Don, don't people who come to visit your radio program get quite a kick out of it just the way it is?"

It pulled me up short. The lady was right—at least, from all the evidence we had in the way of notes the folks wrote after getting back home—people did like to watch the *Breakfast Club*, just the way it was, with the mikes in plain sight, the crew standing around or working, cables strung all over the place, and nothing more important in the way of a set than the inside of the Terrace Room in Chicago's Morrison Hotel.

For a very long time, one particular kind of fan letter had been showing up in the mail fairly often. It ran about like this:

Dear Don: My husband and I are coming to Chicago for two reasons. One, we have to attend the meeting of his association. Two, we want to see a performance of the *Breakfast Club*. Can we have tickets?

The more I thought about Kay's question, and the more I thought about those ticket requests, the more I began to lean toward trying out a TV formula which would just about duplicate what we had been doing in radio for years.

Of course, it wasn't as easy as all that. Every once in a while, in the middle of my rash of enthusiasm, I'd get a cold feeling along my spine. It was true enough that a lot of people came to see the *Breakfast Club* in person—but, after all, what did we know about what they really said to each other when they got back home?

I was in what the elocution teacher back home used to call a "slough of despond." I was more familiar with the Mill Slough which you couldn't wade across for mud, but I knew what the lady meant. It was in the middle of one of those despondent moments that Cliff Peterson came up with a slip of paper and asked if I knew how many people had seen the show in person during the past year. Turned out it was

near to a couple of hundred thousand. Over the twenty-year period that *Breakfast Club* has been going, that meant something like 4,000,000 people could have seen the show in person. What with personal appearances, the figure was probably a lot more than that. But you take 4,000,000 people and, if the show had been bad to watch, not anywhere near that number would ever have shown up to see it!

I didn't need any more of an argument than that. I figured that it was at least worth a try. We knew that some changes might be necessary, but, for the most part, we agreed to start out doing just exactly what we had always been doing.

So we got started.

Now, the thing that happened to us next is almost fantastic, to my way of thinking. Fan mail, which had always been very high, suddenly jumped to about three times its normal quantity. On top of that, the studio audience for the show took a tremendous leap in size.

This latter development was a real puzzle. We sort of had the notion that studio audiences might drop off some if people were able to see the *Breakfast Club* at home, but no, sir. The audience at the Terrace Room is growing daily, it seems. In some respects, it was almost like starting out all over again, the way we did twenty years ago in radio.

Television has brought some changes, of course. For one thing, our "Peeping Don" feature seems to be more personalized for the folks that we tease. Our audience knows how this works. We depend on listeners and viewers to send us in some information about what a neighbor might be doing ordinarily at the time *Breakfast Club* is on. Then, on one of the shows, we address ourselves directly to that neighbor, just as though we were looking right into the house. Maybe we'll say something like "Hey, Mrs. Soandso, I see you've got that old bathrobe on again this morning." Of course, it gives the poor lady quite a start, for a moment, and then a good laugh.

There was one point of great worry for us before we started on this new venture. We didn't quite know what the reaction would be from people who were going to see us face-to-face for the first time. It's true that millions of folks had seen us at the studios or at various public appearances, but that isn't our whole audience.

Many more had met us through the years in the illustrations for stories that have appeared in RADIO-TV MIRROR. But we still weren't sure about the reaction.

The reason for that uncertainty is buried deep in the tradition of radio, where there has always been the fear that a hitherto unseen personality—known only by voice—may not fit the picture a listener has imagined for herself or himself. So, when the listener finally meets that particular performer in person, there is always the risk of disillusionment.

To some extent, we had always felt this might be true about the *Breakfast Club*. I don't think that any of us are exactly freaks, although you might get yourself an argument on that point. But it definitely was a worry. The only way to resolve that worry, we knew, was to go ahead and do TV shows and then wait for the mail.

Well, bless the people!

Here's an example:

Dear Don: I don't know who surprised me the most, but you're so big you dwarf everyone else. And the way you talked about Eddie Ballantine. Shame on you! He's no grandpa. I expected an old, gray-haired, broken-down man, but he's handsome. And Sam really does have a bay window! Johnny looks so young, but what's that streak in his hair? And Eileen is as pretty as she sings! Don, please bring your boys, because I know everyone is dying to see your "little boys," as Aunt Fanny says. I've been a Breakfast Clubber for twenty years. I never wrote to a program before, but you're all tops. God bless you all.

Sincerely and piously, God bless you, too, ma'am, and the thousands more like you who have wished us well. But, ma'am, what's that about "little" boys? I am the proud papa of several *mooses*! Incidentally,

Tom had to cut classes at Notre Dame to see our TV show, and I got a letter from him asking me to make up the work that he missed in order to watch us.

But the mail—oh my, yes, the mail! It takes seven people, three from my office and four in the audience-mail department at ABC, to keep up with it. Although I can't possibly read it all myself, I do get to see a good share of it.

But, just to indicate what the problem can amount to, the fans sent us 12,232 pieces of mail in the first two weeks our television show was on the air! It made us very happy to find that by far and away the largest part of it was in the form of congratulations. Not all of it was that way. There were criticisms, too. It would have been very strange if we hadn't been criticized, because nothing is ever perfect. Regardless of planning in advance, the actual presentation always manages to go astray in some respects, although on a show like ours there is enough freedom so that the boners can often be turned to good advantage.

One of the advantages of the criticism we have received is that much of it consisted of guideposts pointing ways to improve what we were doing. For instance, one viewer complained that the background looked like a coffin. Well, naturally, we changed that, and we have also given more attention to things that can be seen. We went to Florida again in March, and Sam did his usual stunt of falling into a pool. He had done it before in radio days—but, this time, sight was added to the sound of the splash and, of course, the TV audience got a bigger kick out of it. Meanwhile, the whole thing still sounded funny to the radio audience.

In many respects, we have found the television show easier to do than just the

radio show alone. This statement is probably going to be cause for some amazement on the part of other people in the TV field, but it's nothing but the truth. The explanation is that we can take advantage of some natural features of the program which didn't mean so much in "radio only" days, such as the fact that Sam is naturally a great clown to watch, and that Fran "Aunt Fanny" Allison is a great sight in those getups of hers.

Speaking of getups reminds me that not all of the getups are confined to our show by any means. A lot of them must be out there in the audience. Take this message, for instance:

Dear Don: You are really causing a pajama parade in our neighborhood. Our town just recently got its first TV station, so there are not too many sets around yet. My next-door neighbor and I push the kids out the front door to school and, in pajamas and housecoats, we rush out the back door, one with the coffee and the other with cookies, dash across the muddy garden to another Breakfast Clubber's to watch your program. I even leave my poor husband to drink his last cup of coffee alone, and if we don't get our own TV set soon I'm afraid he's going to charge you with breaking up our happy home.

Perish forbid! I sure hope those nice folks have that set by now!

But, as for my own home, I sometimes wonder if this modern scientific miracle and its attached jargon aren't going to be the ruin of us. This is the kind of conversation my boys open up with when I get home:

"Hey, Pop, the next time they make a tight shot of you, tell 'em not to hit it so hard with the spot and to take those pans slower."

Not only mooses, but technical directors yet!



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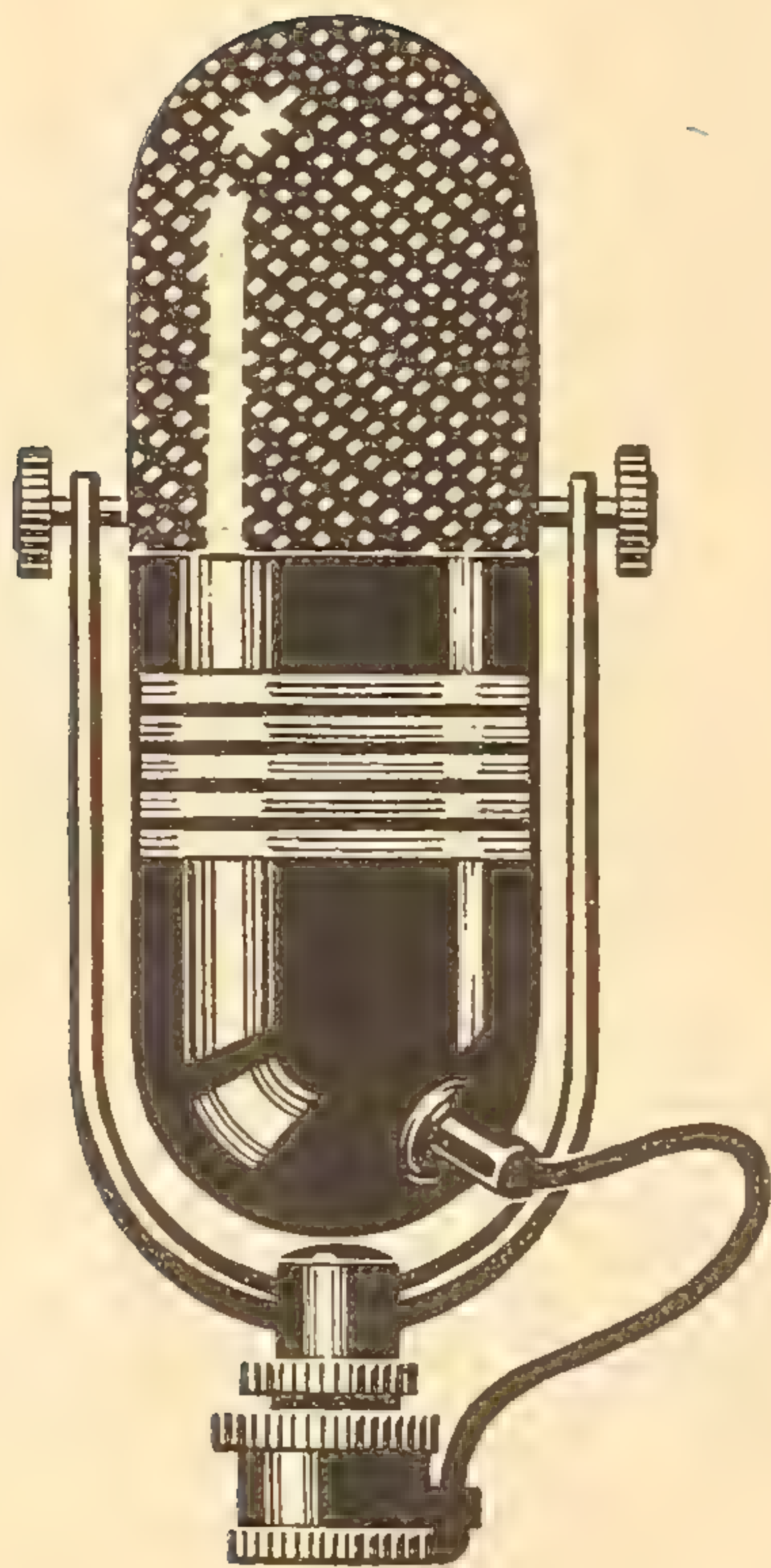
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Inside Radio

All Times Listed Are Eastern Daylight Time.

Monday through Friday

NBC

MBS

ABC

CBS

Morning Programs

8:30 8:45	World News Roundup	Local Program Gabriel Heatter ² 8:55 Titus Moody ¹	John MacVane 8:55 Betty Crocker*	News
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Ev'ry Day	Robert Hurleigh Gene & Glenn Barbara Welles Show	Breakfast Club	News Of America Joan Edwards Show
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Welcome Travelers Bob Hope Break The Bank	Cecil Brown Faith In Our Time News	My True Story 10:25 Whispering Streets When A Girl Marries	Arthur Godfrey Show
11:00 11:15	Strike It Rich	Madeleine Carroll, Drama 11:25 News, Holland Engle	Modern Romances Ever Since Eve	
11:30 11:45	Phrase That Pays	Queen For A Day	Thy Neighbor's Voice Three-City Byline	Make Up Your Mind Rosemary

Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15	Pauline Frederick Reporting	Break The Bank Capitol Commentary with Les Higgie 12:20 Guest Time	Valentino Oklahoma Wranglers 12:25 Jack Berch Show Bill Ring Show	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny
12:30 12:45				Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45		Ray Heatherton Game Of The Day†	Paul Harvey, News Ted Malone	Road Of Life Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15		Fred Robbins' Show 2:25 News, Sam Hayes		Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason
2:30 2:45		Wonderful City	Betty Crocker* 2:35 Martin Block	This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road Of Life Pepper Young Right To Happiness	Ruby Mercer Show	Martin Block (con.)	Hilltop House House Party Wizard Of Odds 3:55 It Happens Every Day
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Young Widder Brown Woman In My House	News Music Charley & John ¹ M-W-F ² T-Th † Approx. starting time. Heard only in southeast and south- west regions.	Reed Browning Show 4:25 Betty Crocker* Treasury Bandstand	4:05 Emily Kim- brough Treasury Bandstand 4:55 News

Monday

Evening Programs

5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell Lorenzo Jones It Pays To Be Married	Bobby Benson 5:50 New, Cecil Brown	News, Austin Kip- linger Art & Dotty Todd Musical Express	News Curt Massey Time 5:55 This I Believe
6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Sports Daily with Mel Allen, Russ Hodges Three Star Extra	Local Program	Bill Stern, Sports George Hicks, News	Jackson & The News Dwight Cooke Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Perry Como	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe The Lone Ranger 7:55 Les Griffith, News	Tennessee Ernie Beulah Julius La Rosa Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	The Railroad Hour Voice Of Firestone	The Falcon Under Arrest	Henry J. Taylor Jack Gregson Show	Suspense Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Hollywood Show- case Band Of America	News, Bill Henry 9:05 Edward Arnold Mutual Newsreel 9:25 Robert Hurleigh Reporters' Roundup	Music By Camarata Doorway To The Future	Lux Theater
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fibber McGee And Molly Heart Of The News Man In The Balcony	Frank Edwards Manhattan Crossroads Deems Taylor	Headline Edition Turner Calling Edwin C. Hill 10:35 Martha Lou Harp	Mr. Keen, Tracer of Lost Persons

Tuesday

Evening Programs

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
5:00	Just Plain Bill	Bobby Benson	News, Austin Kiplinger Art & Dotty Todd	News
5:15	Front Page Farrell			
5:30	Lorenzo Jones			
5:45	It Pays To Be Married	5:50 News, Cecil Brown	Musical Express	Curt Massey Time 5:55 This I Believe
6:00		Local Program		Jackson & The News Dwight Cooke
6:15	Sports Daily with Mel Allen, Russ Hodges			
6:30	Three Star Extra		Bill Stern, Sports George Hicks, News	Lowell Thomas
6:45				
7:00	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe	Tennessee Ernie Beulah
7:15	News Of The World	Gabriel Heatter	Starr Of Space	Choraliers
7:30	One Man's Family	Eddie Fisher	7:55 Les Griffith, News	Edward R. Murrow
7:45				
8:00	Dinah Shore	Mickey Spillane, Mystery	Jack Gregson Show	People Are Funny
8:15	Frank Sinatra Sings	High Adventure, George Sanders		Mr. & Mrs. North
8:30	Barrie Craig			
8:45				
9:00	Dragnet	News, Bill Henry 9:05 Edward Arnold	Town Meeting	Yours Truly, Johnny Dollar
9:15		Mutual Newsreel		
9:30	News, Swayze	Search That Never Ends	Erwin D. Canham, News	My Friend Irma
9:45	Crime & Peter Chambers	9:55 Lorne Greene		
10:00	Fibber McGee And Molly	Frank Edwards	Headline Edition	Louella Parsons
10:15	Heart Of The News	Manhattan Crossroads	Turner Calling	Robert Trout, News
10:30	Stars From Paris	State Of The Nation	Edwin C. Hill 10:35 Three Suns	10:20 Nocturne

Thursday

Evening Programs

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
5:00	Just Plain Bill	Bobby Benson	News, Austin Kiplinger Art & Dotty Todd	News
5:15	Front Page Farrell			
5:30	Lorenzo Jones			
5:45	It Pays To Be Married	5:50 News, Cecil Brown	Musical Express	Curt Massey Time 5:55 This I Believe
6:00		Local Program		Jackson & The News Dwight Cooke
6:15	Sports Daily with Mel Allen, Russ Hodges			
6:30	Three Star Extra		Bill Stern, Sports George Hicks, News	Lowell Thomas
6:45				
7:00	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe	Tennessee Ernie Beulah
7:15	News Of The World	Gabriel Heatter	Starr Of Space	Choraliers
7:30	One Man's Family	Eddie Fisher	7:55 Les Griffith, News	Edward R. Murrow
7:45				
8:00	Roy Rogers	Official Detective	Jack Gregson Show	Meet Millie
8:15	8:25 News			Junior Miss
8:30	Six Shooter	Crime Fighters		
8:45				
9:00	Jason & The Golden Fleece	News, Bill Henry 9:05 Edward Arnold	Paul Whiteman Varieties	On Stage—Cathy & Elliott Lewis
9:15		Mutual Newsreel		
9:30	News, Swayze	Author Meets The Critics		Night Watch
9:45	9:35 Eddie Cantor			
10:00	Fibber McGee And Molly	Frank Edwards	Headline Edition	Mr. Keen, Tracer of Lost Persons
10:15	Heart Of The News	Manhattan Crossroads	Turner Calling	
10:30	Jane Pickens Show	Deems Taylor	Edwin C. Hill 10:35 Aragon Ballroom	

Wednesday

Evening Programs

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
5:00	Just Plain Bill	Songs Of The B-Bar-B	News, Austin Kiplinger Art & Dotty Todd	News
5:15	Front Page Farrell			
5:30	Lorenzo Jones			
5:45	It Pays To Be Married	5:50 News, Cecil Brown	Musical Express	Curt Massey Time 5:55 This I Believe
6:00		Local Program		Jackson & The News Dwight Cooke
6:15	Sports Daily with Mel Allen, Russ Hodges			
6:30	Three Star Extra		Bill Stern, Sports George Hicks, News	Lowell Thomas
6:45				
7:00	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe	Tennessee Ernie Beulah
7:15	News Of The World	Gabriel Heatter	Lone Ranger	Symphonette
7:30	One Man's Family	Perry Como	7:55 Les Griffith, News	Edward R. Murrow
7:45				
8:00	Walk A Mile Quiz	Squad Room	Jack Gregson Show	F.B.I. In Peace And War
8:15	Great Gildersleeve	Nightmare		21st Precinct
8:30				
8:45				
9:00	You Bet Your Life	News, Bill Henry 9:05 Edward Arnold	Hollywood Airport	Crime Photographer
9:15		Mutual Newsreel		
9:30	Big Story	9:25 Robert Hurleigh Family Theater	Mystery Theater	Crime Classics
9:45				
10:00	Fibber McGee And Molly	Frank Edwards	Headline Edition	Mr. Keen, Tracer of Lost Persons
10:15	Heart Of The News	Manhattan Crossroads	Turner Calling	
10:30	Keys To The Capital	Sounding Board	Edwin C. Hill 10:35 Front And Center	

Friday

Evening Programs

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
5:00	Just Plain Bill	Songs Of The B-Bar-B	News, Austin Kiplinger Art & Dotty Todd	News
5:15	Front Page Farrell			
5:30	Lorenzo Jones			
5:45	It Pays To Be Married	5:50 News, Cecil Brown	Musical Express	Curt Massey Time 5:55 This I Believe
6:00		Local Program		Jackson & The News Dwight Cooke
6:15	Sports Daily with Mel Allen, Russ Hodges			
6:30	Three Star Extra		Bill Stern, Sports George Hicks, News	Lowell Thomas
6:45				
7:00	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe	Tennessee Ernie Beulah
7:15	News Of The World	Gabriel Heatter	Lone Ranger	Symphonette
7:30	One Man's Family	Perry Como	7:55 Les Griffith, News	Edward R. Murrow
7:45				
8:00	Dinah Shore	Counter-Spy	Jack Gregson Show	Mr. Keen, Tracer Of Lost Persons
8:15	Frank Sinatra Sings			Godfrey Digest
8:30	Bob Hope Show	Take A Number		
8:45				
9:00	Phil Harris—Alice Faye Show	News, Bill Henry 9:05 Edward Arnold	Ozzie & Harriet	Godfrey Digest (con.)
9:15		Mutual Newsreel		
9:30	News, Swayze	9:25 Robert Hurleigh	The World We Live In	That's Rich
9:45	9:35 Can You Top This?		9:55 Sport Report	
10:00	Fibber McGee And Molly	Frank Edwards	Cavalcade Of Sports	Mr. Keen, Tracer of Lost Persons
10:15	Heart Of The News	Manhattan Crossroads		
10:30	Listen To Wash- ington	Deems Taylor		

Inside Radio

Saturday

NBC

MBS

ABC

CBS

Morning Programs

8:30	Egbert & Ummly	Local Programs	News Summary	News
9:00	Egbert & Ummly (con.)		No School Today	News Of America
9:15	Mind Your Manners			Garden Gate
9:45				Galen Drake Show
10:00	Breakfast In Hollywood	Woody Woodpecker Show, Mel Blanc	Space Patrol	
10:15	Mary Lee Taylor Show			
10:30				
10:45				
11:00	News	Helen Hall, Femme Fair	Platterbrains	Robert Q. Lewis Show
11:15	Doorway To Beauty	Headline News	All League Club House	
11:30	Woman In Love	11:35 U. S. Military Band		
11:45				

Afternoon Programs

12:00	Marine Band	Man On The Farm	101 Ranch Boys	Noon News
12:15				12:05 Romance
12:30	Army Band	12:35 Fifth Army Band	American Farmer	Stars Over Hollywood
12:45				12:55 This I Believe
1:00	National Farm And Home Hour	Symphonies For Youth	Navy Hour	City Hospital
1:15	All Star Parade Of Bands	Game Of The Day*	Vincent Lopez	Peter Lind Hayes Show
1:30				1:55 Galen Drake
1:45				
2:00	Road Show Bill Cullen	Symphonies For Youth (con.)	Music Festival with Milton Cross	Let's Pretend
2:15		2:25 Headline News		Make Way For Youth
2:30		101 Ranch Boys		
2:45				
3:00	Road Show (con.)	Bandstand, U.S.A.	Music Festival (con.)	Report From Overseas
3:15		Sloan Simpson		Adventures In Science
3:30				Farm News
3:45				World Assignment
4:00	Road Show (con.)	Mac McGuire	Paulena Carter	Operation Music
4:15			Horse Racing	Washington, U.S.A.
4:30			Pan-American Union	
4:45				
5:00	Road Show (con.)	News	Tea & Crumpets	News
5:15		5:05 Teenagers		Symphonette
5:30		Unlimited		
5:45		Brickhouse, Sports	Pop Concert	
		5:55 News		
		*Approx. starting time. Heard only in southeast and southwest regions.		

Evening Programs

6:00	News	News	It's Your Business	News, Bancroft
6:15	H. V. Kaltenborn	6:05 Dance Music	James Crowley Reports	News, Schorr
6:30	Showcase	Dinner Date	Bob Finnegan, Sports	Sports Roundup
6:45		6:55 Cecil Brown	Bob Edge, Sports	
			Afield	
7:00	Spotlight On Paris	Sam Levine, Kegler	Bob Mills, Show	
7:15		Report From Washington	Tunes	
7:30	The Big Preview	Keep Healthy	Three Suns	
7:45		7:55 Globe Trotter	Dinner At The Green Room	That's Rich, with Stan Freberg
8:00	The Big Preview (con.)	Farm Quiz	News	Gunsmoke
8:15		Southern Ramblers	8:05 ABC Dancing Party	8:25 Win Elliot
8:30				Gangbusters
8:45				
9:00	The Big Preview (con.)	New England Barnyard Jamboree	ABC Dancing Party (con.)	Two For The Money
9:15	Grand Ole Opry	Lombardo Land		Country Style
9:30				
9:45				
10:00	Country Tune Parade	Chicago Theater Of The Air	Your Voice Of America	News, Schorr
10:15	Dude Ranch Jamboree		Orchestra	10:05 Country Style (con.)
10:30	Pee Wee King Show			News

Sunday

NBC

MBS

ABC

CBS

Morning Programs

8:30			Light And Life Hour	Renfro Valley
				8:55 This I Believe
9:00	World News Roundup	Wings Of Healing	News	The Music Room
9:15	Carnival Of Books		9:05 Milton Cross Album	World News Roundup
9:30	Faith In Action	Back To God	Voice Of Prophecy	Organ Music, E. Power Biggs
9:45	Art Of Living			
10:00	National Radio Pulpit	Radio Bible Class	Message Of Israel	Church Of The Air
10:15	Collector's Item	Voice Of Prophecy	College Choirs	
10:30				
10:45				
11:00	Collector's Item (con.)	Frank And Ernest	Pan-American Union	Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir
11:15		Merry Mailman	Christian In Action	News
11:30		Northwestern		11:35 Invitation To Learning
11:45		Reviewing Stand		

Afternoon Programs

12:00	Collector's Item (con.)	College Choirs	News	The Leading Question
12:15	The Eternal Light	News, Bill Cunningham	Gloria Parker	Howard K. Smith, World Affairs
12:30		John T. Flynn	Time Capsule	News Report
12:45				
1:00	Citizens At Work	Game Of The Day*	Herald Of Truth	Your Invitation To Music
1:15	Univ. Of Chicago Round Table	Lutheran Hour	National Vespers	
1:30				
1:45				
2:00	The Catholic Hour	Bandstand, U.S.A.	Dr. Oral Roberts	Your Invitation To Music (con.)
2:15	Youth Wants To Know	Sammy Kaye	Wings Of Healing	On A Sunday Afternoon
2:30				
2:45				
3:00	Golden Hour, David Ross	U.S. Marine Band	Marines In Review	On A Sunday Afternoon (con.)
3:15		Music From Britain	Hour Of Decision	
3:30				
3:45				
4:00	Weekend Newspaper Of The Air	Music From Britain (con.)	Old-Fashioned Revival Hour	On A Sunday Afternoon (con.)
4:15		Flight In The Blue		
4:30		4:55 Lorne Greene		
4:45				
5:00	Weekend Newspaper Of The Air (con.)	The Shadow	News	On A Sunday Afternoon (con.)
5:15		True Detective	5:05 Evening Comes	The World Today
5:30		Mysteries	The Chaplains	
5:45		5:55 Cecil Brown		
		*Approx. starting time. Heard only in southeast and southwest regions.		

Evening Programs

6:00	American Forum	Nick Carter	Monday Morning Headlines	Gene Autry
6:15			Paul Harvey, News	
6:30	NBC Summer Concert	Bob Considine	George Sokolsky	Our Miss Brooks
6:45		Wisner, Sports	Don Cornell	
7:00	NBC Concert (con.)	Rod And Gun Club	This Week Around The World	Jukebox Jury, with Peter Potter
7:15		Chamber Music	What's The Name Of That Song?	
7:30	Theater Royal			
7:45	7:55 News			
8:00	Dave Garraway Show	Hawaii Calls	American Music Hall	Summer Show
8:15				
8:30		Enchanted Hour		My Little Margie
8:45		8:55 News		
9:00	Dave Garraway Show (con.)	Army Hour	Walter Winchell	Hall Of Fame
9:15		London Studio	News, Taylor Grant	Summer Show (con.)
9:30		Melodies	Answers For Americans	
9:45				
10:00	Inheritance	Al Helfer, Sports	Paul Harvey, News	News, Schorr
10:15		News, Hazel Markel	Elmer Davis	10:05 Man Of The Week
10:30	Meet The Press	Men's Corner	Revival Time	UN Report

DAYTIME DIARY

(Continued from page 23)

what hope of success is there for Poco? Is it possible that one day she may have to renounce Bill? 10:45 A.M., NBC-TV.

VALIANT LADY Bill Fraser's seeming coolness to the widow of his best friend is explained when Helen for the first time suspects that town gossip linking them may have its basis in Bill's real feeling. Confused about her own desires, Helen knows she has an enemy in crafty Margot Finchley, who has returned to town nursing a grudge against Helen that began in their school days. What lies ahead for Helen Emerson, her children, and Bill? 12 noon, CBS-TV.

WENDY WARREN Wendy Warren, an experienced reporter, fully appreciates the strain of creative work. But she herself has never reacted to overwork or discouragement with the same unpredictable violence shown by her playwright husband, Mark Douglas. And though Wendy has seen Mark through many an emotional crisis, she is never certain just what to do or say to set things right. Will a time come when she can't help him? 12 noon, CBS.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES Over the years, Joan Davis has learned to check her instinctive impulse to offer help to her loved ones when they are in trouble, until she has assured herself that her help will be constructive. In the case of her sister Sylvia, Joan finds herself almost at a loss. Is Sylvia's peculiar design for the future the best one for her, or should Joan and Harry persist in offering the help Sylvia has refused? 10:45 A.M., ABC.

WOMAN IN MY HOUSE When the Carter children were toddlers, their parents may have been guilty of wishing they were just a bit older and less troublesome. When they were adolescents, James and Jessie perhaps looked forward to the time when they could sit back and let the children handle their own troubles. But they have learned now that a real family only grows as the children grow . . . and so do the problems. 4:45 P.M., NBC.

WOMAN WITH A PAST Lynn Sherwood's new shop, financed by Craig Rockwell, gets off to the same promising start as her romance with Steve Russell—until Craig's wife Sylvia turns out to be an old flame of Steve's. What is Sylvia really after as she tries to involve her own husband in a scandal with Lynn? And what will happen to Lynn, her sister Pegs, and their little niece Diane when a man called Clark Webster gets out of jail? 4 P.M., CBS-TV.

YOUNG DR. MALONE Dr. Jerry Malone fought a long, lonely battle for adjustment after the death of his wife, and recently his mother and his friend, Dr. Browne, felt he had succeeded in reestablishing a healthy, constructive outlook. Has Tracey Adams given Jerry an emotional shock that will set him back? How will his young daughter Jill be affected by this? 1:30 P.M., CBS.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN After Dr. Anthony Loring's marriage to Millicent, Ellen turns to Michael Forsyth for comfort and now finds herself beginning to enjoy his devoted companionship. But Millicent's enmity is aroused once again by the possibility that Ellen may find some happiness. Will the jealous wife of the man Ellen really loves succeed in ruining Ellen's reputation? 4:30 P.M., NBC.

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USE IT FOR MINOR BURNS, CUTS SCRATCHES, ABRASIONS

Quick! Apply Campho-Phenique at once to minor burns from hot cooking utensils, hot water or steam . . . stops pain *instantly*, promotes rapid healing. The same thing happens when you use it on minor cuts, scratches and abrasions. Campho-Phenique is highly antiseptic. Wonderful for fever blisters, cold sores, gum boils; to relieve itching and to guard against infecting insect bites. Used on pimples, Campho-Phenique helps prevent their spread and re-infection.



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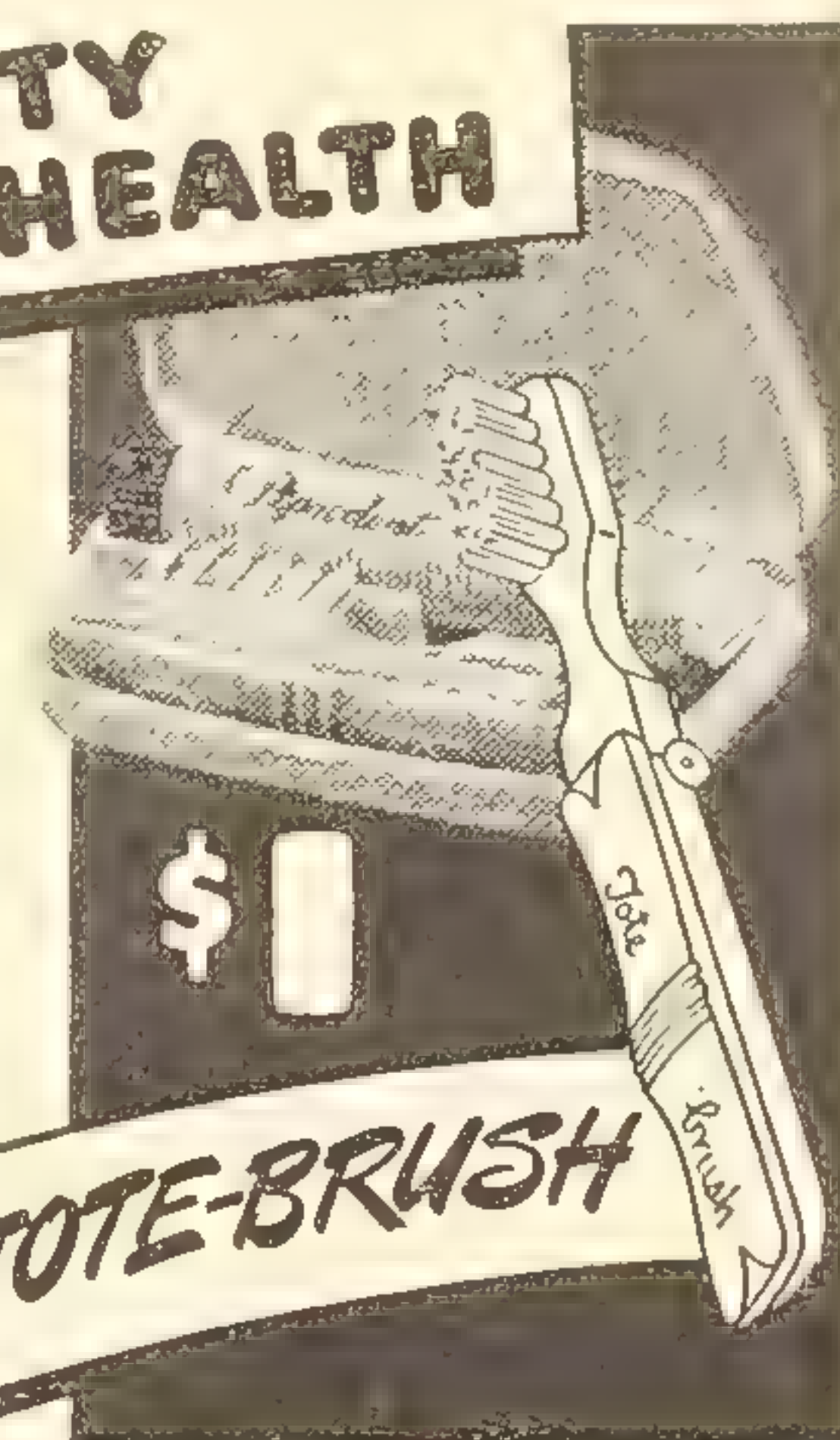
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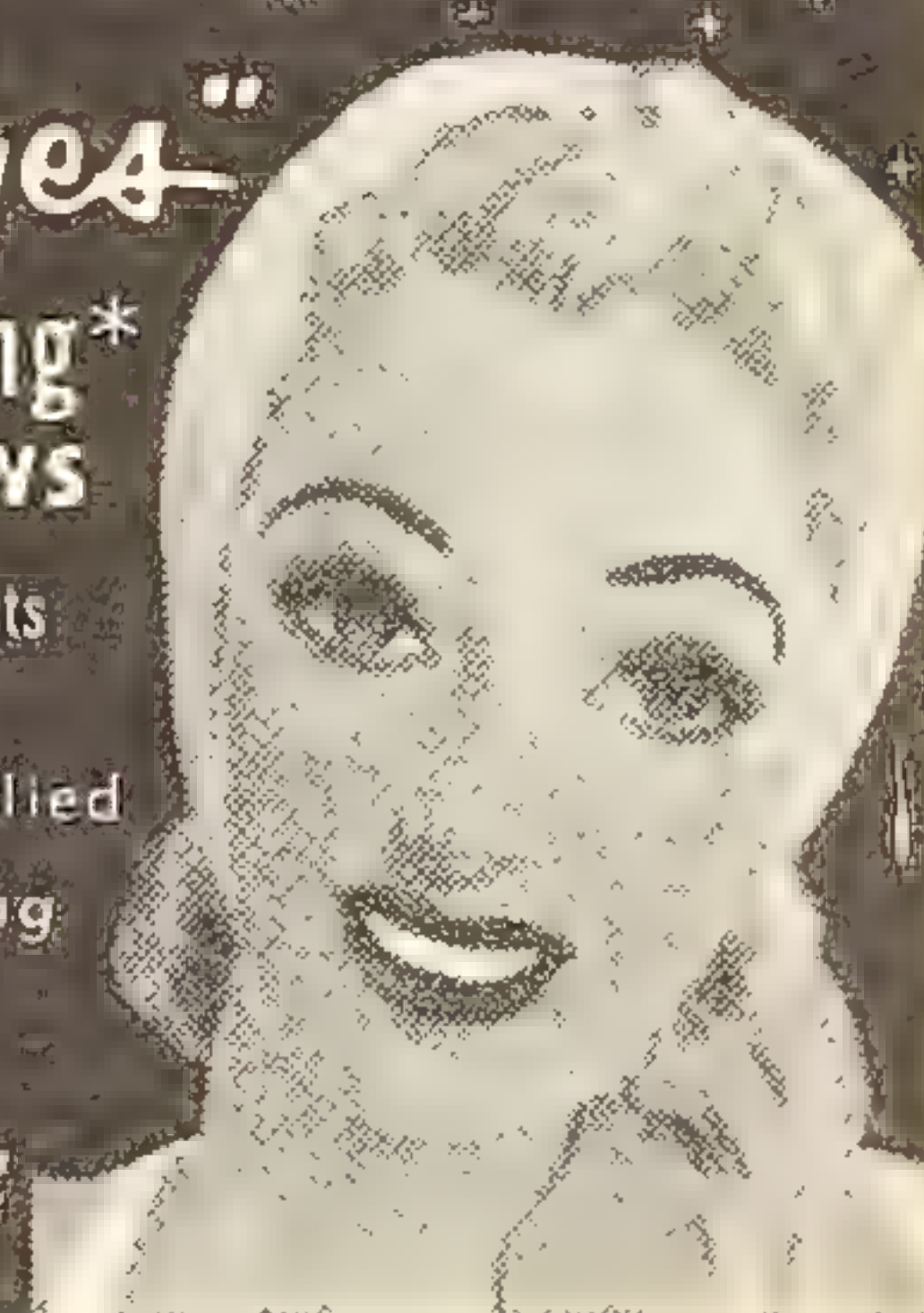
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Check Shade: ☐ Black ☐ Brown

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Happiness—Marked “Sterling”

(Continued from page 51)

decided, for instance, that, when the tiny girl was asleep in the nursery, Archie could have full run of the rest of the house and pretend he was still top fellow. Barbara worried about Jack, too, for a different reason.

“She wondered about that two o’clock middle-of-the-night feeding for the baby,” Jack explained. “I get up between 4 and 4:30 to get to my early-morning broadcast over the CBS Radio network five days a week. I’m up almost as early on Saturdays, to get to Philadelphia for the *Big Top* television rehearsals for the noon broadcast. Barbara was worried that, if the baby woke me up at two and my rest was broken it would be even harder to get up so early. Now, she has it all figured out so that my schedule doesn’t conflict with Patty Ann’s—and vice versa!”

Even with a new baby in the house, the Sterlings’ schedule can’t be too completely different from what it was. They have had to be early-to-bedders and early-to-risers right along. “Who could be anything else, with this morning wake-up radio show, followed by the panel radio show just before noon—*Make Up Your Mind*—and the race to Philadelphia early every Saturday? Barbara has had to put up with this kind of living ever since she married me, and nothing could upset her now. She has always been wonderful about it.”

They had two sets of names all picked out. Patty Ann (christening name, Patricia Ann) for a girl . . . not after anyone in particular, but because they both like that combination of names. John Robert for a boy . . . John for daddy Jack, and Robert for Barbara’s father and brother. So there didn’t have to be any quick, last-minute conference on that score . . . and Patty Ann settled the name problem immediately upon her arrival.

Shopping for the baby was the great thrill during the months they waited. Jack was constantly bringing home all sorts of presents, mostly frivolous. Toys for kindergarten-age kids. Balls and balloons. Dolls. Barbara was trying to be “practical.” But it was the very first present Barbara’s mother, Mrs. Robert MacGregor, bought for the baby which tickled them most. She came visiting from Spring Lake, New Jersey, where the family has a home, and she and Barbara spent a day shopping. “There were such darling things in the stores,” as Barbara recalled, “but mostly the ones that caught my eye were the impractical ones, the things we could do without. I was being very stern with myself, and turning away when I was tempted. At one point, however, when I was buying something like diapers or bibs, my mother wandered off by herself and came back looking so pleased with a purchase she had made. Not a dress, or a blanket, or a bonnet—these came later—but a miniature basket with a mother cat and kitten curled up in it.

“Look,” she said. “When you twist the cat’s tail it plays that beautiful Brahms lullaby!” So then we both laughed, and I decided to give up even trying to be practical. There’s a lot to be said about lulling one’s child to sleep with Brahms’ music, to dream of kitty-cats.”

Jack’s radio listeners provided part of the practicality which Barbara had aimed for. He simply couldn’t resist mentioning the happy coming event on his morning radio show, so the whole thing took on more than a family-and-friends-and-local interest. Listeners flooded his mail with congratulatory notes and cards, and dozens of presents arrived for the new child.

One listener knitted matching sweaters, bonnets and booties. Another sent a darling dress. Another knitted two sets of bottle warmers. There were bonnets and booties and bibs.

“Such wonderful, useful things!” Jack and Barbara agreed. “We were touched by an offer to lend us a bassinet which had been used for a family of children and grandchildren, and had great sentimental value for all of them. But ours was already waiting and ready.”

The new little member of the Sterling family was bound to find a ready-made love and understanding of children. Jack deals with kids constantly, of course, on his *Big Top* program, and is completely at home with children of all ages. Barbara gets along famously with youngsters, taught school briefly before her marriage—after she gave up her job as Jack’s secretary, about which we’ll tell you later! When she was engaged to Jack, she used to ask her first-graders on Monday what television shows they had seen over the weekend and which they had liked. When someone would mention *Sealtest Big Top*, she would wait for some enthusiasm to show up over Jack—its ringmaster.

“They would talk about the clowns and the monkeys and the dog acts, but no child ever said anything about the handsome ringmaster, and I would be so disappointed. I finally discovered that they loved Jack, but took him for granted as a wonderful friend who brought the circus to them every week. They didn’t have to talk about him, because he was always there, part of the whole show, smiling out at them and keeping them happy and interested.”

Neither of the Sterlings has any set group of theories about child rearing, except that Jack has learned certain useful things from his contact with so many kids. His first rule has always been never to talk down to a child. “There isn’t any level you have to get down to in dealing with kids, if you’re friendly. Kids know right away whether or not you like them, and they can spot a phony just as fast. The real young ones only recognize me when I’m dressed in my top hat and tails on the show. If they meet me at any other time, in other clothes, it takes them a while to figure out I’m that other fellow, too. The older ones understand, of course. I suspect that, as Patty Ann gets old enough to begin to question, there will be this same problem of whether Daddy is really Daddy or that man who blows a whistle in the *Big Top*. Maybe Barbara and I can figure out some way to explain it by that time.”

Barbara’s ideas center mostly around continual love and understanding and patience. Before the baby came, she had said that she felt the best start for a daughter was to teach her the ways of domesticity, how to feel at home in a kitchen, how to keep house, to sew, and the other things a girl likes to know when she’s looking forward some day to marriage and children and a home of her own.

Even the question of a *sometime* career or job had come up! Jack had talked about that. “Barbara and I feel that all children should be allowed to choose their work for themselves. If a child of ours wants show business, then that will be fine with us, if there’s a real inclination and some real talent. Neither of us would force it, or prevent it. It is a little early for us to be worrying about that, isn’t it?” And they had both laughed at their long look into the future.

Jack himself had been a show-business child, literally raised in a trunk, traveling with his sister and their parents around

the vaudeville and stock-company circuits, taking part in the family show almost as soon as he learned to talk.

The closest Barbara has come to show business was her job as secretary, first to Margaret Arlen on her WCBS-TV program, and then to Jack. She has a lovely singing voice which might have been used professionally, but, even though Jack offered to get her auditions at the time she was working for him, she has always backed out of them. “Actually, she is scared of singing professionally, although she loves to sing,” Jack says. “And a life of that sort doesn’t really appeal to her, which is fine with me, especially since there’s a child to consider. I like things just the way they are.”

Jack picked Barbara out as the girl he wanted to work for him when she was still on Margaret Arlen’s staff. “I was attracted by Barbara’s friendly manner and really wonderful disposition, but I couldn’t offer her the job in my office without first finding out if Margaret could spare her. Margaret had a couple of assistants and I hoped she would let me steal Barbara. She did, because it was an advancement and she wouldn’t hold her back. So I approached Barbara herself, and she said she would come.”

Barbara was thrilled at the chance. “I had been told that Jack was nice to work for and that it would be great fun to be in on all the things he was planning to do on radio and television, in addition to the ones he was already doing. I welcomed the extra responsibility because it made work more interesting to me.”

As for Jack, he admits now that maybe, without realizing it, he was being more attracted to Barbara than he realized. “It just seemed great to me to have someone so intelligent and pleasant to people on the telephone, so gracious to callers, so eager to make everything run efficiently and easily. She was very pretty and very sweet, and I just liked having her around. Then one day she almost spoiled the whole thing by telling me that her family was planning to move to Washington, D. C., and that she didn’t think it was fair to get any deeper into the work and then leave me. ‘Wouldn’t it be better for me to start training someone else now,’ she asked me, ‘and not suddenly leave you without proper assistance?’ I thought it was so honest of her that, when the day came for her to leave, I asked her to have lunch with me, just to show her how much I appreciated the way she had handled everything.”

“Actually, as it turned out, that lunch was our first ‘date,’” Barbara added. “I did leave, although our move to Washington was postponed until the following September, and this was only February. I saw Jack during those months and, after I went down to Washington and worked there and started to teach, we would have weekend dates. Sometimes he came down, after his *Big Top* broadcast from Philadelphia. Sometimes I caught the noon train out of Washington and he boarded it in Philadelphia, and I spent the weekend with friends in New York and Jack took me out to dinner and shows. Less than a year and a half after our ‘farewell’ lunch, we were married—in June, 1953.”

The wedding was at St. Catherine’s Chapel in Spring Lake, near the MacGregor family home. This summer they’ll be staying down there frequently with the baby on weekends, to get the ocean air and escape the New York heat, and on Saturdays Jack can commute by car to Philadelphia, only a short drive.

They had a Bermuda honeymoon, then

had to spend the summer waiting for the New York apartment to be made ready. Now they're happily settled in it, only a few blocks from the studios in which Jack does his two radio programs.

Archie, the parakeet, still presides over the dining room, and flies to the buffet—when he is let out of his lovely cage—to admire his own beauty reflected in the silver tea service on a beautiful fruitwood buffet. If he's unhappy, he gives less and less sign of it as he grows more and more used to listening to the baby's small gurgles of delight at his brilliant blue feathers as he hops back and forth within his cage.

In the shining all-white kitchen, Jack indulges his very favorite hobby of cooking. Half a shelf of the wide bookcase in the living room is filled with his collection of cookbooks, most of them the exotic dishes for which he occasionally has to refer back to a recipe, lest he leave out one of the many unusual ingredients.

Right now, however, Jack's proudest of his prowess at fixing formulas for a small baby with a big appetite. The newest star in the Sterling household—little Miss Patricia Ann!

Good Man Friday

(Continued from page 53)
to "Jack Webb's charity."

Back at the studio, Jack faced a problem. Once the contributors had dropped their money into the large drum provided for that purpose, they wouldn't leave the theater. If the station would give him six more hours, Jack promised to double the \$200,000 which they had collected in the eighteen hours the station had already donated. But, if he couldn't get the audience to "circulate," he wouldn't reach the new figure.

So Jack started a "parade toward the stage." He finally arranged it so that the audience filed between him and the drum. They then had one hand to drop in their contribution and the other free for a handshake with Jack.

In their twenty-fourth hour, and after thousands of handshakes, the telethon had raised \$400,000. The station gave him three more hours. At the end of twenty-seven hours, Jack Webb—with the help of hundreds of performers and technicians from the entertainment industry, and thousands of wonderfully warm-hearted Americans in the audience—had raised and given \$500,000 . . . a half-million dollars for cerebral palsy.

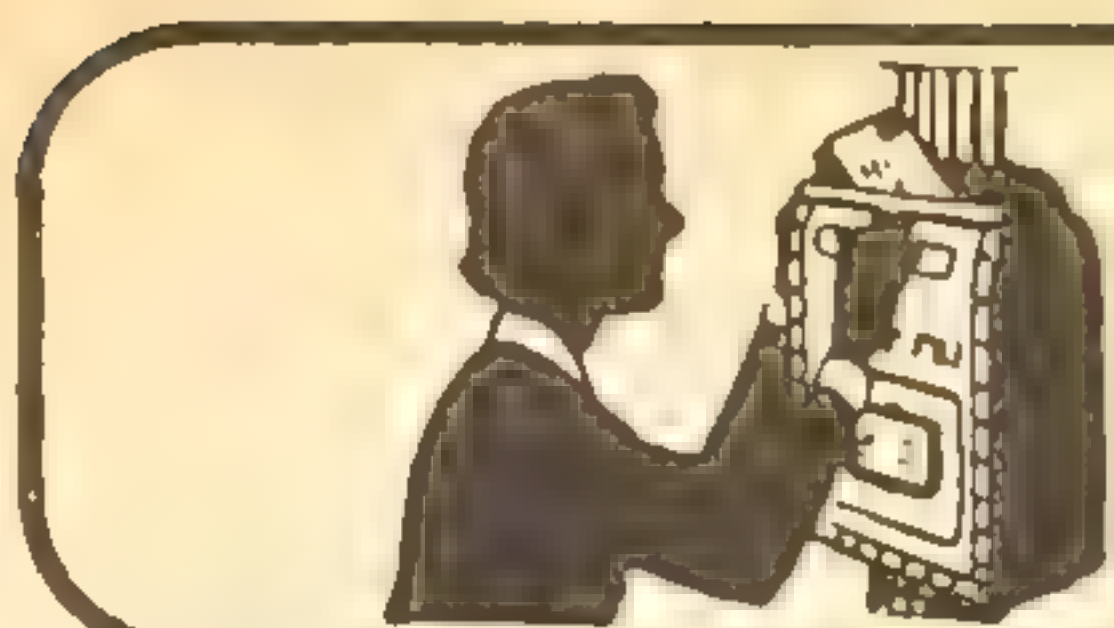
How was the money used? For one thing it went for research, to find out the "why" of cerebral palsy—to help stop it in its tracks. Secondly, it went to teach the already disabled victims, like little Frankie Clausen, to overcome their handicaps—to teach them to walk and talk normally.

A year later, Jack Webb went back to San Francisco to emcee the telethon for the second year. Frankie Clausen again opened the show. The setting was the same. The house was black; then the spotlight pinpointed Frankie in the corner of the stage.

The child was no longer a broken toy—therapy had made him a new boy. He walked erect, faster, sure of himself. At the microphone, he spoke more clearly, he didn't pause.

"Thank you all," he said, "for taking away my crutches, for putting me 'on my own!'"

This year, Jack is once again taking part in the C.P. campaign. He knows what therapy can do for victims like Frankie. He knows that the great American audience will continue their support—continue to put more Frankie Clausens "on their own."



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PRACTICAL NURSING—LEARN Easily at Home. Spare Time. Big demand, good earnings. High School not necessary. Write for free facts. Wayne School, Dept. AW-14, 2525 Sheffield, Chicago 14, Ill.

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EXTRA MONEY YOU CAN MAKE! **\$50.00** IN 4 HOURS! Miss L. E. B., Washington

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Life with Garry

(Continued from page 31)
really have to show off a little."

That evening, about twenty of the Morses' friends came in for a buffet supper and party that went perfectly from the very beginning. I had a wonderful time. The Morses, I began to realize, were as natural and easygoing as we try to be on the show.

They heard, for instance, that my wife, Mary, had had to spend two weeks with an ailing relative in Indianapolis, which was near by. The Morses were all for having her down for the weekend, and I even went so far as to call her, at their insistence, but Mary said, "No, this is all yours and I'll have no part of it. At least for tonight. Call me tomorrow."

The next morning, we all got up and went to church, one of those little country chapels, and in the afternoon we made a brief appearance at the local station just to prove that we'd carried through on the whole deal. My wife came in from Indianapolis and we dined with Bob and Ellie in Cleveland that evening.

I like to think about this experience. Here Garry and I, in our usual mad way, had dreamed up a gag that could have backfired on all of us. We simply went along with blind faith in our audience and in the American people, figuring they wouldn't let us down. And we had turned up with the jackpot.

Bob Morse is a construction engineer, and we hit it off right away. He admitted that, when Ellie had confessed she'd entered the contest and won, he'd said to her, "I'll tell you right off the bat, dear, if that guy gets here and he's one of those temperamental actors, I'm gonna kick him right out of the house!"

I liked him for telling me that. In fact, the Morses and the Kirbys hit it off so well that recently, when Bob had a vacation, they came to stay with us in our Westchester house—and I hope we will be exchanging visits for years to come.

As for Garry and myself, we first met in Chicago during the late thirties, while working on a show called *Club Matinee*. From that time on, even when Garry and I weren't actually working together, some strange and wonderful accidents—or coincidences—kept us in touch.

Once, when I was on vacation and visiting my folks in Indianapolis, I got a frantic call from Garry. Someone on his show, *Beat The Band*, had turned up sick, Garry was in Nashville, Tennessee, and would I please fly down and fill in? I said sure, I'd be glad to. When did he want me?

"Tonight at 8:30," Garry said calmly,

gave me the name of the theater, and hung up.

It took me a minute to realize he meant it. Well, with any luck I could catch a plane and be in Nashville on time. I went flying out of the house with socks and shirtsleeves hanging out of my suitcase and reached the airport just in time to sit through a two-hour wait because of fog. There was a transportation delay in Indianapolis. And in St. Louis it looked as if we'd never get off the ground.

Between St. Louis and Nashville, the fog and rain closed in on us and we had to come in on instruments, after a lot of circling and palaver between pilot and tower. I'd asked Garry to have a cab waiting at the airport for me, and he'd arranged it. I looked at my watch as I climbed in, and realized I had just ten minutes to make the broadcast.

"Hurry," I urged, "hurry!"

But in that soupy weather the cabby, who couldn't operate by instruments, and whose windshield wipers were out of commission, had to creep into town with his head stuck out of the window. When at last we reached the theater, I leaped out and went dashing through the stage door and into the wings—just in time to hear the announcer say, "Ladies and gentlemen, this show has come to you from Nashville, Tennessee."

I stood there, feeling about as useful as an extra tail on a bull. Garry saw me, came over, dragged me out on the stage, and announced, "Here he is, folks, the lad who has flown here all the way from Indianapolis just to hear us go off the air and meet all you fine people."

When Garry phoned me in New York a few years ago, told me he was going into television and that he planned to round up some of the old gang—including Ken Carson and me, if I was interested—I accepted without even thinking it over. We knew what our show sounded like and were pretty sure of its success with a listening audience. But what would happen when we turned up on a screen was another matter entirely.

Once we got over the shock of discovering that people liked us (so many people), we began relaxing.

The zany chit-chat you hear on the show isn't confined to that one half-hour each day. Believe me. It follows over into our idea sessions and into the cast parties (of which more later). People I portray—like Mrs. Robert E. Adams, from Roanoke, Virginia, the likable old club-woman with the fussy-pants attitude, and Winston L. Mittenjuice, the old man who has to work

so hard to keep his plates in his mouth, and the others—do not spring full-panoplied from the head of a writing staff. They come to life in the long, often hilarious hours Garry and I spend together after the show is finished.

Mrs. Adams and Mr. Mittenjuice are popular, I think, because of just such incidents as that one impossible afternoon of trial and error, when Garry and I figured out how Mrs. Adams could say, "Well, I must run, I've got a bus double-parked outside waiting for me," rush down the aisle, and then—while Garry was still waving and looking after her, ad-libbing about what a nice old gal she is—I could reappear on the other aisle as Mittenjuice. We worked this lightning switch by devising a dress I could zip out of in one second in the lobby. Then, by throwing away the wig and hat, turning up my collar, jerking my tie aside, and grabbing a wicker suitcase, I could dash down the left aisle ready to be Winston L.

Earlier, I mentioned cast parties. Garry and I are old friends and our wives are old friends, too, so we exchange evening visits a lot of the time, just as a foursome. But, since the people on our show are all friends and there is none of the bickering or feuding prevalent on many big shows, we like to get all the cast together periodically and throw a wing-ding. Denise and her husband, Ken and his wife, the Moores and the Kirbys, the whole band, the producer and the director—we all join up, have dinner and then everyone goes into his act.

About twice a year, a completely crazy, inexplicable thing happens between Garry and me. We've worked together for so many years, gagged and laughed it up for a decade and a half, and sometimes we look at each other and the laughter just spills over. It's like a couple of kids who get the giggles for no reason at all.

The worst attack of this madness came upon us a few months ago, during a regular broadcast. We were sitting side by side at the desk, and Garry had just said something to me, and I was just about to reply, when I caught a glint in his eye and grinned. He grinned back. Then we both started to laugh.

We were off. Nothing could stop us. Laughter being infectious, the studio staff started, too, and then the audience chimed in. For almost five minutes, we went on bellowing hysterically. When we could finally talk again, Garry asked, "What was so funny?"

"How the heck do I know?" I said—and the whole house started yelling again.

Garry and I are not always needling one another or playing it for a laugh, though. There are times when he and Eleanor and Mary and I all get together, and are just a couple of families acting like regular human beings. Mary and I are crazy about Eleanor—she's a brilliant, aware person with many interests.

Mary and I like to fish, and Garry spends all his free time on his boat, but his wife Eleanor finds time for a zillion interests. She and Garry are going to Europe this summer, so she's studying French. Somehow or other, she's found time to take lessons in stock market procedures and courses in interior decoration.

Who knows, she may soon make enough money in the market to redecorate their house in Rye, New York, ordering all the materials in French. . . .

Whatever she does—whatever anyone does—there's one thing we all know, deep in our hearts: Life with Garry is rich in merriment and companionship and everything that counts most when people are really friends.

\$1,000.00 REWARD



. . . is offered for information leading to the arrest of dangerous "wanted" criminals. Hear details about the \$1,000.00 reward on . . .

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Every Sunday Afternoon on MUTUAL Stations

Be sure to read that True Detective Special—a double-length feature—"Diary of the Dead Bride"—an exciting headline case—in July TRUE DETECTIVE Magazine at newsstands now.

What A Boss!

(Continued from page 43)

connection with show business was an occasional trip to the neighborhood movie. Emphasize, instead, my brand-new college degree with a major in radio and television. By all means, play up my practical experience in acting and delivering TV commercials. Play down my ultimate ambition to work in a studio continuity department turning out nice, tidy, precisely-timed scripts. Concentrate on my immediate aim to get that secretarial job I had been told was open here at WCPO.

That ought to do it.

But—if that procrastinating personnel manager didn't talk to me soon—I'd get so fussed I'd forget my own name. To be this slow to keep an appointment, he must have been at the station since the day of the crystal set. He'd probably turn up wearing high-laced shoes. Uneasily, I tugged my jacket down again.

Hearing footsteps approaching, I looked up expectantly.

Then, through the door burst this specter, this apparition, this unbelievable, gangly, red-wigged guy in a grass skirt. Striding right up to me, he brandished his spear in my face and demanded, "Are you Miss Rippey?"

I gasped. I managed to nod. I had no voice to reply.

"Good," he said. "I'm Paul Dixon." He sat down beside me.

There was a long silence while Paul adjusted his grass skirt and I planned to sue my employment agency.

Then, glancing up, he saw my horrified face.

"Oh . . . this . . ." he indicated his outfit. "It's just a costume. I just finished the show."

Then all at once he realized how it must appear to my startled eyes and he laughed. That famous Dixon laugh.

That did it. I laughed, too. And, when I did, I was no longer a tongue-tied, nervous job-applicant. I was at ease.

Paul's novel notion of what the well-dressed boss wears when interviewing a prospective secretary should have warned me. But I confess that, when I walked through the Dixon office door, I was expecting a conservatively carpeted place where employees appeared at discreet intervals to murmur, "Yes, Mr. Dixon."

I couldn't have been more wrong.

In one corner of the big, untidy room, director Al Sternberg and producer Len Goorian were fighting a duel, complete with fencing masks and clashing swords. In another, where a phonograph blared, Wanda Lewis was practicing a pantomime. Sis Camp, backing out from under a desk, acknowledged our introduction on hands and knees, explaining, "I'm just looking for a lost earring."

And there were phonograph records everywhere. They were stacked in piles on the floor, the tables, the desk. There was a huge closet bulging with them and more in a smaller cubby hole next to it.

"This is where you'll work," said Paul, shoving aside a tower of records to reveal a typewriter. "You can start right now."

This was all happening too fast. I stammered. "But what . . . what am I supposed to do?"

So nonsensical a query puzzled Paul. "Oh . . . well . . . you just work," he said. His attention swung from me to the others.

"Okay, rehearsal time," he shouted.

They gathered around, each producing assorted sound effects. They sang a bar or two from a song. They acted it out. They argued, agreed, vetoed. I never heard such a commotion. It was a week before I saw through this five-ring circus routine suf-

ficiently to realize that, while it looked and sounded hectic, the Dixon office really is well organized and efficient—simply because of Paul.

Make no mistake about Dixon. While he often gives the impression that his head is filled with froth and foolishness, this man has a brain. He knows everything that goes on, however infinitesimal. He also knows how each thing should be handled. Without apparent effort, he runs through the million-and-one details which must be dealt with to turn out five hours of network shows each week plus his local shows. He gives firm direction.

Yet he also has a heart. He is no over-riding tyrant. We all love to work for him, because he regards each one of us as just as important a human being as himself. From the outset, you know that your opinion, your ideas are all-important to Paul.

I can't imagine any other star who would be willing to listen to his secretary gripe that they don't make carbon paper the way they used to. To rib Len Goorian about the diet he's always planning. To ask Wanda how her youngster's skinned knee is getting along. He cares what happens to each of us.

What's more, he's not afraid to admit that he, too, can be wrong sometimes. You should see how sheepish he looks when he loses our last pencil or upsets coffee.

Much of his confident, easy manner, I think, stems from the close, warm companionship he finds at home. Everyone knows he adores his children, Pam and Greg, but they may not realize that Paul and his wife Marge are even more in love today than they were when they first met back in Iowa.

Marge, I have discovered, fusses at Paul about only one thing. She hates to see him work so hard, so many hours. For his own sake, she'd like to see him take things easier. Yet Marge Dixon knows her Paul. She knows that, when he gets wound-up enthusiastic about an idea, there's no stopping him until he accomplishes it.

Before I had finished my first full day in his office, I had discovered how many different things Paul included in his original vague assignment, ". . . you just work."

Taking dictation and typing letters is the least important part of being Paul's secretary. Instead of having a chance to catch up with my dictation when the show goes on the air, I am right out in the studio checking props, helping Wanda and Sis change costumes, attending to a frantic number of last-minute details. Caught up in this rush, I swiftly lost such notions as I had about TV being "glamorous." The studio is hot and dusty. The sets are held together with staples. There's never any place to sit down to take a breather when you're tired.

But none of this matters. Out in front of the cameras, Paul has so much fun you forget your feet hurt and that you've just torn your last pair of stockings on the corner of a piece of scenery. Paul's flood of fun sweeps you along. I can't explain what a good feeling it is to see camera men, engineers, prop boys—all the technical crew who have long been immune to "clever" shows—convulsed with laughter when Paul takes off on one of his kicks.

Work for Dixon and—automatically—you, too, soon get into the act.

My own on-camera appearances began quite accidentally on the day I had a message to deliver to Paul. I was talking to him when suddenly I noticed that a camera was pointed our direction and those little red tally lights were on. I suppose I

Beautiful

Inviting Lips



MARY ELLEN KAY
in *The Long Wait*
with ANTHONY QUINN
Warner Bros. Release

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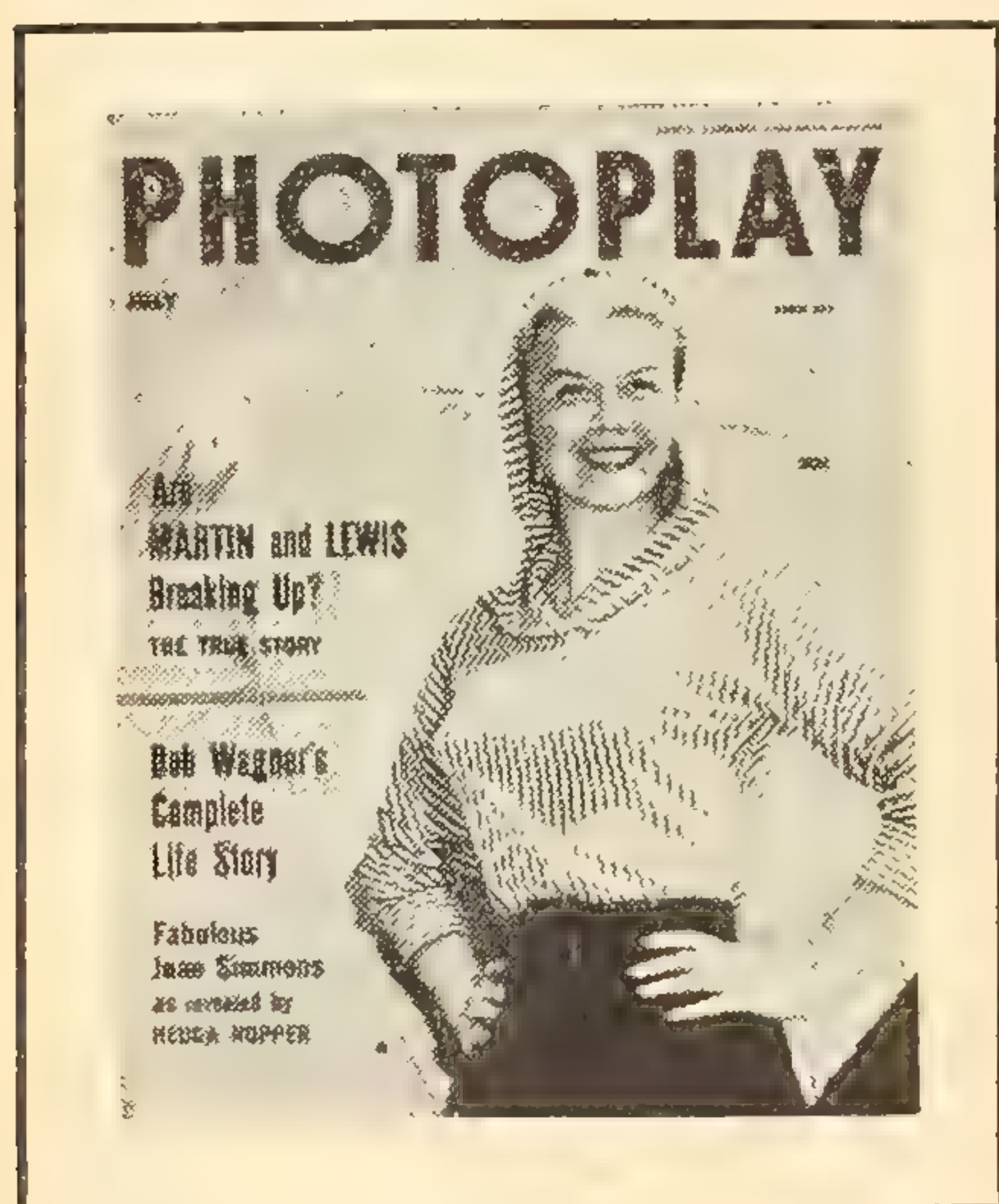
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did realize that I was being seen on screens in people's homes, but I must have had a notion no one really was looking at me. Weeks later, it hit me that I—with no pre-show jitters, no sign of damp palms nor butterflies in the stomach—had been going on the network, yakking with Paul.

But the next day when I faced the camera, I sure knew it. I was so scared I darned near couldn't talk.

Paul, always alert to the way each of us feels, noticed my nervousness. As soon as the show was over, he took me aside and said . . . well, what else would a man like Dixon say? "Remember, Boom-Boom, those folks out there are just like you and me. They're not monsters nor cranks. They want to like other folks and be liked themselves. They're just people, God love them."

In that bit of coaching, intended only to ease my tension, I think Paul Dixon summed up his own personal philosophy about television and the world in general.

I also think he confided the secret of his own success. When I considered it a bit, I realized I had never heard Paul refer to "the audience." He never thinks of his viewers as a big group of anonymous blobs. You who watch his shows are always people to him—individuals with families and homes, joys and troubles. The thousands of letters, the phone calls, the little presents we receive, offer proof you people return that sentiment.

My personal taste of it came when my birthday rolled around. We'd made some off-hand mention of it on the air, then forgot about it. But you people didn't forget. I received hundreds of cards and hankies from all over the country. You let me know that, to you, I wasn't just Paul's secretary. I was an individual as real as your next-door neighbor.

It's only natural that this attitude of Paul's should permeate everything we do, for he has chosen a staff of people who instinctively share it.

Let me tell you a little about them.

The men first. Len Goorian, our producer, and Al Sternberg, our director, have just the talents needed to supplement Paul's own abilities. With them around, ideas flow freely. We start with the attitude that we can do anything, and some of our ideas can be either smart or fantastic. When Paul gets a brain wave about doing the show from a submarine or freezing the studio floor for a skating rink, it's Al, our technical man, who explains why we can't. Or, if the idea is at all workable and Al gives his approval, then Len, our production wizard, sets about doing the things necessary to dramatize it in front of the cameras.

And now the girls. First of all, I'd like to tell you that getting to know Sis Camp and Wanda Lewis has been one of the gratifying experiences of my life. In typically feminine fashion, I was cautious about these two nationally-known beauties when I came to work. I was sure they would be vain, self-centered, perhaps even catty. Within my first hour in the office, that apprehension faded. I found out they rate the wolf-whistles they still get from the glamour-blasé studio crews.

Sis, who is truly beautiful, is also one of the most open, friendly persons I've met. Further, she has spunk and capability. She demonstrated it the first snowy, icy day last winter.

Our station, WCPO-TV, sits at the top of a sort of junior-sized mountain, and the approach road wraps around in tight, steep curves which are devilish to drive. Freeze some ice on those curves, and getting to work can turn into an adventure.

We were all huffing and puffing about it when Sis came in, a little late. She was

wearing a beat-up jacket, rubber boots, an old bandana and a satisfied smile. Airily she explained her tardiness. "Sorry, I had to put chains on my car."

That floored all of us. Husky Paul, Len and Al had all paid mechanics to install their chains. Naturally, they'd doubt slight, slender Sis.

"You mean you did it yourself?" they demanded.

"Sure," said Sis. "I always do. There's nothing to it."

Wanda has an even greater capacity for enjoying a busy life in a calm manner. You've seen her talent as an artist, a dancer, a pantomimist. Did you also know that she regards this work as a sort of spare-time entertainment? Her home is her real job. She feels that her husband's career is the important one in the family and that care of her two small children comes ahead of all other interests. Yet I've never seen her get ruffled. She's one of the most level-headed persons I know.

You'd be surprised, too, to find how little time either Wanda or Sis spends in mirror-gazing. While always looking well-groomed and glamorous, they limit their primping to a few minutes each day. They're both likely to by-pass trying on new gowns in favor of grabbing a dust rag to tidy the office or straighten the supply cupboard.

We're a tight little family and, as you might expect when any group works together so closely, now and then a crisis is bound to arise and explode into a flash of temper. When it does happen, it's never serious. Paul instinctively knows how to soothe all hurt feelings. No one ever stays mad more than five minutes when he is around.

It now seems a long time since the day I primly and properly sat waiting to be interviewed by the "personnel manager" and encountered, instead, a gangling guy flaunting a red wig, wearing a grass skirt and toting an African hunting spear.

My college, which thrived on stop watches and carefully timed shows, never prepared me for what has happened here. It did, however, teach me one thing which has come in handy. The school was so small that everyone had to turn into a jack-of-all-trades. This certainly has been useful on those days when I've buttoned up Sis's costume with one hand while holding up the scenery with the other and clutching our show's typed format between my teeth.

But there are also rich compensations. The friendliness extends beyond working hours. A short time ago, I took a trip to Chicago and you'd have thought I was preparing for a jungle safari. Repeatedly, Paul asked, "Are you sure you have enough money? Do you want me to check your hotel reservations? Don't speak to strangers. Here, I'd better give you some money and a list of names to call in case you get lost."

I was homesick before I ever started.

I'm afraid that working as Paul Dixon's secretary has totally spoiled me for any normal job. The way I feel about it shows up every time I answer again that familiar question, "What's Paul Dixon really like?"

When I say he's kind, that he is generous to a fault and madly in love with life in general and people in particular, I probably sound breathless.

When I say that working for Paul is sometimes frantic and nerve-wracking but always wonderful, wonderful fun, I doubtless seem star-struck.

But it's true. So I just say, "Drop around the Dixon office some day and see for yourself. WCPO has lots of doors, but you'll find ours right away."

"You'll hear us laughing."

Along The Road Of Life

(Continued from page 48)

Robbie, and were frantically wondering where to put the second child who was coming in a few months.

No meeting ground—except me. It happened that I knew them both. I knew when Nora and Gary Pedersen finally found the house, out on Long Island, and made joyful plans to move. So I was in a position to offer help when Andrea dropped in for coffee one night and complained sadly that she wished her Ted would get over thinking she was a superwoman. Twenty-five-year-old Ted was such a big success with his Chicago construction-supply firm that they were transferring him to a bigger job in New York, she told me. He'd used it as the perfect excuse for sweeping a girl named Edith Connell off her feet, and in ten days they would be camping on Andrea's doormat in sublime certainty that Mom—who could do *anything*—had, of course, been able to find them the just-right apartment.

"I know that's what he told the poor girl—that Mom can do anything," Andrea sighed. "He's been scaring off all his girls with that line ever since he was twelve. This one must have plenty of gumption to have actually married him."

"She looks an awful lot like you," I said, studying the snapshot she showed me.

Andrea nodded. "Bright girl, too. Ted writes she's been holding down a big personnel job and wants to do the same thing here. But tell me—out of what magic hat am I going to produce an apartment for them in ten days?"

So I told her about the Pedersens. I knew that Andrea, armed with the knowledge that there was to be a vacancy in the building, would get it sewn up for Ted and his bride. The way small, moderate-priced apartments are in New York these days, that would be close enough to a miracle to satisfy Edith that Ted hadn't lied about his wonderful mom.

Edith hardly needed that kind of proof. She and Ted were so much in love that they treated each other as though they were made of some precious, fragile material almost too marvelous for this world. The suggestion that Ted might be capable of a lie or a mistake, or even a misunderstanding, would have been simply ludicrous to Edith. At the small cocktail party Andrea gave when they arrived, the glow of a very new, very wonderful love hung over both of them like a golden mist, and it seemed to me that some of the mist beclouded Edith's vision of her new mother-in-law. That she was awed by Andrea

emerged clearly in the long talk we had.

"She's so impressive," Edith said, nervously smoothing back the gold hair which must have been just the shade of Andrea's when she was a girl. "Everyone keeps saying how much I look like her—but, honestly, Virginia, I don't *feel* like her. I hope Ted doesn't expect me to pile up the kind of business record she's made." She smiled, but somehow I had the feeling that there was real uncertainty behind the smile. She *looked* sophisticated and cool and perfectly groomed—both mentally and physically—and yet she certainly wasn't the driving, ambitious girl I'd expected.

"Andrea's scared of you," I reassured her. "She kept asking if I thought she'd seem a 'back number' to that bright, beautiful, frightening young career girl her son was bringing East!" It was close enough to the truth to make me feel justified in saying it, and I was pleased at the way it made Edith glow. But then the light went out; she seemed to wilt. "Edith, what's wrong?" I asked.

"Just being called a career girl. It always gets me down." She glanced nervously across at Ted's dark head, now bent respectfully toward one of Andrea's more elderly friends. "I'm really not, I don't think. I've always enjoyed working, because I had to work, anyway. And it made sense to do it as well as I could. But now . . . I've been sort of wondering how it would be to settle down to running a house and starting a family. . . ." Her wistfulness vanished as Ted looked up and smiled across the room. They seemed to reach toward each other just with their eyes.

I didn't see much of the young Bannisters for the next few weeks. Through Andrea, I knew they were being terribly big-townish—out almost every night, acting just the way honeymooners in New York are supposed to act. Ted even thrived on it. Happy and busy as a beaver, I don't suppose he ever questioned Edith's equal happiness. And it was true enough that, whenever I saw her, she was the picture of the sleek, sophisticated, efficient junior executive Ted believed he'd married. Yet beneath the smart, expensive hats, her blue eyes were sometimes shadowed with a question, a protest. . . .

It might have been my imagination. But, at their housewarming, about two months later, I found out that it wasn't. Almost before I had a chance to show off my new after-five dress, Edith swept me off into the bedroom and closed the door. "I'm so glad to see you," she said fervently. "All the others—they've been lovely to us, of

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course, but they're mostly Andrea's friends. They make me feel like a permanent junior miss. Oh, I wish I could get the time to make more young friends, Virginia—someone like you, that I could be comfortable with! This merry-go-round Ted's got us on . . . oh, I enjoy it!" Her miserable expression gave the lie to that claim. "I just get so scared he wants it to go on this way forever! I guess some people like it all fast and gay—" she made a wide, vague gesture that took in the room, the party inside, the city beyond the window. "But if you've got a husband and you want children—I mean, I'm not like Andrea; this is the kind of life she really *wants*."

I tried to say something soothing about everything coming in good time, and how it was enough of a homemaking achievement to have transformed the apartment from the strictly utilitarian Pedersen arrangements to the elegant little jewel box it now was. Edith shrugged. "Andrea did it mostly. I wouldn't have known where to go for things like this. Not that I don't like it—I love modern furniture! But I like Early American, too. This looks fine here, but I keep wondering how it will go in a little house somewhere outside the city!" Unexpectedly she twinkled at me. "You must be thinking I'm a Grade-A heel."

"No," I said slowly. "I just think you're a girl who ought to have a long, serious talk with her husband. You haven't discussed this with Ted, have you?"

Edith flinched. "How *could* I? It's almost as if I got him to marry me under false pretenses, Virginia! I look like Andrea. I was successful in my job, like her. He thinks I'm *just* like her, body and soul! Don't misunderstand me—I'm as fond of Andrea as if she were my mother rather than Ted's—we're really *friends*. I know she's just trying to help us have things the way she thinks we both want them. She's been wonderful. But how in the world can I tell them that I'd trade all this city glamour for a couple of cottage aprons and three kids to be a slave to? I can just see Ted's face!"

It was a pleasant enough party, but I was so busy watching Andrea—and being angry with her—that I didn't enjoy it. Sharp-eyed and sharp-witted as she was, how could she remain blind to Edith's unhappiness?

I might have known that nothing got past Andrea. Next day, when I checked with Radio Registry for my phone messages, I found one from her asking to meet me for lunch. I broke a date with my di-

rector in order to make it. Andrea knew all about Edith and Ted.

"But what can I do?" she pleaded. "You know the rule I made when Ted first wrote about getting married. Thou shalt not interfere, I said. I said it ten times every night before I went to bed. And I still think it would be absolutely fatal for me to put my ten cents' worth into a situation that only concerns Ted and Edith. It's not my fault if they're so much in love they're scared to talk to each other! They keep walking on eggs, each of them doing what they think the other wants, till I feel like knocking their silly heads together!"

I stared at her. "You mean Ted has reservations about all their high-pressure living? Ted as well as Edith?"

Andrea sighed. "Shall I tell you something? All those years after Ted's father died—when things were pretty tough—we moved around a lot, living in rooming houses. And, even after we graduated to our own apartments, we never stayed in one very long. We kept moving on to better ones, bigger ones. . . . And you know what bothered Ted most about all that moving? He never got a chance to get his window-gardens going!" She smiled. "All his life, Ted's loved green things. He used to want a garden the way most boys want model airplanes and things like that. If Edith went to him and said flatly, 'I refuse to live in this egg-box one day more, I'm going out and find me a house in the suburbs'—he'd just wonder where all his good luck was coming from."

"Then why don't you tell her to tell him?"

"But that's interfering, and I will *not* be an interfering mother-in-law."

Andrea's dread of interfering was no surprise to me. Since she's known me, she'd been in the habit of switching on her office radio when *The Road Of Life* went on the air. She had become deeply absorbed in the problem which I, as Jocelyn Brent, was facing as I tried to keep my husband and his foster-son from being too much affected by the activities of their determined Aunt Reggie. When Aunt Reggie did drive a wedge between young Johnny Brent and his wife, Andrea became practically apoplectic with outrage. People who undertook to dictate to others were a sore point with her; I was pretty sure now that she wouldn't try to explain anything to Edith and Ted, no matter what!

I wouldn't have done it, either, if the long arm of coincidence hadn't reached out



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and poked me. Ted Bannister's firm was concerned in a housing development out on Long Island, and he'd been spending so many of his Saturdays out there that Edith and I had made a tentative lunch date for the one coming up. When I got a card from my old friend Nora Pedersen, announcing that their new house was open for inspection, something about the address clicked. Harborside Village. . . . Edith had said Ted was going to Harborville, or something like that. But she was unfamiliar with towns around New York. Harborville might be Harborside. And if it were. . . .

It was such a vague plan it didn't deserve to work. But, when I saw the delight Edith took in the charming but unpretentious houses, I began to get really eager to have Ted see her, too.

There was an immediate understanding between Edith and Nora, and Robbie was Edith's friend at once. After lunch, Nora gave Edith and Robbie gloves, trowels and the garden hose and sent them off to start planting the baby evergreens which we'd brought along, at Edith's inspired suggestion, as a housewarming gift. This was my chance to brief Nora on my plan.

With our true purpose camouflaged by a marketing list, we left Edith and Robbie happily excavating and drove over to the lots where construction was just beginning. My spirits fell when neither Ted nor his car were anywhere to be seen, but it didn't take Nora three minutes to find out that he was over at the drugstore getting a bite to eat. By this time, I felt so conspiratorial that I didn't know what I would say to Ted if we did "accidentally" bump into him. But Nora had no such qualms. Almost before we'd parked, she was out of the car and heading for the super-drug.

Ted's cropped dark head was the first thing I saw as we went in. He saw us instantly in the mirror, and whirled around. "Well, Ginny! What are you doing here?"

"It's a small world," I said nervously. Then, as Ted and Nora both burst out laughing, I lost my uncertainty. "Edith's here, too," I told him eagerly. I introduced him to Nora and explained how we happened to be there, and Ted said he'd be free to come over in half an hour. Nora specified that they must stay for dinner, and Ted said if it was all right with Edith it was fine with him.

"You'll have to drag Edith away," Nora

said. "She's mad about the place."
"Edith is?" Ted looked blank. "You mean she likes the grass and everything? The houses and terraces?"

"She loves it. Wait'll you see the way she plants a tree. Of course, Robbie's helping—he's my four-year-old."

"You left Edith with your baby?" Ted seemed dazed. "I didn't know she knew how to—I mean I've never seen her around a kid. I kind of thought they scared her. You know—half a dozen times since we've been working out here, I've wanted to drive her out, but I was sure it would bore her. There's nothing to do. . . ."

"Does it bore you, Ted?" I asked.
"Bore me? Are you kidding? The way this air feels after the stuff they give you to breathe in the city? Someday, when those new houses are up—they're going to be different from yours, Mrs. Pederson, split levels and bigger living rooms—someday, maybe Edith would come out and look at them and maybe we could sort of—sort of talk about them. . . ." He looked at us uncertainly. "I guess she'd hate to give up her job, though. And kids—you wouldn't want a big house for just two people. Ginny? What's so funny all of a sudden?"

I choked back a laugh and said, "Why don't you go and ask her, Ted?"

In about an hour, we pulled up as quietly as we could. I tiptoed furtively through the house to the garden. There, Ted, Edith and Robbie were earnestly working away on the hole for the second tree. Ted sat back on his heels and pointed toward a corner of the plot, sketching shapes in the air that were obviously bushes and trees and flower borders to come.

Ted put one arm around Robbie, keeping the busy little hands off the tree, while his other arm went around Edith and pulled her over for a kiss. They looked at each other steadily for a moment, then smiled with perfect understanding.

"What do you say we have a bottle of domestic champagne with our dinner?" I asked Nora when I went in the house. "It's not every day I promote a couple of new neighbors for people like you."

It's a good thing Edith and Ted never saw the card their "mother-in-law" sent me with the magnificent fitted train-case which arrived on my birthday. "Many happy returns to my stand-in," it said. I couldn't have explained it to the young Bannisters.

"Do What You Want to Do!"

(Continued from page 71)
their own country house! And Larry was in sympathy with Lew, who wanted to keep the old house intact rather than modernize it—for that is the way Larry himself feels about old houses.

It is these similarities of interest which enable Larry to bring such great sympathy and understanding to the part of Lew Archer that, when Lew and Marcia had a misunderstanding which threatened their happiness, listeners from all over the country wrote and wired their suggestions for healing the breach.

Although Larry's background and interests run parallel to Lew's, there is one major difference. Larry is happily married—and has been for eleven years. Trudy, a small quick brunette, is a perfect complement to Larry's dark, good looks. She moves quickly and thinks quickly, and she and Larry have the sort of perfect companionship which comes from understanding each other's moods. A glance across a room can share a joke, express a thought.

Both of them were born in suburban

Mount Vernon, a stone's throw away from New York City. They met, in fact, in their senior year at Mount Vernon High School. But it was not a high school romance at all. In fact, their first date—which was at the Senior prom—ended disastrously with an automobile accident which sent them and the driver to the hospital.

"It was three years before we saw each other after that," laughs Trudy. "Then we met in Grand Central Terminal."

"I asked her for a date," Larry interrupts, "and she gave it me, then sent me a wire and broke it. But I didn't give up. And, for five years, we saw each other seven nights a week. We were too poor to get married—there were parents to help support."

Larry never really doubted that he would eventually do what he had made up his mind to do when he was a small boy. He was determined to be an actor, and even though he did it the hard way—by taking jobs he hated during the daytime and acting with amateur groups at night—he finally achieved his goal.

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STREET.....

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Yonkers College, Larry applied for a scholarship to a dramatic school. But, when he got it, he couldn't afford to take it. However, because he knew what he really wanted to do, he never gave up. In 1941, he went to a small radio station in Woodside, Long Island, to get experience—and, for the magnificent sum of \$20 a month, he had the fun of acting in two dramatic shows a week. It was wonderful experience and he loved it. Trudy backed him all the way, even though it meant postponing their marriage for years. And, when a thyroid operation kept him out of the Army, it was Trudy who gave him pep talks while he was still convalescing. "Get out and do what you want," she urged him. "It will come out all right."

Her faith was justified, for his break came in 1942, when, with a year of radio acting to his credit, he auditioned for CBS. The casting director liked him, and he was set for a tiny role in the award-winning show, *The Man Behind The Gun*. "I went to rehearsal," says Larry, "and the director was looking for someone to play a G.I. from Brooklyn. I was talking to another actor and the director stopped auditioning and asked who was kidding around. Believe me, my heart was in my shoes. *Here I go getting fired before I even begin*, I thought. But the director asked me to read the part—and I got it! Then, in a little while, I got a part in *Mr. District Attorney* and, from then on, things zoomed."

It is a bit ironic that, although Larry loves to play comedy, and thinks he is good at it, most of his parts have either been heavies or romantic leads. The performance he is particularly proud of was playing the role of Mio in "Winterset," opposite Margo. He has been in *Gangbusters*, *Counter-Spy*, *FBI In Peace And War*, *The Big Story*, *The Shadow*, among others. But someday he hopes to do a comedy on Broadway. And, since everything else has worked out for him, that probably will, too.

Right now, Larry can often be heard in as many as three radio shows in a day, and he's seen regularly on CBS-TV's *Search For Tomorrow*, in which he creates the character of Stu Bergman. "TV is wonderful for getting you known," says Larry. "Trudy and I drove to the Coast and, everywhere we went, cops, miners, grocers recognized me as Stu Bergman. I could hardly believe it. It was terrific."

When Larry was a kid, he'd take every penny he could save and go to the movies. Then he'd come home and reenact the movie for the neighborhood kids. That love of motion pictures is still with him. Larry has all sorts of expensive cameras, and one of his hobbies is to make movies, then do a sound track for them and synchronize the two just as if it were a film to be shown at a big theater. In the attractive apartment in which he and Trudy live with their pet parakeet, Baby, there is a closet filled with reels of film he has made. And he spends a lot of his spare time cutting and editing.

Trudy, who used to be a career girl (she worked on magazines and in advertising agencies), now acts as Larry's Girl Friday, answering his fan mail and cueing him as he rehearses his scripts. "Trudy," claims Larry, "has an instinct for discovering new talent or deciding when a book or story will make a good movie or play."

"If I ever go back to work," Trudy smiles, "it will be as an agent or as a talent scout. But right now I'm too busy working with Larry."

The Haineses not only work together, they play together. Both of them love the country and would prefer living where they can see grass and trees. But, of course, right now that's not practical. So

they do the next best thing and drive out of town whenever they have a free moment. Every summer they go up to a log cabin at Lake George in the Adirondacks, where they swim and fish and race up and down the lake in a speed boat. They play golf together, too. Baby, the blue parakeet, goes everywhere the Haineses go.

Baseball is another of their enthusiasms, and Larry is and always has been a Yankee fan. Greatest thrill of his early radio days was when he did the Philip Morris commercials from the press box at Yankee Stadium. "I was actually getting paid to be there," he says, still wide-eyed about it. And an autographed picture of the great Babe Ruth is one of the things he wouldn't part with for anything.

During the winter, when country activities are not possible, the Haineses play games. They squabble over Scrabble and love it. They paint, too. The painting by numbers which has swept the country has fascinated them—they buy enormous pictures, fill in the colors by the numbered chart, and give the finished painting to friends. They always work on a painting together, and Trudy has a fit if Larry starts one without her. For Larry, it is a wonderful hobby. He relaxes, completely absorbed in the painstaking work. It is strange that he should enjoy it so much—for he is color blind.

However, his color blindness doesn't prevent him from buying most of Trudy's clothes. "He's always coming home with packages," she says. "And, a great deal of the time, they are more expensive things than I would buy myself. So every once in a while, in the interests of economy, I return some of them." But Larry has an unerring instinct for what looks well on his tiny size-10 wife.

If there is such a thing as an ideal husband, Larry Haines comes close to it. He is the one man in ten thousand who never forgets a birthday or an anniversary. He makes a big thing of such an occasion, because he enjoys it. He even admits to writing a poem or two for a birthday or a special celebration. He loves surprises himself, and just naturally takes it for granted that everybody else does, too. One of Trudy's prized possessions is a charm bracelet which Larry had made specially for her. Each charm symbolizes some important happening in their life together, starting with a tiny replica of the very telegram she sent breaking their second date, and ending with twin hearts with the date of their marriage engraved on them.

Larry takes a great interest in the apartment he and Trudy decorated together. One of the most attractive pieces of furniture is a room-divider which he designed himself. It holds books and an enormous TV set on one side—the other is a refreshment bar—and it's so big that, even if they find that dream house, it probably won't fit in. Right now, it looks just dandy in their enormous New York living room.

Trudy doesn't think much of herself as a cook, so they eat out quite a lot. It's easier that way, too, because Larry's hours are so irregular.

A typical day for this busy actor starts at eight o'clock in the morning and ends at nine at night. During that time, he will have played two or three radio shows and a TV show. But it's the life he loves and wanted, and Larry will be the first to admit that he's a lucky guy. It isn't everyone who is doing what he wants to do—and making good at it.

And, so long as there are fans who write in, as one woman did not so long ago, asking him to call her long-distance collect—just to say "Good night, angel," as Lew Archer does to Marcia Kirkland—Larry knows that he's doing all right.

Mr. and Mrs. Wizard

(Continued from page 39)

Dutt recalls: "Other boy friends brought me flowers. Don offered me a job."

Don chimes in: "Other girls boasted they were good cooks. Dutt, who was majoring in journalism, let me know that, while she couldn't boil water, she could make words dance off a typewriter. That suited me. I was then preparing to manage a summer theater at Green Lake, Wisconsin. I had no use for a cook, but I did need a press agent."

Following their marriage and graduation, they chose the more exciting occupation, rather than the safer one, when fall brought a choice of work.

In selecting that next job, they knew they were at a crossroad. Don, in college, had majored in an unusual combination of subjects—dramatics and general science. He was qualified to teach both. But, just when he should have been taking a teaching job, friends in Minneapolis offered Don lead roles in a stock company they were organizing for a season of plays. Blithely, the young Herberts took off. The venture was short-lived.

Undaunted, they headed for New York. Says Don, "I intended to crash Broadway. Dutt meant to write fiction or find a job on a national magazine." Dutt tersely sums up that experience. "We lived in Greenwich Village. We both did all types of jobs except what we wanted to do."

They were still having fun trying when time ran out for them. War was declared and Don decided he wanted to go into the Air Force. It was then that the sound partnership which had been developing through trial and error crystalized into the cardinal rule of their lives: "Treat each other as individuals, not as chattels."

Says Dutt, "We'd been working up to it through the decisions about our odd jobs. Invariably, I'd pound the pavements for weeks and then have three jobs offered me at the same time. Girlishly, I'd try to maneuver Don into deciding which one I should take." But smart Don refused to provide a ready-made alibi for Dutt's dislike of any job which was outside her chosen field of journalism. When she would ask, "Which should I take?" Don would answer, "How do I know what you want to do? You have a brain. Use it."

Dutt learned to live by the same rule—with one exception. Whenever someone, noticing the practical side of Don's nature, offered him a well-paying executive position, Dutt herself fortified his original determination to remain in creative work. She'd say, "You won't be happy in anything else. Stick it out a little longer."

While Don earned his wings as a pilot, Dutt dropped her own plans and followed him from camp to camp. When he shipped out to fly a B-24 in the Italian invasion, she went to work in Los Angeles.

Separated, they dreamed of a renewed assault on New York. But, when Captain Don Herbert received his honorable discharge, offers of radio work took them to Chicago instead. Says Dutt, "It was up to me to change my goals and find ways to utilize my writing ability there. We could manage two careers only if I had sense enough to put Don's first and adapt my own work to match it."

To "match it," Dutt turned to public relations. While Don appeared on such shows as *Captain Midnight*, *Jack Armstrong* and *Tom Mix*, his wife was equally busy preparing publicity campaigns for other programs. Between broadcasts, Don was also writing. He sold scripts to the *Dr. Christian*, *Curtain Time* and *First Nighter* programs.

A forecast of what eventually was to be their field came with a health series titled

It's Your Life. Here, at last, Don had a chance to combine his double interest in science and drama. He worked uncounted hours. In the Herberts' personal life, too, this show proved very significant. Dutt did the publicity, and again they had an opportunity for a joint venture.

Busy as they were, the plan for *Mr. Wizard* also was seething in Don's mind. General science experiments, which had been his hobby, now became his preoccupation. Says Dutt, "I'd turn on the television set hoping we'd both relax. I'd catch Don looking at the screen with totally blank eyes. What he'd actually be seeing was a way to use television to demonstrate natural phenomena." Explaining the magic of everyday things—what makes coffee perk, cake rise, rain fall—had always fascinated Don.

Dutt recalls how the idea for *Mr. Wizard* jelled. "Don had been thinking in terms of laboratory experiments. When he switched to trying to produce the same effects with ordinary kitchen equipment, I knew we had better get that show on the air or I'd never have a pan to cook in."

It took them eighteen months to sell it. *Mr. Wizard* made its debut on NBC in March, 1951, on a fourteen-station network. Don aimed first to entertain, second to educate. The effect was instantaneous combustion by television. Today, *Mr. Wizard* appears on eighty-one stations.

Response from youngsters was equally prompt. Don and Dutt were delighted when ever-curious juvenile viewers began making *Mr. Wizard* their supreme authority to solve puzzling questions. One wrote: "The other day my mother was baking potatoes and one exploded. I would like to know what causes a potato to react to heat in an oven." Another requested that Don send the formula for firecrackers.

When the letters grew so numerous that it became impossible to write individual replies, Dutt volunteered the idea of sending out regular bulletins. Pleased, Don added another thought. "Experiments are much more fun when there is a group of kids." With that, the first *Mr. Wizard* clubs were organized. Now there are five thousand of them. Don has also published a book, *Mr. Wizard's Science Secrets*.

With activities expanding faster than carbon dioxide released from pressure, Don had more work than he could handle alone. Dutt, dropping her public relations clients, took over his business management. However, she soon realized that—while seeing all their years of preparation come to so glorious a climax was fine—things they had once enjoyed were being crowded out.

They found a characteristic answer to their dilemma. If they missed the skating, swimming, fishing and just-being-outdoors that they had once enjoyed, the thing to do was to provide themselves with a new locale dedicated exclusively to leisure. To achieve it involved considerable labor. They bought a Cape Cod cottage on a gemlike lake twenty-eight miles from Chicago and began to remodel it.

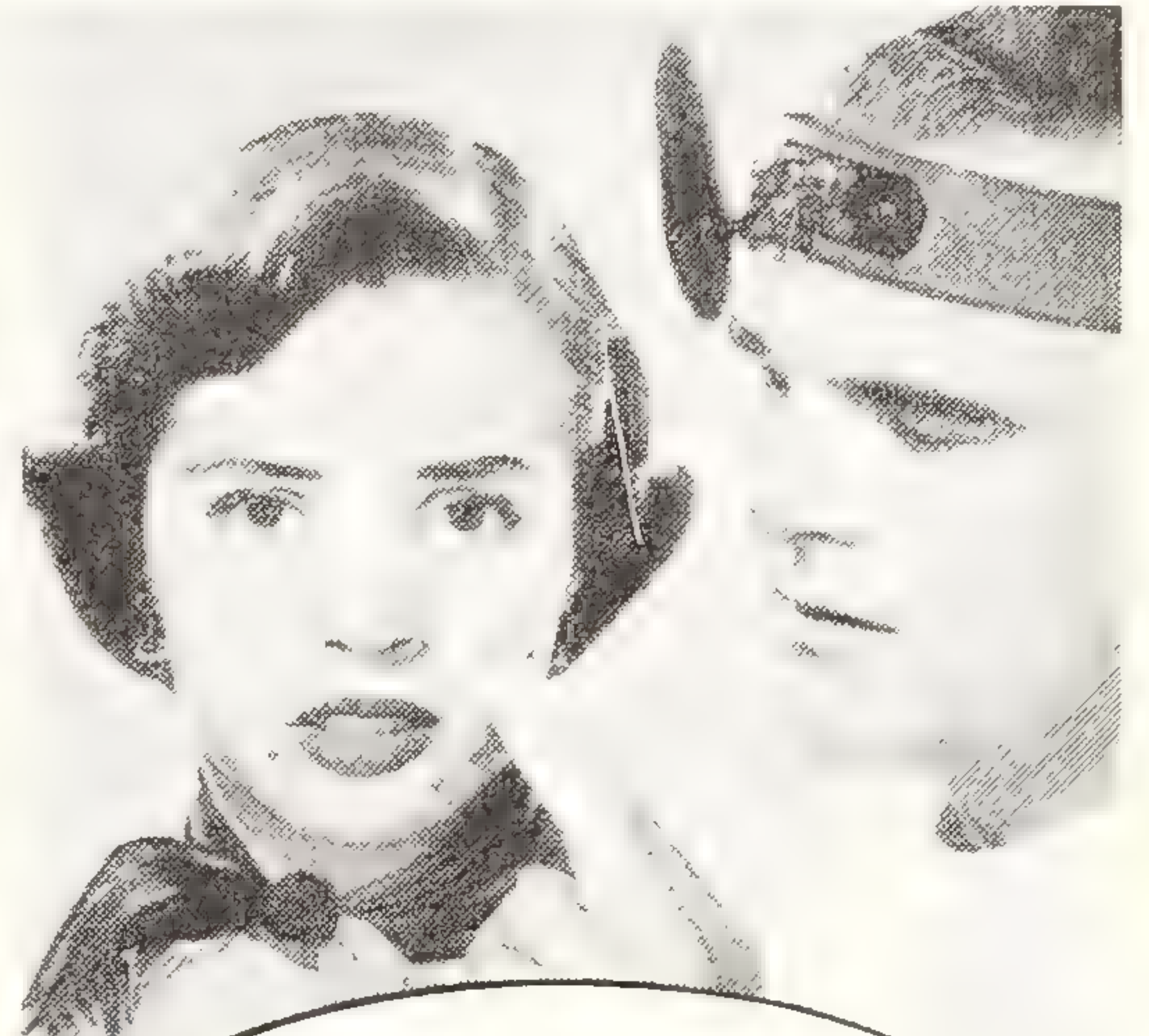
They have used more than two years of weekends for that remodelling. Doing the work themselves, they reversed the living room so that it faces the lake instead of the road. They panelled the wall with pine and finished off the second floor. They furnished it in Early American maple with antique accessories. For accent colors, they chose burnt orange, turquoise, yellow, beige, blue and a touch of green.

Dutt says, "We've had great fun. This house is planned so that nothing can hurt it. Everything is easy, comfortable, washable. Who wants to be careful of things in a weekend and summer house?"

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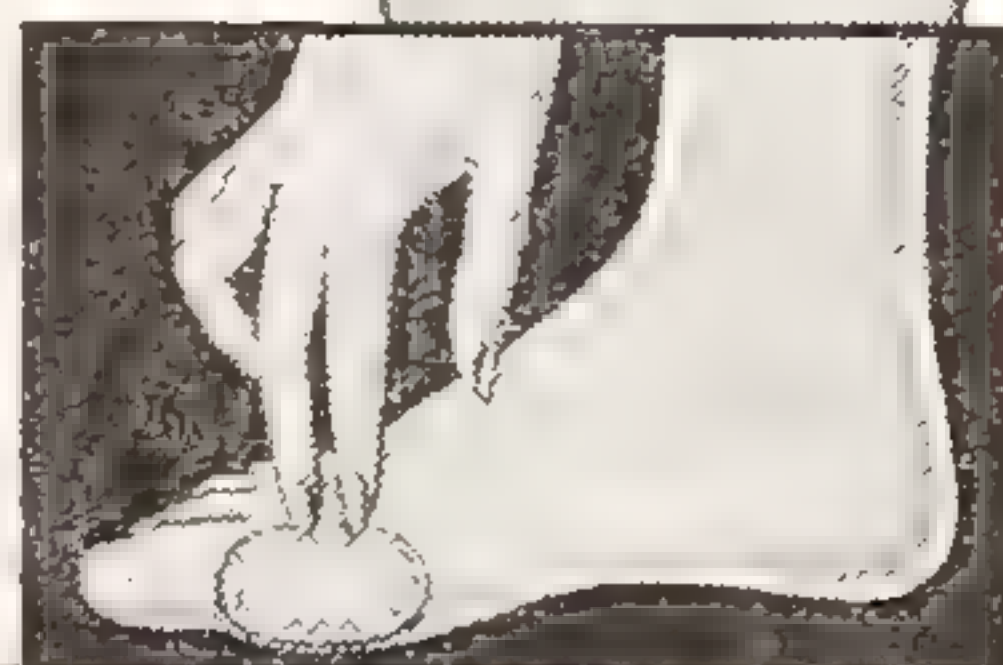
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While this remodeling was going on, that prodigious young giant, Mr. Wizard, also burst out at the seams and required new quarters. Don and Dutt concluded it would be pleasant to house the show and themselves at the same time.

In the Old Town section—which is Chicago's closest equivalent to Greenwich Village—they bought a three-story Victorian house, built in 1871, just after the Chicago fire. And because one personal building project had proved sufficient, they brought in a contractor to change the "new" house to suit their needs.

The six-room first floor became the Wizard workshop. The front rooms were used for office and library; the rear ones were turned into a laboratory where Don and his assistants work out their experiments. The second floor became the Herberts' own living quarters. Taking advantage of the original Victorian style of high ceilings, wide woodwork, shutters and parquet floors, they made it a study in contrasts. Says Dutt, "We wanted it to be both luxurious and smart. Our walls are dark, so we chose blond contemporary furniture with Victorian accessories. I feel that, for good decoration, you should have a timeless quality. Intelligent mixing of periods will achieve that."

The color scheme was selected in typical Mr. Wizard fashion. Believing that color has a strong effect on a person's well-being, they took tests to find what agreed with them. Says Dutt, "Since our business is hectic, we wanted our colors restful. We found we reacted best to gray, green, coral. For accent, we used chartreuse and small touches of purple. We like it, and friends who come in say they have never felt more relaxed."

Even before the house was purchased, the third floor was set aside for a nursery.

Says Don, "You can't have a home without kids."

Since their years of marriage had brought no children, the Herberts have adopted two sons. Jeffrey Dutton Herbert, a lively, bright-eyed charmer, came to them a little more than a year ago. When he reached the age of ten months, they got their second child, then three weeks old, and named him Jay Bigelow Herbert.

In their third floor domain, the boys have a complete apartment with nursery, kitchen, dinette, bath and a sitting room-bedroom for their nurse. Decorated in sunny colors of yellow, brown, coral and turquoise, the nursery's principal feature is a large mural.

The mural's purpose goes deeper than mere decoration. Says Dutt, "We wanted to be honest with the boys, letting them know from the start that they were adopted. But, at the same time, we insist that they be confident of the important place they have in our lives. So here on the wall—where they see it every day—we have told, through water colors and fabric, the story of Don and Dutt, their sons and their animals."

(The animals are a brown standard poodle named Marc and a Siamese cat called Malesh.)

Today, the story of Don and Dutt is as exciting as that Indian summer midnight when it began. Although the girl who eloped and her ardent swain have put down roots, they have not lost their taste for adventure.

Last year, they put Mr. Wizard on film for a couple of months and went to Europe. This season they have even more exciting travels planned.

Yes, the Herberts are still eager for new horizons.

The Harbor of Home

(Continued from page 58)

confuse a visitor or a new schoolmate.

The house in which the Parkses live is comfortable white Colonial, an hour away from the heart of the city but worlds away in quiet and serenity. There are swings and a place for summer cook-outs, trees for small boys to climb, a garden to watch grow, and a wide lawn for Daddy to keep trim and smooth as part of his home chores. It's to this haven that Bert hurries when his job at the studio is over, and it's here he sheds all thoughts of business.

"There were times when I used to go home fretting about a show," he says. "I would go over every little detail, wondering if the program had been as good as some previous ones, whether I should have said this, whether I might have better handled that. Now I have grown wiser."

"I put everything of myself that I possibly can into each show, and most of them go very well, I am grateful to say. Audiences are really wonderful, and so are contestants. When the job is done for the day, I may review it briefly in my mind, deciding whether I am pleased or not so pleased—and then I put it completely away. It's over. Finished."

"If some days things haven't run so smoothly as others, well, that's the way life is. For me, for you, for everyone. What would be the good of coming home and tearing myself apart, getting cross with the children, making it tough for Annette? We have a fine life together and I wouldn't spoil any of it for anything. I try to do the best I can—and that's it."

The twins are getting old enough to understand about Bert's work, and to take it in stride, as he does. They realize his job is a little different from the jobs of the other

daddies in the community, and that because of it he is recognized wherever he goes and even perfect strangers address him "Hi, Bert," and sometimes want to stop and shake his hand and talk. At home, both he and Annette are careful to play all this down, to show the children how their family life is like everyone else's in the community and how their daddy likes to do the same things with them that other daddies do.

"Bert is an exceptionally down-to-earth and understanding father," Annette is quick to tell you. "I am sure that his own happy and secure childhood, and the memory of all that his parents did to make him grow into the fine person he is, were the finest heritage and preparation he could have for his own parenthood. The encouragement and understanding his folks gave to him is now being passed along to our boys and our little girl. Above all, we want them to be simple, wholesome children. We send them to the public school in our town—we are fortunate in having an unusually fine school system—and they mix with children who form a cross section of all sorts of family backgrounds. We think this is an important part of any child's education. Bert gets along with everyone, and he wants the children to learn to, naturally and without making any special point of it. He wants them to be understanding of other people's viewpoints, other methods of doing things, and to find out what it means to weigh ideas and make decisions of their own, small ones now, bigger ones later on."

Bert and Annette have worked out a system of handling the question of "Mother says I can have it" or "Daddy promised I could go." If one parent has

said yes to something the other disapproves of, they let it ride and argue out the wisdom of the whole thing later in private. "There's none of this business of telling the kids, 'I don't care. You do as I say,' and dividing the authority, confusing them and making them lose faith in both of us. Each of us upholds the other's word." Bert talks very seriously about this. "And we both believe that some of the friction between parents, if it's real and constant friction, is bound to rub off on the children. I don't mean that everything has to be all sweetness and light all the time—it probably couldn't be. But, if the parents are happy together, the kids are bound to be happier with them. If you must have fights, they should be in private after the children are in bed and asleep. They take quite minor spats to heart sometimes when it seems to involve the mother and daddy who make up their world and their anchors."

Bert is serious, too, when he talks about teaching children respect—for parents, for teachers, for everyone charged with responsibility for them, and for grownups in general. "We don't think they need to ride rough-shod over the adults in a household to remain spirited and happy. We try to channel their energy into positive and worthwhile things, and to send them outdoors when they feel like tearing around madly and letting off steam."

For this reason the Parks exchanged a city apartment some years ago for a house in the country. "When the twins were small, I used to take them to a little park at the East River in New York, and I'd sit there among the young mothers and the nurses while our boys got their fresh air and sunshine and Annette got a chance to have the apartment set to rights. But we were always dreaming of having a house with enough room in it and around it for the kids to feel free."

Freedom, to them, also means giving children a chance to choose what they want to do in life, when the time comes to make the choice. Show business, if that's what they want. Or anything else. Bert's parents had helped him when he decided he wanted to be a performer. Even when he was still a youngster, and starting to do Charlie Chaplin imitations in a neighborhood theater, Bert's dad made him a stock of the funny little Chaplin mustaches, got him some baggy pants and the grotesque shoes, and encouraged him.

"My father has always had a wonderful sense of humor, and when he was young he sang very well, so perhaps he had dreamed of doing what I was beginning to do. But both my parents were simply wonderful about helping me. We had a fine relationship all through my childhood, and we still do. Of our three children, Petty is the one who seems to have the most flair for the dramatic, although the boys love to sing and dance and recite. It's hard to get any idea yet of what any of them will want to do later on. Our little girl was in a fashion show recently, modeling a small girl's wardrobe for the benefit of the scholarship fund of a school in our community. I acted as master of ceremonies. Disliking show-offs as we do, both Annette and I were praying she would be sweet and good and not get self-conscious and act precocious. The one thing we were most afraid of was that she might break into a hula dance—something she picked up suddenly from out of nowhere, perhaps from television! 'Just be our natural, good little girl,' we begged—and she was. She couldn't resist giving me a big wave as she came down the runway, but that I loved, and so did everyone else. But we don't want any 'hams' in the family."

Bert remembers how he used to go to his own parents with all his questions and

how carefully they answered him. "There were more taboos then, more questions a child didn't ask a parent, but I am sure we talked much more freely than most others did at that time. Now my children come to me and I try to be as honest and direct with them. Not much can be withheld from the knowledge of even quite young children in this day of vivid reporting, especially on television. They see plays in which there are situations they begin to wonder about. They don't spend too much time as yet with TV or radio, but there are newspapers that they will soon be able to read, there are movies, and there is the life all around them which they cannot help but observe.

"Children can't be kept in glass houses any more, if they ever could, peering out at a world they don't even begin to understand. They have to be taught the facts as quickly as they are able to absorb them—facts about life, about the kind of world they are growing up in, about the necessity for trying to understand it and improve it. If you think for one moment that the average child doesn't have a certain awareness of what is going on, just sit down and have a few minutes' serious discussion with him, and be amazed at what he tells you."

Being a satisfied, well-adjusted person yourself helps you to be a better parent, in Bert's opinion. And in Annette's. "We're content with our lives," she says. "Bert is satisfied to be what he is and to do what he's doing."

Content as he is, Bert is beginning to think he would like to adventure a little bit—but only a little, and not too far from the type of program he has come to be identified with so successfully. Once in a while he would like to play a straight role in a TV play, or do a guest shot on a musical program. Not too many, nor too often. He doesn't want his time with Annette and the kids encroached upon too much. Nor his time with the new boat.

That's the big family adventure this summer. A 22-foot cruiser, christened "The Annette," of course, for his two sweethearts. To take the place of the outboard motorboat Bert built himself and has been using up to now. The boys think this one is the last word in ocean travel, as they cruise around Long Island Sound and marvel at their daddy's ship-to-shore radio installation. Bert is pretty pleased about it all, too. He has taken some courses in navigation, and what he has learned seems to sum up his general philosophy about many things, including his luck in his work, his happy home life, and now this beautiful boat to take them all adventuring, away from the crowded highways.

"You go out at night for a cruise, and you have only your compass to follow. You have to test it before you start out, to be sure there is no deviation, no magnetic attraction or anything like that, for instance, to throw it off. Once you have set your course, and the compass, then you have to trust it. Completely. You can't start saying to yourself, 'Well, that fellow I met before I started said I should go off this way, and maybe he's right and I should change my course.' If you do, you may land on the rocks, or at least get stuck on a sandbar. If, instead, you trust and continue, suddenly out of the night you come to that little marker you set out for. You have been going along in the dark, and there now is that lighted buoy to show you that you're safe, at the very spot you want to be.

"I guess there's a lesson here somewhere that all of us can apply to a lot of other things. It's the one Annette and I are trying hard to teach our kids—and, just as important, to follow ourselves."

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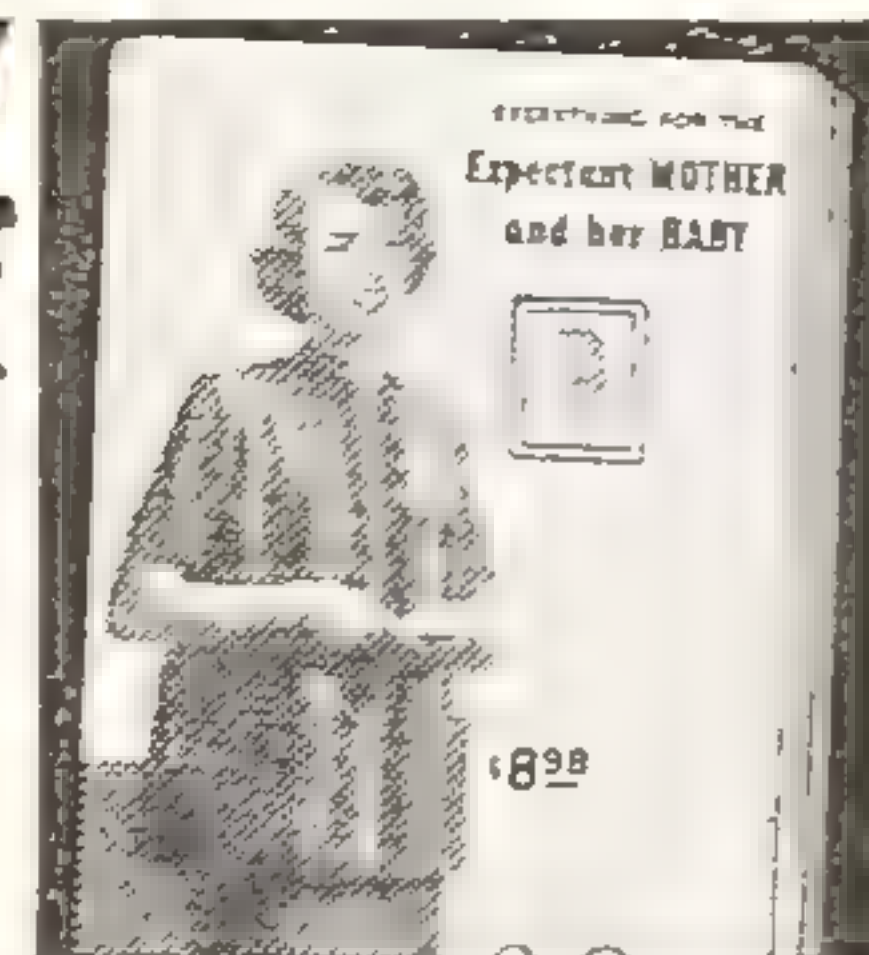
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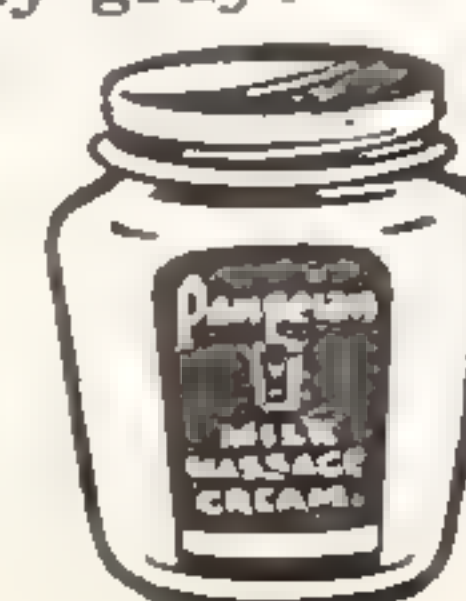
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Greater Than Glory

(Continued from page 35)

years, they are still so deeply in love they will allow nothing to separate them—not even two flourishing careers. Their marriage is a happy one, lasting and secure.

The secret?

"Find the right girl," Eddie advises, "but first—find yourself."

It isn't as easy as it sounds. It took Eddie thirty-seven years.

Asked why he waited so long to get married, he replies with characteristic candor: "Emotional immaturity!" But then he smiles. "Isn't nature wonderful—thinking up something like emotional immaturity, to keep a man single until the right girl comes along?"

He grins triumphantly, that unabashed grin that has warmed audiences for over a decade. . . . Eddie, wisecracking to cover up how seriously he takes the world.

But, serious or not, he is being unnecessarily hard on himself when he calls it emotional immaturity. Eddie is a seeking human being, concerned with the *why* of things, not just the *how*. The story of his life is the story of all of us, searching for meaning in a topsy-turvy world, for permanent values in our ever-changing times.

Eddie Albert Heimberger was born in Rock Island, Illinois, on April 22, 1908. When he was one year old, his family moved to Minneapolis, where he attended St. Stephen's Parochial School and Central High School, working nights as a soda jerk. To help pay his way through the University of Minnesota, he part-time managed a movie theater and sang at amateur nights and on local radio stations.

The Depression was on, however, and, after two years, Eddie left college. He tried managing a theater full-time, selling insurance, singing in a trio. When he went to New York to try his luck on the stage, he sang at political rallies and club celebrations, landed occasional spots on radio programs, played a season of summer stock. In 1935, he teamed up with Grace Bradt on the NBC radio show, *The Honey-mooners: Grace And Eddie*.

A year later, his big break came—a role in the Broadway comedy, "Brother Rat," which he also played in the movie version. This led to another stage comedy, "Room Service," and then . . .

"I was signed to one of those Hollywood seven-year contracts," he sighs.

His resentment is not against Hollywood but against himself, for having allowed it to happen to him. He had even jumped at the chance, eager to live in this land of milk and honey after the lean years of the Depression. Sure he wanted success! Didn't everyone?

So—he had it.

He was young. He was famous. He became the gay Hollywood bachelor.

But then, one day he bought a boat and took up spear-fishing. Soon, he was "bumming" around Mexican waters. And then, in between movie assignments, he started taking longer trips—vacationing in Europe, appearing in a Broadway musical, even joining a circus troupe as a clown.

But travel, he learned, is no cure for restlessness. And sounding gay isn't quite the same as being gay. On one of his trips, he had Burl Ives, the folk singer, aboard. The boat was bound for Mexico. They were having a fine time, "singing in half the places in Ensenada." But Eddie never completed the voyage.

"I got the idea I'd like to be alone for a while, so I had a fishing boat drop me off on the shores of the Viscaino desert in Lower California. I lived with a couple of lobster fishermen and helped them with their lobster pots. Sometimes we shot deer or made tortillas. . . ."

He wanted to be alone so he could think, figure out what was troubling him. He was to learn, as one simple day dissolved into the next, that the truths a man lives by are not something he *thinks*—they are something he must *feel*.

He had wanted to get away, away from people, away from relationships that had no meaning. But to be really alone—he knew it now—that was the last thing he wanted. In fact, he wanted just the opposite: some one person to share his days—someone to make plans with, someone to make him feel those plans were important.

He knew now what was wrong with his success. "I was never really on top," Eddie admits, "but I was close enough to see what it was like. I knew enough people who were there. And I realized that reaching the top, if you're all alone, can be pretty empty."

So there he was—alone in a desert. Success had come too soon, before there was anyone to share it. Would love come too late?

It was on the lot at Warner Brothers that Eddie Albert Heimberger, of Rock Island, Illinois, met Maria Margarita Guadalupe Teresa Estella Bolado Castilla y O'Donnell, of Mexico City. At fourteen, she had danced at the famed Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York—a record-breaking fourteen-month run. At fifteen, she was hailed as one of America's "great dramatic actresses" for her performance in the Ben Hecht—Charles MacArthur movie, "Crime without Passion." Then she turned to the stage, playing in Maxwell Anderson's "Winterset"—a role she was to repeat in Hollywood.

When Margo met Eddie, it wasn't *his* emotional immaturity that kept them from getting married. It was the world's. War was declared, and in July, 1942, Eddie joined the Navy.

"He was a firm believer in not getting married until the war was over," Margo says. "But he used to write me letters. Our courtship was done by mail."

As far as Eddie was concerned, he had found the right girl. And it was during the war, serving in the South Pacific, that he found himself. As lonely in the Navy as he had ever been in Hollywood, it occurred to him that it no longer mattered so much. He was too busy. There was a job to be done and, doing it, he felt a sense of purpose. He saw now what had been wrong with his life in Hollywood. Even without love, it wouldn't have been so bad if he could have thrown himself honestly into his work, taking a craftsman's pride in it.

Understanding this, Eddie vowed if he ever got home again, he would never again sign away his life on a long-term contract. Somehow, he would hold out for acting parts he could believe in . . . do only work he could be proud of.

And he saw, too, how foolish he had been to expect life to have meaning when he himself had not been doing anything meaningful. That was when he made his second vow. When the war was over, he would do something to help others.

Eddie was lying off Tarawa, awaiting the signal that would send Navy landing craft flying into the muzzles of Japanese shore guns, when the idea came. He would make his own pictures . . . educational films. He wanted to do something, *anything*, to help increase human understanding.

And so, like all men who discover themselves, Eddie Albert had discovered the world, too—and found his place in it.

On December 5, 1945, at St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York, a young lieutenant—newly discharged from the Navy—married the star of the current Broadway hit,

"A Bell for Adano." On February 20, 1951, their son was born—Eddie Albert, Jr. And these are the only two long-term contracts Eddie has made since the war.

As a free-lancer, there is a new variety and scope to his acting. He has won top roles, done work he can honestly be proud of. He starred in two of TV's most unusual dramatic plays, *Studio One's* production of "1984," and *Philco Playhouse's* "The Bachelor Party." On the stage, he played in "Miss Liberty" and "The Seven Year Itch." His movie roles include such prize films as "Roman Holiday" and "Carrie."

He has also kept his other wartime resolution. A number of educational films, made by Eddie Albert Productions, are now being shown in schools and child centers throughout the country.

Feeling his way in the new medium of TV, Eddie appeared in a film series, *Leave It To Larry*; then *The Eddie Albert Show*, seen daily for three months; then as host of NBC's variety show, *Nothing But The Best*—which led to his current assignment as emcee of TV's biggest summer show, *Saturday Night Revue*. His warm, ingratiating personality—his ability to sing, dance, act, play several instruments and spin a humorous yarn—all make him ideal for TV, and NBC has optioned him for another series in the fall.

But what about Margo?

She took time off to have a baby. She acted in the movie, "Viva Zapata." But, career-wise, she has been too busy being Mrs. Eddie Albert to have time for plans of her own. She never knows whether Eddie will be working in Hollywood, where they maintain a home . . . in New York, where they have an apartment . . . or in Europe, where "Roman Holiday" was filmed. Rather than not be free to keep her husband company wherever he goes,

Margo has been turning down all stage and screen offers. Her only comment: "We take our marriage very seriously."

Eddie also puts marriage first. He remembers, from his Hollywood days, those unhappy people who thought more of their careers than "the integrity of the home."

But, while he refuses to let anything separate them, he is also conscious of the waste of Margo's talents. "She's a better actor than I am," he insists.

Whenever Eddie feels deeply about anything, he does something about it. Last April, he found the solution.

The entertainment world was surprised when "Eddie Albert and Margo," a new night club act, opened a four-week engagement at the Empire Room of the Waldorf-Astoria. While many of our top TV performers got their start in night clubs, here was a top TV performer reversing the procedure. Why start all over again in a new and untried medium?

But Eddie wasn't starting all over again—it was the new team of "Eddie Albert and Margo" that was taking this gamble. If they were a success, it might lead to their appearing together in TV and on the stage. Whatever it might be, they'd be together, and that was the important thing.

Eddie is well aware that, as a team, he and Margo cannot make nearly as much money together as they could following separate careers. "But which is more important," he asks, "how much money you make—or how you live?"

He turns to look at Margo—as though to reassure himself that she's really there.

"No," he says, obviously turning down the blandishments of money, "I was a bachelor too long."

It may have taken Eddie thirty-seven years to find himself, but then he not only found a wife—he found a partner as well.

Cherish The Day

(Continued from page 37)

to the now sad mountain of unmailed invitations, and back to her letter.

But the letter wasn't to Carl. It was addressed to the Chamber of Commerce, Truth Or Consequences, New Mexico.

The letter read in part: "I heard of your contest, 'Why I want to be married in Truth Or Consequences.' To tell the truth, I just want to be married so I won't have to suffer the consequences—a bride 'left at the altar.'"

"I had all arrangements made for my wedding . . . then my fiancé wrote his promised leave was cancelled.

"My heart is broken; our plans must be postponed. It would be a wonderful thing if you could help us; if I could win this contest and have a chance to wear my beautiful wedding gown."

Polly addressed the envelope, sealing it with a sigh. With a sad look at her lovely but lonely satin and lace gown, she went out the door.

Polly walked down the familiar tree-lined street, leaning against a brisk Idaho wind. Five minutes later, she dropped the letter in the box—with a prayer.

Polly mailed the letter on Friday. Monday, at the bank where she cashiered, she still excitedly thought of it: *It went air-mail. It must be there now. I wonder if they've opened it. Golly, my chances are so slim . . . there must be millions of others. A hundred words aren't enough . . . and I should have said. . .*

These, and a thousand other "I should have said's," were Polly's thoughts as the days went by. The first question she asked her mother every night, when she came in from work, was, "Did I get any mail today from New Mexico?"

Sympathetically, her mother said, "No, dear. No letter today."

Then, one Sunday, Polly woke up to greet a cold gray day. Sunday, she thought, sitting on the edge of her bed—there'd be no mail delivered today. So she'd try not to think about it.

Looking around the room, she saw there was nothing to remind her. Days ago, she'd packed away the gown in the box beneath the bed. She touched the box with her bare foot. The feel of the cold smooth cardboard sent a shiver up her spine. She'd put her trousseau away, too.

But not all of the reminders were gone. On the dresser next to the picture of Carl, blond and handsome in his uniform, stood a picture of Polly as a child. Even as children, she and Carl had been close as the two pictures. His home in Declo was only a mile or two away. They'd played in the same fields, gone to the same parties.

Behind the pictures on the wall was the Westminster College pennant, reminiscent of their first dance together. And on her left hand was the ever-present reminder, the diamond that warmed her with its brilliance, urging her not to give up hope.

"Polly . . ." it was her mother's voice. "You're wanted on the phone. It's long distance. It's Hollywood!"

"Polly Joanne Simonsen?" the voice on the phone asked. "This is Ed Bailey, director of NBC Radio's *Truth Or Consequences*!"

"Oh!"

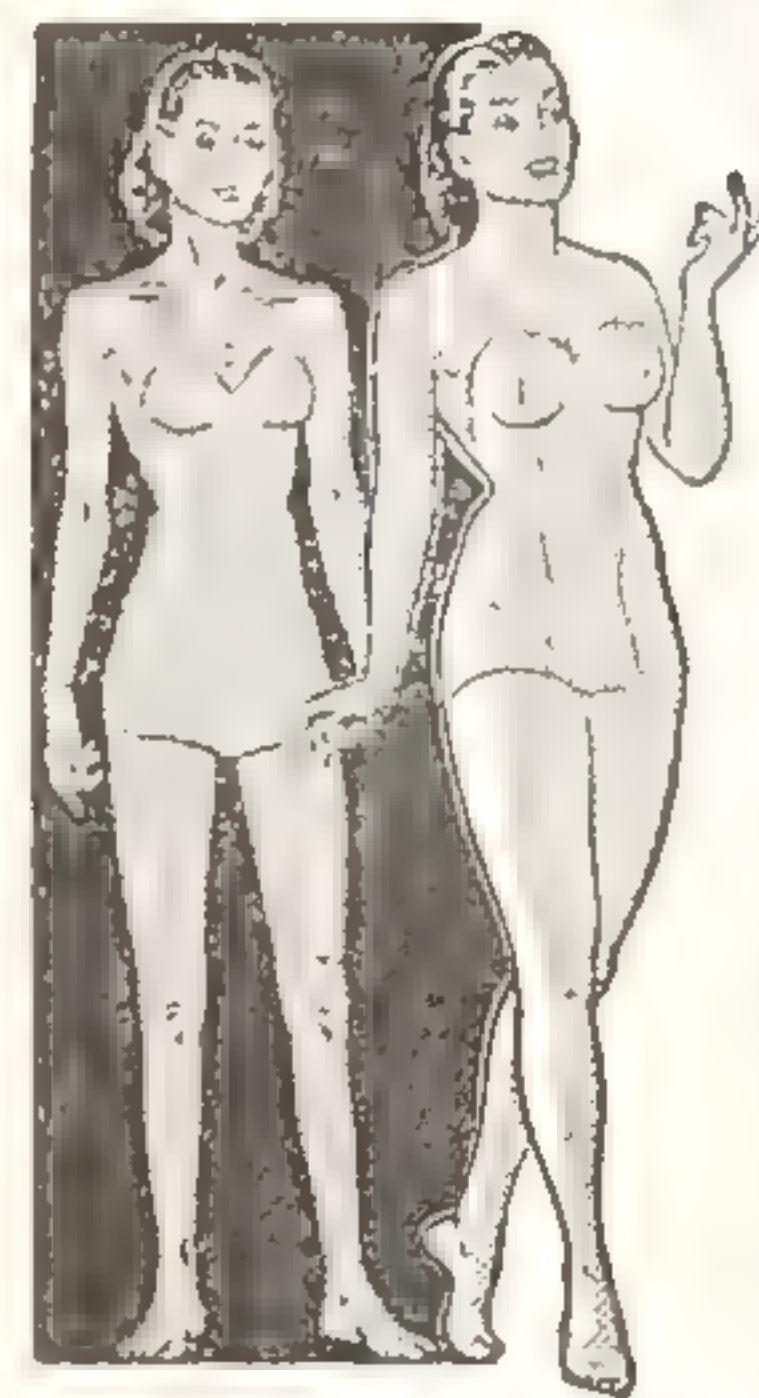
"Do you know why I'm calling?"

"Not really!"

"That's right . . . your letter has just been voted our winner!"

Polly felt faint. "Oh! I'm so excited . . ." she turned to her mother and sister. "We

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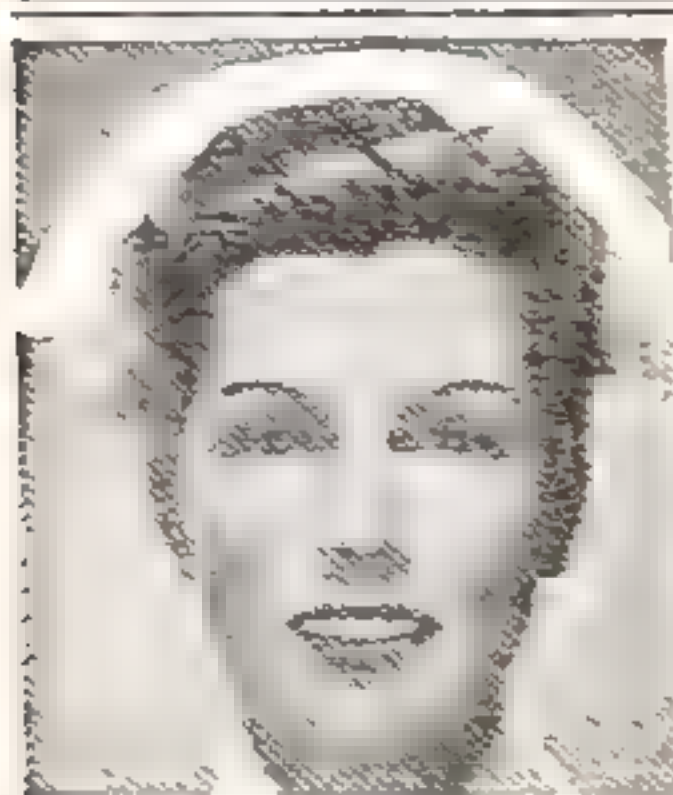
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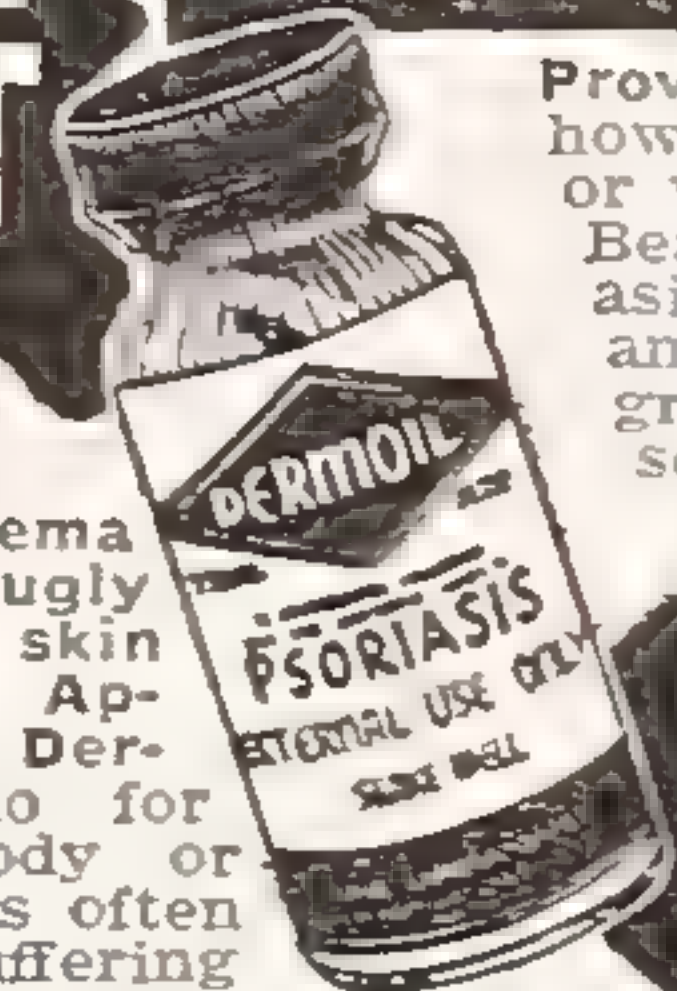
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won! We're the winners! But what about Carl?" she asked, over the phone.

"Don't worry about a thing, Polly. We've already taken care of Carl. He's on his way home now—you two are to fly here..."

Polly didn't hear the rest. She was so weak from excitement she handed the phone to her mother, who took down the instructions. In the meantime, Polly's sister, Betty Jean, had gone next door to pass the good news on to their neighbors. Within five minutes, the whole town knew that Polly's and Carl's marriage would take place as planned. But not in Albion. They were to be the *honored guests* of Truth Or Consequences, New Mexico, at its fifth annual fiesta!

Less than a month after Polly had written her winning letter, Polly and Carl, with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton E. Simonsen, arrived by plane in Albuquerque, New Mexico. They were met at the airport by one of the judges of the contest, Arletta Colman.

Truth Or Consequences supplied a new Cadillac for the Simonsens to use while they were there. Driving back to Walz Lodge, where they were to stay, Arletta told them about the contest. "There were thousands of entries," she said, "from twenty-seven states, and from people of all ages. The other judges, Mrs. Buford Mathis, Reverend O. L. Dennis, and I had the hardest time of our lives deciding on the winner."

From the second the phone rang two days before, Polly had not had time to catch her breath. The excitement, the hurry-up packing—and being with Carl, flying to the wedding—had left her dazed.

Polly packed ten years of living into the next twenty-four hours. She was up before the sun—in fact, had hardly slept—when the boy knocked on the Lodge door announcing breakfast.

"I'm ready, I'm ready," said Polly, hurriedly slipping into a simple little dress which would be appropriate for both breakfast and the wedding rehearsal.

Together, Carl and Polly walked into the crowded Community Center for breakfast. The whole town had turned out to greet them. Waiting to shake their hands was genial Ralph Edwards.

"Welcome, kids, to Truth Or Consequences. It's wonderful having you."

"Hello, Ralph," said Polly. "It's so nice finally meeting you. For years my family has followed you and your program. We remember the day that Hot Springs, New Mexico, changed its name to Truth Or Consequences—but we never thought we'd be here!"

"Well, here you are!" said Ralph. "And now I want you to meet the others: my wife, Barbara; Jack Bailey, who'll be doing the television version of our program; and Mrs. Bailey..."

The introductions ran on for fifteen minutes as Polly and Carl met Ralph's staff and all of the wonderful Truth Or Consequences townspeople. Polly was so excited she still doesn't remember what she had for breakfast.

But she does remember the wedding rehearsal. After breakfast, they all went down the street to the First Methodist Church where she was to be married four hours later. After a brief "You'll stand here, Polly, and your mother will be over there" . . . Polly was whisked back to the Walz Lodge to get into her wedding gown.

At two o'clock, Polly and her parents drove up in front of the church. It was as big a day for the town as it was for Polly. The townspeople filled the church, overflowing to the street outside.

The flashbulbs popped as Polly stepped into the flower-decked interior. The first person she recognized was usher Jack

Bailey. "You're the 'Queen' today!" said Jack. "How do you feel?"

"Oh, Mr. Bailey . . . !" Polly could find no other words.

Then the organ began playing the "Wedding Prayer." As the vocalist sang the heavenly words, Polly thought, "This can't be happening to me!" Then the organist played "Because," and the lovely lyrics rained on Polly's ears. Tears of happiness came to her eyes.

Then the wedding march began. As matron of honor, Barbara Edwards, lovely in blue crepe and flowered hat, started down the aisle, saying, "Well, here we go, Polly. How do you feel now?"

"Oh, Barbara!" another tear popped out, threatening to become a cascade as Polly, on the arm of her father, headed for the candlelit altar.

The next thing Polly remembers, the Reverend B. M. Dennis was saying, "I now pronounce you man and wife!" She took Carl's hand and was ready to fly up the aisle. But Ralph said, "Wait just a minute! You two forgot something."

And they had. Carl hadn't kissed Polly. He took her in his arms and kissed her, not once, but twice. That made it official. Polly really was Mrs. Carl Berg!

The wedding was a gift of Ralph Edwards and his Truth Or Consequences staff. The reception in the church social hall, immediately following, was a gift from the Truth Or Consequences townspeople. They supplied orange punch enough for an army, a four-tiered cake to go with it, and a varied display of wedding gifts to which all had contributed.

Ralph took charge of the reception. The usual receiving line was disposed of and, as host and hostess, he and Barbara introduced Carl and Polly to those they hadn't yet met.

The reception lasted from 4:00 to 7:00 P.M. Friday. Immediately after, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Pankey, one of Truth Or Consequences' hospitable families, gave the bride and groom and the program staff a wedding supper, a specially prepared Spanish dinner. Polly and Carl went from there to the first half of the Fiesta's Rodeo. They had the best box seats and were introduced to 25,000 spectators as "... our wedding couple, winners of our contest, and our honored guests!"

When Saturday morning arrived, Polly still hadn't had time to catch her breath. At 10:00 A.M., they rode in the parade with four bands and eight sheriff's posses. In the parading cars behind them were Ralph Edwards, Jack Bailey, and John Payne. The parade started at the Carrie Tingley Memorial Hospital—which benefits from the proceeds of the Fiesta—and circled the entire town. From the parade, Carl and Polly drove to the beauty contest, then to the last half of the rodeo, and finally to the Truth Or Consequences radio show, where Ralph presented them to the American radio audience—and also presented them with the program's own gifts: a Westinghouse toaster, oven, Laundromat Twins, and Tappan gas range.

Sunday was Polly's first free day. She and Carl took the town's car for a sight-seeing trip to visit the spots their haste had made them miss.

That afternoon, when she and Carl were ready to fly back to Albion, Polly was one big sigh of happiness. She told Ralph, "This is the most wonderful wedding a girl ever hoped for—and had. Carl and I want to spend our every anniversary here in Truth Or Consequences, New Mexico—this wonderfully happy city of smiles."

Polly can't be blamed for wanting to return, to return to the big-hearted little town which showed her that broken hearts can be mended—with hope.

"I Believe . . ."

(Continued from page 55)

on one leg, the scar on one arm, Jane carries no mementos of past pain . . . none at all, in heart or spirit.

"I'm having fun," she laughs. "Love my job and like to work, but also like to have fun. I believe in a good time!"

Jane's playing golf again. She's dancing. And, just last March, she was off to Paris with her husband, Captain John Burn . . . by Pan-American Clipper.

"This was the first time I'd been on a plane," Jane says softly, "the first time since John crashed in San Juan, two years ago, and I flew to Puerto Rico, not knowing what I'd find. I swore then that I would never get on a plane again, unless it was an emergency. . . But we were so eager to go to Paris this spring, to go together, and I could take so little time away from my show—I missed only one performance—that, in a rash moment, I said, 'Why not fly?' You never saw a more startled guy than my John!"

"For two weeks before the trip, I was so jittery. And, on the ride to the airport, my hands and feet were like ice! When you're as close to the business of flying as I am—since it's John's business—you know the exhaustive training the pilots go through, and the statistics which prove that flying is the safest mode of transportation. Still, I was scared—and had every reason to be. But my doctor had given me a new sedative with the special property of soothing fear, so I took my little tablet and went soaring off to Paris! I slept most of the way . . . woke, now and again, to a flight as smooth as silk and a lovely, clear full moon . . . landed, lightly as a bird, in London—and, an hour and thirty-five minutes later, in Paris.

"You are the most controlled person I ever had on a plane," my Pan-American Airlines pilot-husband said approvingly. "The take-offs and the landings still bother me," Jane admits. "They always will. But, even though one doesn't learn to forget fear, one does learn to understand it and put it in its proper place—which is out of sight and mind until such time as there is a valid and immediate reason for it. This is what I have done.

"So, anyway, I've got great plans . . . long to go back to Germany, would love to go back to Bermuda, want to go to India. Since I may not be able to go to any of these places for any length of time—just as I would not have been able to stay in Paris for ten days unless I had flown—I shall fly. . . .

"In Paris," Jane recalls, "we stayed at a quaint little hotel, where our room was on a court. A very small hotel, very French. We didn't feel it would be the complete change we wanted if we stayed, say, at the Ritz—where we'd be liable to see the same people we see over here.

"We did none of the Paris night-life," Jane laughs, "such as 'going to Maxim's,' the Ritz Bar, the Casino de Paris. At five o'clock, we'd have tea and little cakes in the court of our small hotel. This I loved. Dinner around eight at one or another of the little places John—who knows Paris like a native—had discovered. Fabulous little places where you can get a cocktail, a gorgeous dinner, a bottle of wine, for \$2.50. I never before understood how one can spend three hours over dinner. Now I do. Over food like that, you linger! And talk. John and I talked—never before had had this much chance to talk! At home, there's always the business of getting to rehearsals, of going to bed early . . . and John away, as he usually is, all but about five days out of every month.

"I'd often wondered," says Jane, "how I

would be treated in a place where nobody knows me. Here at home, we who are in television, radio, the movies, are spoiled. When we go to a restaurant or any public place, they roll out the red carpet for us. I needn't have wondered. In the smallest places in Paris—where they hadn't the smallest notion who I was, or what I did—the captain in charge would bring me a special cheese, prepare for me a special salad dressing. As I was leaving, I would always thank him in my awful French!

"On our last evening, as we were leaving the little place where the trout *aux fines herbes* is the specialty, the captain presented me with a whole bundle of the herb I'd so enjoyed.

"Darling," John said, 'this ought to teach you something about you.'

"I don't know," Jane smiles, "that it actually taught me anything about me . . . except an added appreciation of the courtesy and kindness shown me. What it did, mostly, was to reaffirm my belief in people—in all walks of life, in all countries of the world—for I do believe in people . . . believe in their innate goodness, their generosity, loyalty, and capacity for self-sacrifice. I have tales to tell of people who have been good to me, and generous, and loyal 'above and beyond the call of duty.'"

Seated on the small Victorian sofa, with its peacock blue velvet, the crimson damask draperies of the library, as her background, her miniature dachshund, Teal, on her lap, Jane tells those tales, each one a testament to her belief:

One evening, about a year and a half ago, when *The Jackie Gleason Show* first went on the air, Jane was Jackie's guest star. They're old acquaintances, Jane and Jackie, from the days when she was the star and he was third comedian in the Broadway musicals, "Artists and Models" and "Keep Off the Grass." Now Jackie—so recently a graduate of the School of Hard Knocks—was on the first pages of the triumph which was to make a great chapter in TV history.

As Jane awaited her cue in the dressing room reserved for guest stars, a box of flowers—so enormous that it had to be pinched, poked and pulled through the door—was delivered to her. On the lid, a dozen white orchids. Attached to the orchids, a card: "To Jane from Jackie."

A dozen white orchids, one might suppose—as Jane supposed—would be all. And more than enough! They were on the top of the box, instead of within it, but Jane assumed that was merely a quaint conceit on the part of the florist.

"Taking it for granted that the box was empty," Jane recalls, "I started to push it aside. Then the young man who had delivered it suggested that I look inside. I opened the box. Inside were twenty dozen red roses. Twenty dozen! More roses than I had ever seen at one time—except in gardens—in all my life! Kind of stunned, I just sat there, staring, until I heard the young man say, 'Look underneath, Miss Froman.' 'Underneath?' I parroted after him. 'Underneath the roses, you mean?' That, he signified, was exactly what he meant. Plunging my arm, elbow-deep, into red roses, I felt something soft beneath them, something—my goodness, what was this!—something furry . . . and I pulled out a sapphire blue mink cape.

"Jackie must have dreamed all his life, I thought, of giving orchids and mink. Now that he was able—generous beyond belief, he had given them. And I—well, I don't care what you say," Jane laughs aloud, "I like a man who gives me mink!"

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"This, too, I believe . . . believe in talent, in talented people . . . believe they have the spark that, sooner or later, meets the spark in people the world over—and then they have got themselves an audience!"

Last March, shortly before Jackie returned to the air after his accident, Jane was asked whether she would do a show for him. The answer was a prompt "Darn right I will!" Jane did *The Jackie Gleason Show* for its absent star, and did it—(this is telling a tale on Jane)—for nothing.

"I believe in the young," Jane continues. "And my belief has been more than justified by my little teenagers who have Jane Froman Fan Clubs all over the country. At their meetings, they collect dimes and send them—in my name, bless their hearts—to the Heart Fund, the Cancer Fund, the March of Dimes, Cerebral Palsy, all the good causes.

"They make things for me and either send them or, if they live near by, bring them to me. They make cakes for me. They knit me scarves, socks. They buy me little presents, too, with thought behind them . . . such as the tiny slippers—china, crystal and so on—which several of them gave me when I first danced again. Several members of my loyal fan club live in our neighborhood and make our front stoop their meeting place . . . stand on the stoop talking, comparing their autograph books. They call me 'Aunt Jane,'" Jane laughs.

"I've always believed in people," she continues, after a moment. "But I never knew quite how much I believed in them—until I was hurt. . . .

"There is a gal, Hannah Smitman, who works in a hat store. Before the Clipper crash, Hannah used to listen to me on the radio and I'd hear from her now and then. But, from the time I got back in this country after the crash, I heard from her *every* day. Sometimes it would be a note. Or a poem clipped from a newspaper. Or a cartoon she thought might amuse me. Once it was a baseball autographed by all the Dodgers! Only a line, sometimes, or a tiny

flower . . . but, during all the years I spent in the hospital, *she never missed a day.*

"I believe," Jane goes on, "in the truth. I believe in people who tell you the truth, even when it hurts . . . especially when it hurts. They are the people who will be there when you need them. George, for instance. George Wood, whom I have known and worked with—George is with the William Morris Agency, who are my agents—for twenty years. During the years when I was very ill, there were many times when it was necessary to go out and work, in order to earn a buck. At these times, people would pay me compliments, tell me how 'wonderful' I was. Not George. Never George, who would tell me that I—well, that I *wasn't*. As I *wasn't*. The greatest honor a friend can pay you is his belief that you can take the truth.

"This honor George paid me . . . and he was there, has always been there, when I needed him. As, for instance, when I got out of hospital in 1946 . . . I just knew I was going to die, took a maid and went down to the Broadmoor Hotel in Florida, thinking to die in a nice warm climate! I didn't die. I just went broke. And might have remained so, with foreseeable results, if it had not been for George . . . who had booked fame-names Sophie Tucker and Tony Martin into Florida's Colonial Inn—but, upon learning of my plight, cancelled them out and booked me in!

"How could I not believe," Jane says, her blue eyes glowing, "in George?"

"About that time, a writer—assigned to do a magazine profile of Abe Lastfogel, head of the William Morris Agency—came to me and said plaintively, 'I can't find anyone who will say anything unkind about Lastfogel.'

"'No,' I agreed, 'you can't.'

"I first met Abe in 1935, when I was living in Hollywood, under contract to Warner Brothers. Having a great big house, I decided to give a great big party. I invited some thirty-five people, including Abe and his wife Frances. The day of the party dawned. We were having lots of fun. But no Abe. No Frances. No call. Next day, no call. Next week, no call. Some weeks later, I ran into Abe in a shop. 'And where were you?' I wanted to know. 'Look,' he said, 'I just forgot it.' 'Look,' I said (to myself), 'this is the kind of man I want to handle my business! He doesn't wiggle out

of anything, make excuses, alibi himself. He just tells the plain and honest truth!' "

"Later, when I came to New York, Abe wanted to represent me. He did. He still does.

"It was Abe who arranged for me to go overseas, with the USO unit, on the Clipper.

"When I got back home, and was in the hospital, Abe would come up and spend whole afternoons in my room, transacting his business from there. A call from Frank Sinatra, from the Coast, would be put through to him in my hospital room. He'd put through a call to Judy Garland. Business deals involving millions were transacted there. 'How do you keep it all straight,' I asked him, 'just in your head? Why, a career might be ruined—how do you do it?' 'I never tell a lie,' Abe answered, 'so I never have to go back and wonder what I said.'

"In 1947—when I had to go into the hospital again and have all the bone grafts done over—I had first to go out and earn enough money to pay for it. This accomplished, the grafts were done. But, when they got to the fifth graft—the big one—the old trouble began once more. Again the doctors advised me to have the leg amputated. Again I battled it through. With the result that I was bedded there for months longer than I'd expected to be . . . or could possibly afford to be. I had to get out, earn, *had* to. . . .

"One morning, a note from Abe: 'Dear Jane: We are giving you back the commissions which you have paid us over the past three years. So you will have your peace of mind. If you decide to go back to work and want to pay us back. . . .'

"'If you decide to go back to work' . . . this—considering there was a grave doubt that I ever could go back—was the beautiful thing. The healing touch on the sorest spot. From that moment, I began to improve. Of course, I did.

"Nor is this all. . . .

"In 1949, the nervous system finally cracking up, it seemed wise for me to go out to the Menninger Clinic for treatment. Wise, but . . . ? John, a co-pilot then, was not earning what a captain earns. I had, at the time, about \$2,000 in the bank. Work offers were coming in, but we realized it was imperative for me to take six months off to calm down, get well. John called Abe, who said, 'You tell her to go.' I went. I stayed for six months. I got well. All-the-way well. And Abe paid the bill. The whole bill. Six months. Thousands of dollars.

"Last year, I finally got out of debt," Jane says, taking a deep breath. "I don't owe anyone a dime.

"But . . . as I look around me, here at home, there are reminders of the debt I can never pay in dollars or dimes! On the wall, over the davenport," Jane gestures, "are the pair of Queen Anne sconces John brought me from England. Here, the little scarlet bird in the gilded cage he found for me in Paris—listen how sweetly he sings!—there on the table, the old 'Conscience' box—beautiful old brass, circa 1740—he found in London. Always bringing me something, John is . . . always remembering, and thoughtful.

"I think," Jane says, "of Jackie . . . of my teenagers . . . of the captains and waiters in the small cafes in Paris . . . of Hannah . . . of George and Abe . . . and of the fans who, whether I know them by name or not, are my friends—and have proved it. And, as I think of them, I know that I shall never be out of debt, and never want to be. Never out of the debt, that is, that I can pay—and then only in part—in gratitude, and in my belief in people and how good they are, and loyal, and kind of heart."

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